

ETHAN ALLEN'S
DRAMA OF THE
REVOLUTION



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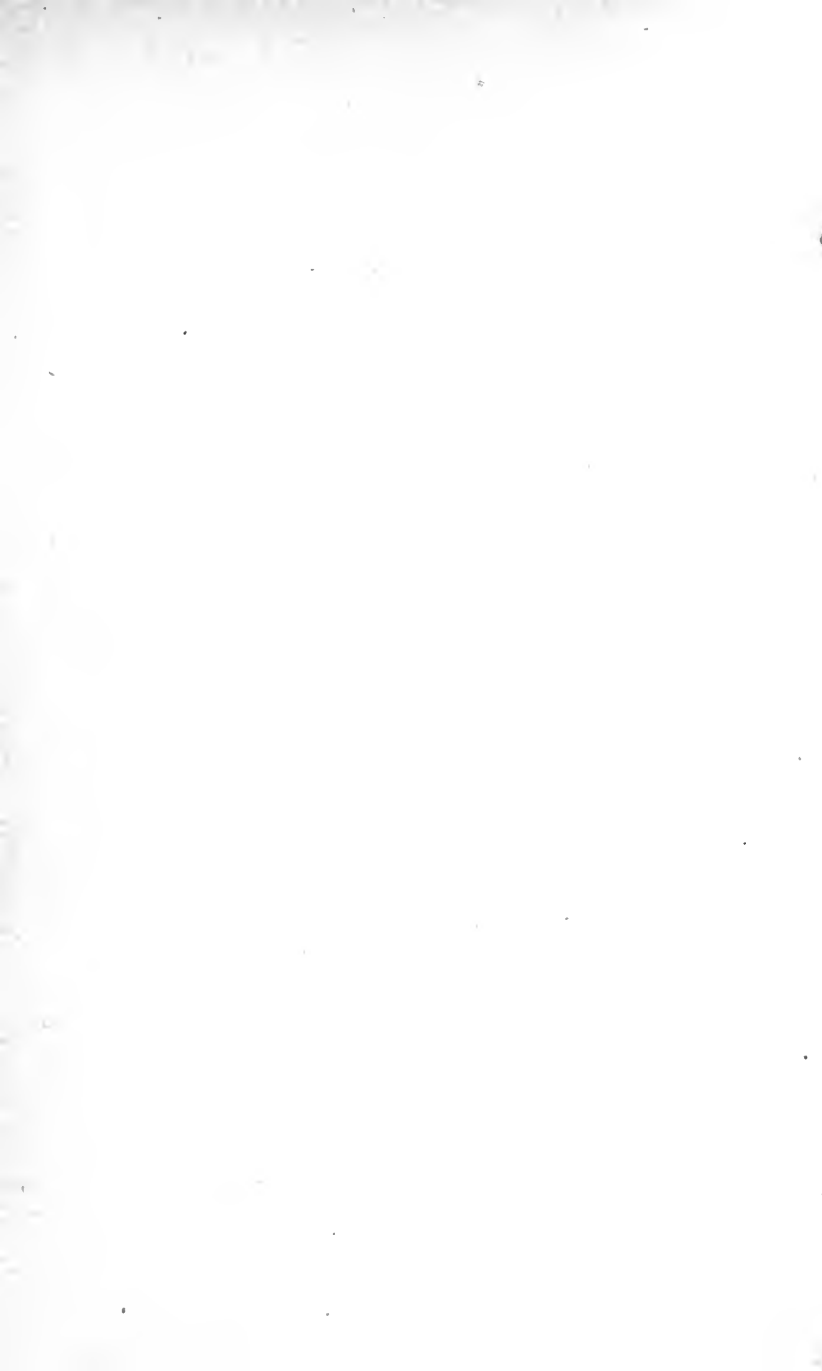
WASHINGTON ;
OR,
THE REVOLUTION



Edw Allen

ETHAN ALLEN.

ETHAN ALLEN was born in New Jersey, sixty years ago, upon the banks of Manasquan River, a beautiful stream, which, taking its rise near the battle grounds of Monmouth, flows through the county of that name and enters the ocean just south of Long Branch. Capt. Samuel Fleming Allen, his father, was in active service in the war of 1812, and his grandfather, Capt. Sam. Allen, in the war of the Revolution was a minute-man guarding the Jersey shore. Though the latter was but a mere youth in 1776, his daring spirit and commanding influence led him into deeds of heroism, no less dashing than those recorded of his relative, Col. Ethan Allen, of Vermont fame. The subject of this sketch lived upon his father's farm until fourteen years of age, and since that time New York city has been his home. He graduated at Brown's University in 1860, and was selected as the orator of his class. Leaving college one year before graduation, he studied law in this city. In 1861 he was made Deputy United States District Attorney for the District of New York, under Mr. Lincoln's administration, and resigning this place in 1869, he has since held no official position. From 1869 to 1885 he was actively engaged in his profession, and with marked success. Mr. Allen has taken great interest in political affairs, but generally for the purpose of securing the highest probity in official conduct. From boyhood he has been ever deeply imbued with a sense of gratitude for those who suffered so greatly a century ago, that this nation, and ultimately the world, might enjoy political emancipation from monarchy. He is the uncompromising foe to any one, no matter how high his station, who by his official turpitude checks the political influence of our revolutionary sires, which should be ever progressive. Mr. Allen has had ambition for political preferment, not from motives of personal gain, but from the loftier desire and pardonable pride of being a part of the grandest system of government the planet has ever known. He has never been successful, because he has not the nature requisite to win in party warfare—that is, the capacity to turn, and fawn, and promise and betray. In sorrow that a people of such great heritage can fall so low, at times, in official corruption—the gravest danger of a republic—he has written the "Drama of the Revolution," that the story concisely told may be known to all, and thus stimulate an ever-living purpose to guard the legacy of our ancestors, by the maintenance of honesty in government.



TO THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF REVOLUTIONARY SIRES,
AND TO THE FRIENDS OF
HUMAN LIBERTY THE WORLD OVER,
WHO SUSTAIN THE
DECLARATION OF AMERICAN INDEPENDENCE,
SUCCESSFULLY DEFENDED BY
WASHINGTON AND HIS COMPEERS,
THIS WORK IS
RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY
THE AUTHOR.



Compliments of the Publisher

WASHINGTON;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION

A DRAMA

Founded upon the Historic Events of the
War for American Independence

BY

ETHAN ALLEN

ILLUSTRATED BY

ROBERT W. CHAMBERS

IN TWO PARTS. EACH PART, FIVE ACTS

PART FIRST: From the Boston Massacre to the Surrender of
Burgoyne

PART SECOND: From Valley Forge to Washington's Inaugura-
tion as President of the United States

PART FIRST

F. TENNYSON NEELY

PUBLISHER

CHICAGO

NEW YORK

1895

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INTRODUCTION.

It was no part of the author's intention to prepare this drama for actual presentation upon the stage, although such a drama may be evolved from it. This drama, as here presented, is much too long, and in some parts too prolix and slow of action, for a place in the theater. This is because accuracy demanded the recital of many details necessary to a pretended full record of events within the time covered, and yet unnecessary for presentation behind the footlights. Therefore, the "acting play" was unavoidably sacrificed to the "historic drama," truthfully told. The chief aim of the author has been to secure to the reader a personal intimacy with the actors in the great struggle which made the United States of America, by having them live again in his presence. Every character has been drawn as closely as possible to that which he filled in life. History is descriptive, and hence cannot present a personality as vividly as the drama, which enables the dead to speak and walk as if within the hearing and the sight of the living. We plod through many volumes of historical narration and leave off with a knowledge of events, and of the actors in them, insignificant with that we gain from personal contact with the drama. The memory of those heroes who gave free government to the earth in the trials of the American Revolution is becoming weaker with advancing years; and if it can be reawakened by a closer relationship with them through the drama, and thus be re-enkindled a greater appreciation of what they suffered one hundred years ago in the cause of liberty, much will be accomplished. And if, in addition to this, a firmer resolve is made by those who read this

story to secure themselves against threatening dangers and to extend over the world the blessings our fathers gave by a devoted allegiance to law and order, as honestly expressed in the will of the majority, the only sovereign of an intelligent and a free people, then this has not been written in vain.

THE AUTHOR.

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PERSONS REPRESENTED.

AMERICANS :

GEO. WASHINGTON.
 GEN. PUTNAM.
 GEN. ARNOLD.
 GEN. GATES.
 GEN. KNOX, at first Captain.
 GEN. GREEN, at first Colonel.
 GEN. SCHUYLER.
 GEN. SULLIVAN.
 GEN. MERCER.
 GEN. STARK.
 GEN. LINCOLN.
 GEN. LEE.
 FARMER DICK, afterward Col.
 STANDISH.
 FARMER GEORGE, afterward Col.
 ALDEN.
 NATHAN HALE.
 BENJ. FRANKLIN.
 SAM. ADAMS.
 JOHN ADAMS.
 EDWARD RUTLEDGE.
 JOHN DICKINSON.
 JOHN WITHERSPOON.

FRENCHMEN :

LOUIS XVI., King of France.
 VERGENNES, his Minister.
 LAFAYETTE, General in American Army.

ENGLISH :

GEORGE III., King of England.
 LORD NORTH, his Prime Minister.
 HILLSBOROUGH, ex-Secretary of State.
 BARRINGTON, Secretary of War.
 GERMAIN, Secretary of State.
 GEN. GAGE.
 GEN. HOWE.
 ADMIRAL HOWE.
 GEN. CORNWALLIS.
 GEN. CARLETON.
 GEN. BURGOYNE.
 GEN. CLINTON.
 GEN. FRASER.
 COL. FAUCITT, English Ambassador.
 CAPT. CUNNINGHAM, English Provost Marshal.

GERMANS :

FREDERICK II., Landgrave of Hesse Cassel.
 VON SCHLIEFFEN, his Minister.
 COL. RALL.
 GEN. RIEDESEL.
 COL. BAUM.
 COL. BREYMANN.

Females : Madam Riedesel, Lady Ackland, Mother Yost, a witch.

Unnamed Persons : Speakers, Aids, Orderlies, etc., etc.

First, Second, and Third Aid to Gen. Gage. First, Second, Third, and Fourth Speaker at the tea ships. First and Second Citizen at Richmond. American Captain, Militiaman, English Captain,

Lieutenant, and Sergeant at Lexington. First, Second, and Third Aid, Orderly, Soldier, and Prisoner at Bunker Hill. First and Second Keeper ; First, Second, and Third Soldier or Guard ; First, Second, Third, and Fourth Prisoner to Provost Marshal Cunningham, and Corporal to Cunningham with Nathan Hale. British Captain who captured Gen. Lee. First and Second Countryman to Col. Rall. Hessian officer on Long Island and at Trenton. First and Second Aid to Cornwallis at Trenton. Aid to Washington at Princeton. Messenger to Arnold near Fort Stanwix. Aid to Stark at Bennington. Aids to Washington at Brandywine. Soldier on Bemis Heights. First Aid to Gates at Saratoga. Aid to Burgoyne at Saratoga. Aid reporting to Lincoln at Saratoga. "A Voice," Servant, Singers, Soldiers, and Citizens.

WASHINGTON;

OR,

THE REVOLUTION

ACT I. .

SCENE I. *Boston. Headquarters of the British Military Commander in America. Time: evening, 5th of March, 1770.*¹

Enter GEN. GAGE *and three AIDs.*

GEN. GAGE [*Musing*].—Who was that audacious minion of the South, who gave the head to this great disorder, with his pernicious resolutions of resistance to England's law?² As memory now recalls, he offered and passed them, too, in Virginia's House of Burgesses—let me see—— Yes, it is now five years ago. Time beats a more rapid wing when affairs are so exacting. And in support thereof, with unblushing impudence,

¹ On the evening of the 5th of March a collision took place [Boston] between the military and the people.—*Frost*.

² In Virginia House of Burgesses, at Williamsburgh, the Stamp Act being received in May, 1765, Patrick Henry, in a series of resolutions offered by him, included these: "Sixth. The inhabitants of these Colonies are not bound to yield obedience to any law to impose any taxation upon them other than the laws of the General Assembly of this Colony. Seventh. That any person who shall, by speaking or writing, maintain otherwise, shall be deemed an enemy, etc."—*Morse's Patrick Henry*.

said : "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles I. his Cromwell, and George III. may profit by their example."

FIRST AID—General; that was Patrick Henry.

GAGE—An arrant knave, whatever his name may be, thus to stun the ears of men with the name of his Gracious Majesty, in such suggestion. Has he hanged?



FIRST AID—Not that I have heard.

GAGE—Why not? Does treason to our King go unpunished?

FIRST AID—I cannot answer. This man is under the shield of the civil law; and has never been within your authority.

GAGE—And lucky for him he has not. His resolves, charged with highest treason, and his supporting phrase linked therewith, have gathered force year by year, seducing loyalty from contented hearts; and now upon the sky political, they are as a sign in the heavens when angry Mars

³ Patrick Henry, on May 30, 1765, in support of his resolutions [thereafter adopted], reaching a climax, said: "Cæsar had his Brutus; Charles I. had his Cromwell, and George III. (cries of 'Treason, Treason') may profit by their example. If this be treason, make the most of it."—*Morse's Patrick Henry*.

Meantime, on the wings of the wind, were borne, north and south, the fiery words of entire series [resolutions], to kindle a great flame of dauntless purpose, while Patrick himself was only half conscious of his fatal work.—*Morse's Patrick Henry*.

They were a virtual declaration of resistance to the Stamp Act by the Legislature of a great Colony. And, moreover, they were the very first declaration of resistance which was so made.—*Morse's Patrick Henry*.

They [the resolutions] proved eventually the occasion of those great disorders which afterward broke out in the Colonies.—*Morse's Patrick Henry*.

Gen. Gage wrote to Secretary Conway, that the "Virginia resolves" had given the signal for a general outcry over the continent.—*Morse's Patrick Henry*.

flames on the front of war.⁴ Here in Boston, around and near us, are those who look with his eyes, glancing defiance in the face of royalty. British lead must cure these ills of state.

FIRST AID—The prescription, then, can come none too soon.

GAGE—Ah! Do you instruct your general?

FIRST AID—Pardon me: but the unruly crowd grow



daily more so. I have seen our officers drink deep of humiliation, and yet, as soldiers, no offense resenting. It is hard to bear taunts and stones and know that your musket's loaded.⁵

⁴In the autumn of 1774, an able writer, looking back over the political history of the Colonies from the year of the Stamp Act, singled out the "Virginia resolves" as the baneful cause of all the troubles that had come upon the land.—*Morse's Patrick Henry*.

⁵The men of Boston applauded the spirit of the "Yankees." [The people of New York expressed open abhorrence of the soldiers, etc.] And the more they [the soldiers] paraded with their muskets, the

GAGE—I have issued the proper orders. The hinds shall feel the rod of correction. For seven years I have commanded the King's forces in America; and since October, '68,—now it is March and '70,—have had headquarters here. In all that time I have borne my share of studied disrespect. Are not these people bone of our bone? If so, why not, then, amenable to law as were their fathers?

SECOND AID—They contend that the law, no voice of theirs approving, is oppressive; and hence to be rejected as a weight laid on by foreign hands. The Stamp Act fires them to these deeds of violence.

GAGE—There it is again! Why, man, you talk the jargon of the mob, and should be feed their orator. The



Stamp Act! the Stamp Act! on right and left—no other cry. Well, at this target, then! This law was made by King and Parliament—a self-sufficient reason for obedience. The record is evidence of supreme forbear-

ance. In '65 was this Act proclaimed, and in '66 repealed—do you mark that word? repealed—by King and Parliament, in deference to the minions who flout us here to-day. In '67—since balked authority will reassert itself, pride and duty stimulating—another Act, retaining the principle of the first, but with scope enlarged to cover taxation as port duties, was again proclaimed. This the law till now; and the report is just at hand that, under the wise direction of Lord North—long may he live Prime Minister of England!—this last statute is

more they were despised as men who desired to terrify and had no power to harm.—*Bancroft.*

modified, or soon will be, and the duties of '67 therefrom erased, excepting that on tea. This is retained as expressive of the right to tax these Colonies.⁶ Can generosity further go? For five years a rebellious people have thus swayed back and forth the supreme powers of the realm. The law is now fixed, and we are here as the King's right arm to enforce submission. [*A great uproar is heard from the street.*] What means this commotion? [*THIRD AID rushes to the window and looks down into the street. GAGE agitated.*] What is it? Speak!

THIRD AID—The mob sullenly retreat before the military. The falling flakes obscure much, but as I see, the people pelt the soldiers with showers of snow-balls as they advance.⁷

GAGE—Who commands the soldiers?

THIRD AID—Captain Preston leads and gives the orders.

GAGE—A valiant officer! Less than two months ago our comrades drew blood on Golden Hill, in New York City, from these self-styled Sons of Liberty,⁸ who there meet in Hampden Hall—a name odious to loyalty—and plan their hostile schemes. Retaliating, as they choose to say, they conspire and combine with the other Colonies to refuse English goods; and swear that tea shall not be landed nor consumed upon this soil, because of duties. To erect liberty poles to reckless sentiment is their chief contentment, which our lads cut down.

⁶ In 1770 Lord North was appointed Prime Minister. His first measure was a repeal of the port duties, with the exception of the duty on tea; this left the right to tax in full force.—*Frost*.

⁷ A detachment of soldiers [Boston massacre], under the command of Capt. Preston, in King Street, after being assaulted with snow-balls and other missiles, fired upon the populace, killing three men and wounding others.—*Frost*.

⁸ In the course of the day, January 18, 1770, Seers [Isaac Seers, a Son of Liberty] and others entered into a skirmish with the soldiers, who had [on January 13] cut down the liberty pole. In a general fight the soldiers retreated to Golden Hill. In this trouble several were wounded and one killed. This was the first fight of the Revolution.—*Stone's History of New York City*.

One, Isaac Seers, I remember, is the chief malefactor there, as are Hancock and Sam. Adams here.



THIRD AID—Great God! There will be bloodshed. The soldiers prepare to fire.

GAGE — So be it, then! [*All rush to the window. The rattling of musketry is heard, and the smothered cry of citizens. Returning from the window.*] The hour has struck, and death grapples with disloyalty. What street is this?

FIRST AID — It is King Street.

GAGE—And this is March, the month of Mars, the very god of War; the place bears its name as if in royal honor. Happy omen—Mars and the King! War confronts us now—and it shall be a war of subjugation.

[*All retire.*]

SCENE II. *Boston Harbor. Time, December 16, 1773, evening. Ships at the dock. Upon the wharf enter a crowd of unarmed citizens, male and female. FARMER RICHARD STANDISH among them; called FARMER DICK.*

FIRST SPEAKER—There lies the evidence of our abasement.¹ [*Pointing to the ships.*] Right here in Boston Harbor. And this more shame to us.

¹ The East India Tea Company had shipped cargoes to Boston. When the first ship appeared, December, 1773, in Boston Harbor, a mass meeting was held at Faneuil Hall. It was adjourned to the Old South Meeting House. Sam. Adams, Hancock, and Warren,

SECOND SPEAKER—Won't wood burn? There are three of them.

[*Cries and shouts:* "Burn? Yes! Yes! Try it, try it!"

THIRD SPEAKER—The night is cold. A real Decem-



ber nip. Nine days more and Christmas. Always cold at Christmas.

FOURTH SPEAKER—A fire will do us good.

[*Cries:* "A fire! a fire!"

FIRST SPEAKER—No! No! Citizens, hear me! We must do no violence.

and others conducted the business. On motion of Sam. Adams it was resolved the tea should go back. "The only way to get rid of it," said another, "is to throw it overboard." A watch was proposed to see that it did not land. A party of twenty-five was appointed to guard the tea ships during the night. At first the consignees refused to send it back. The master of one vessel, the *Dartmouth*, finally agreed the tea should go back. It was thought this ended the matter, as the other consignees did the same. But a clearance for the ships was refused at the Custom House. On December 16, 1773, two thousand citizens assembled in the Old South Meeting House. It was voted the tea should not be landed. Josiah Quincy tried to restrain them from violence and urged moderation. —*Bancroft*.

FOURTH SPEAKER—Why not? Tell me that? Violence enough is done to us! Who says we must do no violence? Better keep such advice at home.

FIRST SPEAKER—Our leaders. This is private property. There are the ships as well as the cargo. It is the cargo with which we quarrel, not the ships.

FOURTH SPEAKER—We lead ourselves when we see a pirate. That is a pirate ship. No better than a



pirate, and loaded with our poison; if we take it, it will surely take us, in chains. We'll sink her. What say you all?

[Cries: "Sink her, burn her, a tinder box, a box! Bring us a box."]

FIRST SPEAKER—You will not sink her while I am here, unless you sink me, too. In the "old South"

this very night, yes, and for many nights, in Faneuil Hall, you have heard Sam. Adams, Hancock, Warren, and the rest, advise that these ships and cargoes be sent back to London, and you have then applauded. Stand by your approval. That's what I say.

THIRD SPEAKER—That's what they do in New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston. Send them back. What is good enough for them, is good enough for us.² We will stand together, and obey our leaders.

[*Cries*: "Too late, too late. To the bottom with them."

FARMER DICK—A word before you act. You shall not touch a single rattling upon this ship. I place myself between you and it, and he who reaches her deck must first meet me.

FOURTH SPEAKER—Who are you to defy us thus? We are the people, the Sons of Liberty. Down with him!

[*A rush is made and DICK assumes an attitude of defiance.*

FARMER DICK—You ask who I am? You have the right to know? My name is Richard Standish, sometimes called Dick Standish or Farmer Dick. My home is in old Middlesex, within sight of Boston. Since the time when my revered ancestors helped to lay the foundations of New England's rectitude, we have been taught that law covers property as well as life. You wrong yourselves to do as you propose.

FOURTH SPEAKER—He says well. The law, the law. The law will guard us. Let us look to the law.

[*Cries*: "So we will, so we will!"

SECOND SPEAKER—But if they attempt to unload this tea? Then let them take care.

FARMER DICK—If that is done, or even threatened, then we will meet again.

FIRST SPEAKER—The threat is made. The owners

² Tea ships were sent to New York, Philadelphia, and Charleston, as well as to Boston, and they were sent back.—*Frost*.

insist upon landing it, and refuse to send it back. Have you not heard? But no matter. Not a creature will drink it. Let it alone. It would choke our people.



FARMER DICK—Wisely said, good friend! But I did not know of the threat to land it. I would oppose such an effort. If the destruction of this cargo must come, let it be by organized hostility that carries with it the assurance of a principle; not by an irresponsible mob, whose acts count for nothing.

[*Many voices*: "Three cheers for Farmer Dick! Three cheers!" *They are given.*]

FIRST SPEAKER—And now, all to Faneuil Hall, to hear our great orators upon these wild times.

[*Cries of "Yes, yes! To Faneuil Hall, to Faneuil Hall!" All retire.*]

[*Pantomime follows.*³ *A party of fifty men rush upon the stage disguised as Mohawk Indians. They perform a short dance upon the wharf. They then open the hatches of the ships, take out the cargo, and pour it into the water. Then another short dance upon the wharf. All retire.*]

³ On the evening of 16th of December, 1773, the meeting in the Old South Meeting House was adjourned by Sam. Adams, he saying it could do no more. Then a warwhoop sounded. Fifty or more, disguised as Indians, passed the door, and encouraged by Adams and Hancock and others they marched to the wharf of the tea ships. While the people looked on the tea chests were broken open and the contents emptied into the bay, without the least injury to other property.—*Bancroft.*

SCENE III.—*London, Buckingham Palace. Time: February, 1775.* Royal Audience Chamber.*

Enter KING GEORGE III., LORD NORTH, *Prime Minister*; EARL OF HILLSBOROUGH, *Ex-Minister of State*, and ADMIRAL LORD HOWE.

THE KING—Since we have held the scepter no weightier care has come to us. These Colonies are the jewels of our crown and have given promise, in the ripeness of time, with a sturdy light, to emblazon our throne. As age saps the limbs of giants, who lean at last upon lusty youth, so, in the round of nature, this venerable but undaunted isle might expect the comfort of this younger stock. In earlier days our faithful subjects have given of their substance that this Western land should take its station as a worthy compeer among settled states. The blood of England has paid the price for these rebellious children of protection against the stealthy savage and a foreign king. Shall all this go as waste, and we supinely fold our arms because ungrateful treason bids us do so? Such has never been the quality of English rule, nor should it be so now. Why is it, Howe, that you still persist in urging a milder policy than we are disposed to follow?



* Franklin left London for home the 20th of March, 1775.—*Bancroft.*

This scene is laid just previous to his departure. There is no historic record that Franklin saw the King before he left, but it is a warrantable dramatic liberty to assert he did. He had been ten years in England as agent of the Colonies. A terrible issue was upon all concerned. It was presumably his duty to confer with the King. The actual political sentiments of all the parties to this scene have been presented as accurately with history as possible.

In 1770 Franklin was made the agent of Massachusetts to lay complaints before the King.—*Bancroft.*

ADMIRAL HOWE—Pardon me, your Majesty. Among your subjects let my deeds, and those of ancestors without a stain, be sponsor for my sincerity that lags behind none other. I abate nothing of your claim upon those who now give frowns where gratitude should show. I ask an audience for this modest man, who seeks to explain the reason of estrangement.

KING—Lord Dartmouth is our Secretary of State, succeeding Hillsborough, whom here we gladly greet. Why shall this man trouble us and not the Minister, whose duty it is to listen; and doubtless his pleasure, too.



HOWE—He is about to leave these shores, and perhaps forever. In loyalty he would say farewell; and to this add, if so permitted, his final plea for peace, over which fierce Moloch now shakes his dreaded spear.

KING—Have we not, through our ministers, been surfeited these many weary years with all that he would say?

HOWE—Your Majesty, a King who would not be misled where controversy holds should hear either argument. Ministers are but mortal, and swaying too far to the side of self-conviction is only natural. But, when done, the sovereign is still the loser. This man, who seeks to speak face to face with his King,—from whose hands justice receives no wound,—is thus impelled, that no argument shall fail of fair presentment in a matter so swelling in importance.¹

¹“I [Thomas Jefferson], at Philadelphia, called upon the beloved Franklin. He gave me a paper which I afterward gave to his son. It contained a narrative of the negotiations between Franklin and the British ministry to prevent a contest of arms. This negotiation was brought about by Lord Howe [Admiral Howe of the Revolution], who was friendly to America and intimate with Dr. Franklin.”—*Randolph*.

KING—Again, what is his name? There are in London many agents of these colonies.

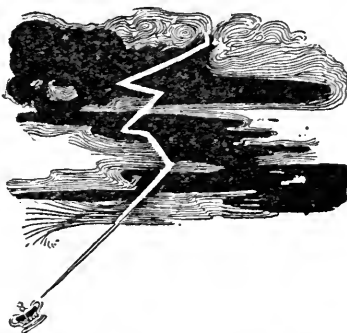
HOWE—Benjamin Franklin.

KING—Franklin—a name not unknown. Is he that man who, some twenty years ago, drew down the lightning?

HOWE—The same, your Majesty; and, by proof now admitted, established the unity of lightning and electricity.

KING—A wise man and a benefactor.

NORTH—He should try his hand upon his stiff-necked countrymen, and draw from them the lightning of disobedience.



HILLSBOROUGH—And thus save them, perhaps, from other experiments, with the sword as chief weapon.

NORTH—But you would try the rod before the sword?

HILLSBOROUGH—Aye! and if one did not serve, the other should. A most pernicious fellow.²

NORTH—So much so, that you are now Ex-Minister. Hillsborough, you have good cause to say, “a most pernicious fellow.”³

KING—We will hear this man. [*The KING bows to Howe, who retires.*] A sovereign can do no wrong by

² “His lordship [Hillsborough] I knew had expressed himself toward me [Franklin] in angry terms, calling me a factious, mischievous fellow and the like.”—*Bigelow*.

³ “Lord Hillsborough, notified by the Committee of Council’s approbation of our grant (urged by Franklin) in opposition to his report, had resigned. [That is, as Secretary of State for the Colonies.] I was told, as a secret, that Lord Hillsborough was much chagrined at being out of place and could never forgive me, etc.” [He held Franklin responsible.]—*Bigelow*.

Franklin suggested Lord Dartmouth in August, 1772, as Hillsborough’s successor.—*Morse’s Franklin*.

bending his ear to seek the truth, no matter whence it comes. My lords [*to NORTH and HILLSBOROUGH, who move away*], you will each remain, since, through years of official duties, you know this man.

Re-enter ADMIRAL HOWE with FRANKLIN.

KING—Your petition for audience favorably considered, we are pleased to hear that which you would urge.



FRANKLIN—And may my speech, your Majesty, be worthy of my text, the pacification of the American Colonies.

NORTH—For years, you with others joined, have been sermonizing upon that text, and mended nothing of affairs. Are you still here as authorized representative?

FRANKLIN—I am here specially as the agent of Pennsylvania,⁴ Massachusetts, and others of the Colonies. I may assume to speak for all, since one interest unites them as a single family. My countrymen plead for equality with others under the Constitution. To accept less in their eyes is ignominious. If they are stubborn in their demand, be it remembered they are of English origin, and this quality their heritage.

KING—Will you be specific?

FRANKLIN—They are taxed without representation; they may be transported from among their peers to be tried by strangers in a foreign land; they are made to contribute to a military force for their own subjugation; the army is billeted in their homes, as in a conquered province; their officials for domestic and civil order are named in a distant land, and sent to rule over them at their charge; laws have been passed to close their

⁴ On the 26th of October, 1764, Pennsylvania made Franklin its agent in England. In 1770 Massachusetts did the same.—*Bancroft*.

ports, and also to subvert their chartered governments.⁵ Shall I go on?

HILLSBOROUGH—And for this, they would openly rebel ; ignoring parental right to such return as comes from grateful offspring.

FRANKLIN—The Danes and Saxons peopled this great isle ; and after them the Norman engrafted a hardier shoot upon the parent tree. A rugged union these, whose commingled blood over all competitors has raised the standard of letters, science, art, and war. Should Dane, Saxon, or Norman now prefer their motherhood as their right to rule, what would be the answer ? As England would speak, so speaks America to-day, my Lord Hillsborough.

HOWE—But the Stamp Act of '65, one source of grievance, was repealed in '66, to which your voice contributed in our House of Commons.⁶

FRANKLIN—The repeal came, but with it a declaration of right to bind the Colonies.⁷ A luscious fruit was extended with a thorn, and the thorn has left its sting. And following came a statute enlarging the demands upon my people. Pardon me for being tedious. Though this last has since been modified, and the burdens lightened—for which the present Ministry be praised⁸—the act of kindness, like the Trojan steed, conceals a danger. If our tea is legally dutiable, by your sole decree, then all things may be so. We are no party to the making of these laws and changes, and hence complain.

NORTH—But you had champions. Fox, and Pitt, and Burke, and others gave us trouble, holding in part your views. Do you count them as nothing ?

⁵ See Declaration of Independence.

⁶ Franklin was examined in the British House of Commons in 1766, relative to the repeal of the Stamp Act.—*Bigelow*.

⁷ The repeal of the Stamp Act of 1765 was March 18, 1766, but affirmed "the right of Parliament to bind the Colonies in all cases whatsoever."—*Bigelow*.

⁸ Lord Howe's Revenue Act of 1770, repealing the duties of 1767, except that on tea.

FRANKLIN—Gratefully as America will ever hold these illustrious names in memory, yet they are not the chosen of our will : but are the noble gifts which Right often gains in her battle with the Wrong. It is to the honor of our nature that long suffering sometimes finds a voluntary friend.

HOWE—And Heaven bless with peace the efforts of these friends !

FRANKLIN—My father was born upon this soil. I would gladly call it home, if so I may—a wish held in common with my people, who are to English stock also kinsmen. These words suggest the daily prayer of millions across the sea.

KING—Such loyalty is not expressed in deeds.

FRANKLIN—Pardon me, your Majesty. Every foot of soil in America pours forth its rill of loyalty from this ancient spring. New England repeats Old England, as one soul breathes from another's loins. States and towns, by names of love, bind us with kith in this noble realm, as if garnered in one common sheaf from English shires.

KING—Your people have shed the blood of our soldiers. You have entered into a combination of non-intercourse. You refuse our products and defy the laws. In savage disguise you have wasted the cargoes of our faithful subjects. Language most treasonable has found public utterance. For all this, shall we be at peace as the price of obedience? The cost outweighs the gain.

FRANKLIN—Be at peace, your Majesty, because England's sovereign fears to do a wrong. Be at peace, because you would not oppress the humblest of your

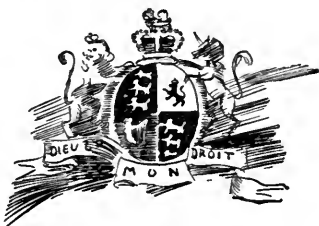


subjects. He rules most wisely, who bows to a just demand. My people have transgressed. But who may weigh with nicety an act of overwrought feeling, and say here is too much, or there too little done to win a generous pardon? Zealous of their liberties, Americans, with the courage of their fathers, have stood on guard, and perhaps sometimes have wounded prudence. My King, look favorably upon those who ask only that they may live as men, not slaves.

KING—And, if we do not see the light as you do, what then?

FRANKLIN—Your Majesty, would that I could make you feel the weight of my forebodings! America will never consent to be ruled as a subordinate. Never! Never! Never!

NORTH—Then imperial policy must yield to popular clamor. This means abdication.



FRANKLIN—Say that imperial policy must yield to popular rights, and both gain strength from mutual contentment.

NORTH—While in the Commons I never voted for a popular measure, but ever chose the opposite.¹⁰ When simple duty shall direct the affairs of men, the people will obey such government as their superiors may grant. Why should men reach above their station, and wish to leave the spade to spoil the scepter? Men are born to their proper place, and we who come into the world to

⁹ Examination of Franklin before the Commons in February, 1766 :
Q. "Do you not think the people of America would submit to pay the stamp duty?"

A. "No, never, never, unless compelled by force of arms."
—*Bigelow*.

¹⁰ Lord North was opposed to reform and to every popular measure. He boasted, "that since he had sat in the House of Commons he had voted against all popular and in favor of all unpopular measures."—*Bancroft*.

rule find opposition irksome which emanates from the people only.

FRANKLIN—I am speechless, my Lord, to such a statement.

NORTH—If, as you say, our Colonies will not give consent to such laws as the King and Parliament may approve, this realm must still progress as best it may without it. My voice is for unconditional submission. And, if rebellion come, then confiscation will serve to replenish our nobles for heavy losses borne through years of Continental wars. So conflict will bring its consolation in rewards to those who have won them by their fidelity to the Crown.¹¹

FRANKLIN—I can say no more than to thank your Majesty for this hearing.¹²

KING—May it lead to a better understanding between us and our subjects!

[*The KING, NORTH, and HILLSBOROUGH retire.*]

HOWE—[FRANKLIN *exhibits emotion*]¹³ Comfort, my friend. My heart went with you, but the King was obdurate.

FRANKLIN—It is now ten years since last I came upon English soil, and in all that time have sought to ward the impending blow. I must now go home. Home! Why, where is that? Not here! Not here! Oh, my Lord, may you never know how heavy is the heart of him who can no longer call the land of his father, home! Such fate comes to me. England! England! Gladly as I would cling to your glories as partly mine, I re-

¹¹ "I [Franklin] remember that Lord North's answers [in the negotiations of Lord Howe, see Note 1] were dry and unyielding for unconditional submission, and betrayed an indifference to a rupture. He said: 'A rebellion was not to be deprecated on the part of Great Britain; that the confiscations it would produce would provide for many of their friends.'"—*Randolph*.

¹² This statement of Lord North [Note 11] to Franklin indicated so cool a purpose in the ministry as to render a compromise hopeless, and the negotiation ended.—*Randolph*.

¹³ Franklin cherished a personal regard for the King, and as late as 1773 sought excuses for his conduct.—*Morse's Franklin*.

nounce you now ! My home, henceforth, is with those who recognize man by the stamp of God upon him, and for the worth which this sign shows. Be it the destiny of the land to which I hasten to give this sign over all the world—a rank that shall yet rebuke the insolence of kings !

HOWE—You talk with rashness. And yet I cannot chide.

FRANKLIN—No ! No ! my Lord ! In this dark hour let me have my way, as one who looks into the future with the gifts of prophecy. The curtain lifts upon my vision, and the horrors of the coming years make a stout man tremble. America will fight—fight—to her last shilling and her last man. In this contest the very children just released from the parental knee will forget their weakness ; the blushing maiden and the beardless boy rushing for precedence, to cast into the caldron of seething war their mite for their country's freedom. The torch, the tomahawk, and the bullet may do their work, but death itself, though it ride upon every gale, shall not subdue us ! Beyond this dread havoc I see the consolation—a new nation and a new era, the boon for oppressed humanity. The price is heavy, but the gain is great. This hope lightens present burdens. Home first, my Lord, and then to France ! *[All retire.*

SCENE IV. *Street in Richmond, Va. Time : March 24, 1775.*

Enter two aged citizens from opposite directions.

FIRST CITIZEN — Good morning, neighbor James—that is, if anything may be called good now.

SECOND CITIZEN—No, no, William ! Be sure you make no criticism. Keep a civil, a civil tongue. The tongue ! Oh, the tongue needs watching ! Now, I say, all things are good. No man can blame me for that—never !

FIRST CITIZEN—Heard you of the State convention

yesterday? The King has been railed against—right here in Richmond. Heard you of that, I ask you?

SECOND CITIZEN—Of course; of course! I keep an open ear as well as a prudent tongue. I can't help what other men will do and say.

FIRST CITIZEN—Mark me, neighbor. With all your prudence, you will sweat from trouble. Do you hear me? Other men make trouble, and you bear it like an ass. It's a load upon you, whether you will or no. This railing upon the anointed of the Lord will be an ache in your bones yet. See now?



SECOND CITIZEN—Well, out with it! Out with it, now! How came it all? Has a new tax been called for? Or a new levy against the red-skins? There was a ring around the moon last night wider than my farm—too wide for quiet times. Look

for events when you see that. Yes, yes!

FIRST CITIZEN—You know Patrick Henry?

SECOND CITIZEN—Know him? All men know him. For years he has been the tribune of the people, resisting tyranny to the very verge of danger. A bold and likely man. No wrong to him, I hope. The very stones would mutiny, if so.

FIRST CITIZEN—No wrong to him—no, indeed. But wrong from him. Aye, yes! He has done wrong in speaking as he has. The very air is full of reports. He may involve us all yet.

SECOND CITIZEN—What has he said now? My life, but it was honest. Honest, though it sets old Virginia in a flame.

FIRST CITIZEN—He has done that very thing. He defied King George, our true King! That is what he did. Openly! Openly, as if he had never heard of a halter for traitors.

SECOND CITIZEN—The good God, who doeth all

things well, never yet provided a foot of earth mean enough to grow the hemp to make a halter for Patrick Henry. He is himself a king—nature's appointed king of brave and honest men.

FIRST CITIZEN—There is trouble in the North. Unruly men have dared to stand against royal authority. Mutiny! Do you hear? Rank mutiny and rebellion! Well, what does Henry last night in the convention gathered in the old church, but commend such conduct. Yes, he did. Do you oppose the King? Tell me, now.

SECOND CITIZEN—I cannot say. I wish peace with all. I would lay these old bones under the sod, with as little trouble as possible between now and then. But, as I love justice, I dare not take a stand against Patrick Henry. For, though he wears no golden crown upon his head, yet he is God's anointed, who wears the crown of courage to dare all things for his fellow-creatures.

FIRST CITIZEN—Think of it! He proclaimed, "The next gale that sweeps from the North will bring to our ears the clash of resounding arms"; then asked, "Why stand we here idle?" "Is life so dear or peace so sweet as to be purchased at the price of chains and slavery?" Is it slavery to obey the King and Parliament? Then he closed—hush! I hardly dare to utter such perfidy—with the words, "I know not what course others may take, but as for me, give me liberty or give me death!"¹ What think you of that?

SECOND CITIZEN [*standing amazed*]—What do I think of that? So much do I think of it that the very thought is overwhelming. It is as if the Blue Mountains, which overtop our State like sentinels, were suddenly aflame with a blaze to light the world. Indeed, this is important news. Liberty or death, did you say? Portentous words and herald of great deeds!



¹ These extracts are from a speech by Patrick Henry on March 23, 1775, in a State convention in Richmond, Va.—*Morse's Patrick Henry*.

FIRST CITIZEN—Why think you this? Are all things turned topsy-turvy, and King and order no longer respected? This is rank treason, whoever says it.

SECOND CITIZEN—We will be swept with the current. I see! I see! Choose for yourself, neighbor; but, as



for me, I go with the tide that swells toward the haven of liberty. Discussion between us is idle now. Henry has thrown the gauge of battle, and we are for or against him. Would that I could coin each drop that still holds life within this withered frame into a thousand men, and each man armed to sustain our bravest orator. Why,

this news warms me into youth, and puts vigor in my limbs. If I may be of service, I shall die content.

FIRST CITIZEN—I am carried along by you, and see through your eyes. We will stand or fall together. What say you? Down with King George and all his tribe, if that be right, and I guess it is, if Patrick Henry says so!

SECOND CITIZEN—Friend, you speak with the tongue of all true sons of this soil. United we must be, and united all good men will be. Let us learn more of this, and our knowledge keep company with the rising storm. Come, come! The ring around the moon—I read it now—liberty or death! [Both retire.]

SCENE V. *A lonely spot in the suburbs of Boston. The city in the distance. Time : evening, April 18, 1775.*

Enter two farmers armed, viz., FARMER DICK STANDISH and FARMER GEORGE ALDEN.

FARMER GEORGE [*Peering toward Boston*—Dick, my eyes are tired with watching.

FARMER DICK—Tired or not, we must not fail to see the signal.¹

GEORGE—The church steeple is as black as our cat.

DICK—And it may continue so. No lantern was to shine unless old Gage sent forth his troops.

GEORGE—Who hangs the signal?

DICK—I don't know nor care. It is enough that our friends are alert, and we will surely know if the red-coats move at all.

GEORGE—I shall be glad to welcome them—I loaded on purpose.

DICK—It would grieve me if I wasted ammunition.

¹ Gen. Gage resolved to strike a blow [from Boston], as the King desired, and seize the military stores at Concord. The attempt had been expected [by the patriots] and signals were concerted to announce the first movement of the troops for the country.—*Bancroft*.

"Old Rocks" can find a squirrel's eye at a hundred paces.

[*Affectionately pats "Old Rocks," his rifle.*

GEORGE—See ! What is that ? A light in the steeple, sure !

DICK [*Peering out*]—I see nothing.

GEORGE—There ! There !

DICK—Go to a doctor, to heal an excited mind. The steeple is yet as black and silent as the clouds above it.



GEORGE—You too would be excited, had you torn yourself from home as I was forced to do.

DICK—We fared the same then, for I came off by trickery. Mother and the little ones suspected me and dogged my steps. I pretended to be asleep, and when all was quiet, I slipped away.

GEORGE—Grandfather helped me, and I am here.

DICK—What, he in his eightieth year, and yet alive to this ?²

GEORGE—You should see him ! He sits by the hour, with that old sword he wore at Louisburg, and at

² In the Battle of Lexington fell the octogenarian, Josiah Haynes.
—*Bancroft.*

Quebec, and talks to it. "Are you here?" says he. "Stand by me, for I shall need you yet. Cursed tyrants, why did I hack this blade for you upon the enemy?" and more like this. And upon sudden approach he springs up and grasps the hilt as if a foe were here—and then sinks back again. We humor him, and stand with bowed and humbled heads in the presence of this helpless patriotism, that would scale the rampart, yet cannot reach the base.

DICK—There are thousands like him. Even the women and children are full of fight.

GEORGE—I know it. But I see this example and so speak of him. It fires my blood and crams me from top to toe with vengeance. He knew I was to watch for the signal to-night, and would have come, had I consented.

DICK—What is that light? Quick! See! in the old church steeple!

GEORGE—I send you to the doctor this time.

DICK—God! Man, can't you see? Where are you looking? There, in the belfry!

GEORGE—Yes, yes! I was looking higher up. It is there! It is the signal. The soldiers are coming, and we must alarm our friends. Hark! Hark! I hear the clattering of a horseman. He comes this way. Listen!

DICK—I see him. There! There! He rides with the wind—don't you see him? A hundred miles around there is not a creature who does not know him—the post-rider of the Sons of Liberty.



GEORGE—It is Paul Revere.³

DICK—Of course! Of course! He flies faster than

³ Warren, at ten o'clock [at night, April 18, 1775] dispatched William Daws through Roxbury, and Paul Revere by way of Charleston to Lexington.—*Bancroft*.

the gale. The fire-eyed hawk would beat his wings in vain and lag behind him. To Concord—on to Concord he goes, to prick to his spring the crouching lion of old Middlesex. This is our work as well to do—so both of us away. “Old Rocks” shall speak for liberty before another day. [Both retire.]

SCENE VI.—*A wood on roadside near Lexington. Time : April 19, 1775.*

Enter in haste, an ENGLISH CAPTAIN, exhausted.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Where can Lieut. Harris be? These men fight like devils.

Enter an ENGLISH LIEUTENANT—rushing on.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Well met, Lieut. Harris! From a distance I saw you moving in this direction, and thought to cross you. Col. Smith's orders are to hurry messengers to Gen. Gage for re-enforcements.¹

LIEUTENANT—Am I to take this order, Captain?

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Yes. As the Colonel's mounted aid to-day, this duty falls to you. The safety of the whole command may rest with your performance. Others have been dispatched upon like mission, for numbers cheat chance of failure. The dispersal of an angry mob is not the work before us, but the subjugation of men, who look with steady scorn into the very muzzles—that's what we have been sent to do.

LIEUTENANT—My horse is down, and alone I was seeking our troops.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Cross to the right—there are our disjointed lines. Impress the first and fleetest steed—the orders of the Colonel commanding—and ride as if hell were after you; for so it is.

LIEUTENANT—Yes! and in me, too. A drop of

¹On the evening of April 18, 1775, General Gage sent Colonel Smith and Major Pitcairn with a force to destroy the stores at Concord.—*Frost.*



water—oh! for a drop of water—our men, flying from these huntsmen, drop in their tracks from fatigue and thirst.² [*Retires.*]

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—We must change our books and revise the art of war, when war-scarred veterans are thus routed by mud-smear'd plowmen.³

Enter from behind him an ENGLISH SERGEANT, who rushes upon the stage.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN [*Startled and raising his sword, swinging around.*] Who's there? Surrender, or die!

SERGEANT—Why, Captain, don't you know me?

ENGLISH CAPTAIN [*Exhausted and staggering into the SERGEANT's arms.*] Know you? Know you? I don't know myself. Sergeant, where is our company? Bearing important dispatches I left the line, and was pursued. Exhausted, I reached this spot and conveyed my orders to an aid.

SERGEANT—Like others, our company have abandoned the common road. Over pathless fields each seeks in flight his safety. On every side the enemy harass us.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—May the fiend catch them all! The surprise of this stings most. To be defeated where possibilities might crown a rival, can be borne; but defeated when contempt rode foremost in your march, is humiliating. What place is this?

SERGEANT—They call it Lexington.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—May it never have historian, for our sake! It was at the meeting house, as these people call it,—and well named, for here we met much more than we expected,—a sleepy militia was this morning encountered, rubbing their eyes, as we thought, to see the run rise. We had marched through the night and were

² British troops, greatly exhausted and fatigued, began to run rather than retreat in order.—*Bancroft.*

³ The indignant yeomanry of the land, armed with their fathers' weapons, poured to the spot of this strange tragedy.—*Frost, quoting Edward Everett.*

in no humor for civilities. These leek-eating soldiers stood with arms in their hands and treason in their looks. It was the sullenness of the caged beast before the lash. Major Pitcairn rode up and commanded: "Lay down your arms and disperse, you rebels!" Not a man obeyed; not a man stirred in his tracks. There



they stood, in embattled line, disputing the King's authority. A volley followed.⁴ That was all I saw. Sergeant, how many fell? I was blind with rage and rushed onward with my company. The stores at Concord, the object sought——

⁴ When the British troops reached Lexington, about five o'clock in the morning, a small body of militia was paraded in front of the meeting house. Major Pitcairn rode up, calling out, "Disperse, ye rebels; disperse." His soldiers commenced a scattering fire. Eight [seven by Bancroft] were killed and a number wounded.—*Frost*.

The main body now proceeded to Concord and destroyed the stores.—*Frost*,

SERGEANT—Seven fell at our fire and more were wounded. They then fell back, and without returning a shot.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Yes ; fell back to strike a better blow.

SERGEANT—But we destroyed the stores at Concord, or such as we could find, before the sun was three hours up, and then turned homeward.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—And then our rout. That is the word to use. It is now past noon, and English soldiers



are scurrying still before these rabbit-hunters. They seemed to rise out of the very ground after the volley at the Concord Bridge.⁵ The bushes, fences, and the trees gave them life, and every hill-top has swarmed all day with the motley gathering.⁶ They surely had notice of our coming. Their rifles, flint-locks, and even pitchforks—for such their weapons were—have borne us down, carrying the best of armament. What is the war-cry, at which they rally and rush on ? I did not catch it ;

but feared more than once that it might catch me.

SERGEANT—I heard the same. The cry was Liberty or Death !

⁵ While they [the British] were engaged on their errand [in Concord] the militia of Concord and neighboring towns gathered at the Concord Bridge. The British at the bridge began to tear it up, and fired upon the militia. A general action now ensued, which terminated in the retreat of the British. It was now noon.—*Frost, quoting Everett.*

⁶ Every height of ground was covered with the avengers. Every patch of trees, every rock, every stone-wall was lined with an unintermitted fire.—*Frost, quoting Everett.*

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Liberty or Death ! Was that it ? Backed by courage, this cry in itself is an assaulting column. Oh, that re-enforcements were come !

Enter an AMERICAN CAPTAIN with FARMER DICK and two armed men, rushing upon the stage.

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—Surrender !

ENGLISH CAPTAIN [*drawing his sword*]—To whom, and by what authority ?

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—By the authority of united free-men, to whom God alone is king !

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—Insolent traitor ! Crawl to my feet for pardon, lest I let out your worthless life as an offering to England's sovereign—your King and mine.

[*Advances with his sword as if to strike, and the Americans level their guns.*

AMERICAN CAPTAIN [*with his sword throws up the muzzles of the other arms*]—Don't fire, men. We respect the defenseless, however great the provocation.

FARMER DICK—I wanted Old Rocks to look at him ; that is all, and know him if we meet again. I'll hold the charge for other game. Bullets are scarce and game is plenty.

ENGLISH CAPTAIN—We are your prisoners.

Enter two American MILITIAMEN, who rush upon the stage, armed.

MILITIAMAN [*to AMERICAN CAPTAIN*]—Quick, quick, captain, or the British will be upon you ! Lord Percy has come up with fresh troops.⁷ Our men are saving their prisoners and falling back. The assailants retire also.

AMERICAN CAPTAIN—Between here and Boston our friends may continue the dance by us begun. Here we will stop. A glorious ending of a glorious day. Forward—march !

[*All retire, the prisoners between the soldiers.*

⁷ At that moment [two in the afternoon] Lord Percy came in sight with a fresh brigade. He received the fugitives in a hollow square, who lay down for rest upon the ground, their tongues hanging out of their mouths like those of dogs after a chase.—*Bancroft.*

SCENE VII. *A redoubt on Bunker's Hill. Time : June 17, 1775. American soldiers on guard, looking over toward Boston, with and without uniform. FARMER DICK with them.*

Enter GEN. PUTNAM, with three AIDs.

PUTNAM—Let no man fire till he can see the whites of their eyes.¹ The slaughter on yonder field attests



the wisdom of this opening order. First Lexington, and last month Ticonderoga.² This is a good beginning. April gave the shower, and May the bud ; this blazing June shall help the ripening. So roll the months until the harvest. Twice to-day have solid columns pushed up to our muzzles, and been twice hurled back with bloody reckoning.³ Praised be fortune, that binds the Mystic and the Charles on either side, and so masses them in front on this narrow neck.

FIRST AID—The enemy form again and prepare for a third assault.

PUTNAM—Well, let them come. We will receive them as before ; and then home to dinner, after a good day's work. Where is Prescott, our chief in this day's struggle ?⁴

¹ "Let no man fire till he can see the whites of their eyes," was Prescott's order at Bunker Hill.

² Lexington, April 19, 1775 ; Ticonderoga captured by Ethan Allen May 10, 1775.

³ The British troops marched to the attack [Bunker Hill]. The Americans poured upon them such a deadly fire that their line was broken and driven in disorder. They were rallied and again led to the charge, received another deadly fire and a second time retreated in confusion.—*Frost*.

⁴ Prescott was commander-in-chief by consent of all.—*Bancroft*.

SECOND AID—Just now he is inspecting the right.

PUTNAM—And Gen. Stark? I have not seen him, though I have traversed half the line.

THIRD AID—Gen. Stark is at the water battery near the rail fence.

PUTNAM—And Warren?

FIRST AID—On the left. He has held his place since noon, as a volunteer in the ranks.⁵

PUTNAM—It was at that hour of noon the fight began, while the sun, with its impartial beams, was scorching either army.⁶ That smoke in the distance! Look!



SECOND AID—It is Charlestown, burning still, fanned into flame again with the changing breeze.

PUTNAM—Degenerate commanders! Did not this infernal heat of a summer's sun and giant battle suffice, without this torch! In our next volley be all this avenged.

From daylight till now, these ships of war in front, with the water batteries, have rained upon us, and yet the men budge not.⁷

Enter an ORDERLY in great haste, from the right.

ORDERLY—The commanding officer's compliments to Gen. Putnam,⁸ and directs an immediate supply of bullets to Gen. Stark.

⁵ Prescott proposed that he [Warren] should take command; he answered, as he had done to Putnam: "I come as a volunteer to learn from a soldier of experience."—*Bancroft*.

⁶ The day was one of the hottest of the season.—*Bancroft*.

⁷ The cannonade from the batteries and the shipping could not dislodge them.—*Bancroft*.

⁸ Putnam [though without command] was everywhere cheering the whole command. From first to last Putnam took an active interest, and the appointment of Prescott to the command was with his concurrence.—*Bancroft*.

PUTNAM—May Heaven then defend us! Has it come to this? Bullets! We have none here to spare.⁹ The foe prepares again to follow the paths it has crimsoned twice already, and our pouches are nearly empty. I can send none. Not one.

ORDERLY—Is this the answer to Col. Prescott?

PUTNAM—No! No! The very ground we tread upon supplies the need. Tell Col. Prescott to turn to the stones around him. The hills—the roads—the paths we walk are full of bullets, long hidden for our purpose. The great King above us all placed them there against the direful need of this very day. Pound up the rock and therein find the stony bullet, that will speak to the English heart as eloquently as lead in this strife for freedom. Take this message back.

[ORDERLY *retires*.

PUTNAM—So long as trusty rifles and the solid hills remain, who shall feel dismay?

Enter four SOLDIERS with an ENGLISH MAJOR as prisoner.

PUTNAM—What have we here?

SOLDIER—This prisoner was taken in the second assault; and Gen. Warren requests that you will question him.

PUTNAM—Who commands these assaulting columns and their strength? Answer, if you would live.

PRISONER—By Gen. Gage's orders, Gen. Howe and Gen. Pigot with about two thousand men made the attack this noon. Being repulsed, the second effort—now three thousand men advancing—ended as the first. Before I was made a prisoner, I learned that Gen. Clinton now gives his aid.

PUTNAM—How heavy has been your loss?

PRISONER—More than a thousand soldiers lie on the ground in front.

⁹ The ammunition [for the fight] had been distributed in haste. Two flints, a gill of powder, and fifteen balls to each man. The balls had to be suited to guns of different caliber. It was the rude turn-out of yeoman soldiery.—*Irving*.

PUTNAM—Terrific punishment. But no more than justice. What means this present changing of the fleet and of the artillery? ¹⁰

PRISONER—I know no more than I can guess.

PUTNAM—Well, then, as you guess.

PRISONER—It is to enfilade your lines; and so assist the attack in front, already found to be disastrous where unsupported.

PUTNAM—You are right. I have no more to ask. You may go. [SOLDIERS retire with the PRISONER.]

PUTNAM—This change of ships! These enfilading batteries! Without sufficient artillery, how can we oppose?

Enter an ORDERLY from the left.

ORDERLY—Major Knowlton sends word to Gen. Putnam that Gen. Warren has been hit and has this instant died.¹¹

PUTNAM—Dead! Warren dead! You've chilled the very pith and marrow of my life to tell me so. Gallant and gentle Warren dead; and we of only half his worth still left with vigor. This is rank injustice, chargeable to death. Martyr to the rights of man, in immortal realms be now chief ambassador to annul these wrongs of tyrants. My friend gone! Forever gone! This loss—this heavy loss to us—is like that of a man with a limb lopped off, an eye plucked out, and compelled to go the way of life henceforth without their helpful service. For he was both prop and sight upon our toilsome journey. This sorrow will sit on every lid throughout the land, and flood great grief with tears. The festering victims, now strewn yonder slopes, all combined in one, were fractionized in life, by the greater virtues of this single soul. Immortal spirit! hover near

¹⁰ While a part of his force [the British] was engaged [for a third assault] the rest brought field-pieces to enfilade the breastwork on the left.—*Irving*.

The number of killed and wounded of Gage's troops was at least one thousand and fifty.—*Bancroft*.

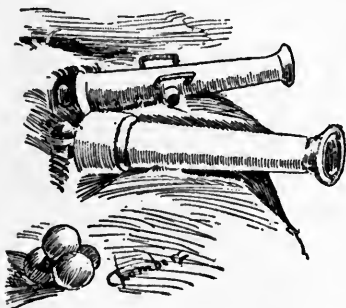
¹¹ Just at the moment of retreat fell Joseph Warren.—*Bancroft*.

us now, while yet the battle warms ; our vengeful swords will exact great recompense, or some of us shall bear you friendly company !

Enter an ORDERLY in great haste from the left.

ORDERLY—Major Knowlton's compliments to Gen. Putnam, and requests his help for an immediate supply of powder.¹²

PUTNAM [*staggering back in alarm*—You know not what you ask and so strike terror to a soul that never quailed before. I have sought the cave of the savage beast, and alone dragged him forth to slaughter; facing his glowing eyes and hissing anger, these nerves were like stringed steel, which now shake with fear.¹³ There is the advancing foe. Here we stand, as firm as the eternal hills, if with means provided to hurl



them back again. What can we do? Great God! It is your cause that trembles in the balance for want of this commodity. Oh! would that I could transmute these perspiring drops, each one into a ton, your chief should have it all! Where in all nature's laboratory may we find powder, ready magazined, to help us do our work upon these advancing hosts? Bullets may be found innocent of molds, but powder may not be so quarried. I can send no powder. [*ORDERLY retires.*] The fight is already on, and lamentation turns not back the foe. Each man to his place, and in our last volley let no shot fail to find its living target. Take aim, steady, fire!

[A volley with a cheer is fired from the redoubt.]

¹² The Americans had fired their last round—their ammunition was exhausted.—*Irving.*

¹³ At Pomfret, Conn., where he lived, Putnam, about 1740, entered a she-wolf's den and killed the beast.—*Irving.*

PUTNAM—Well done ! Well done ! The lines reel again. So be it ever, with a foe confronting New England's rifles.

Enter ORDERLY in great haste from the right.

ORDERLY—The commanding officer, Col. Prescott, orders a retreat from failure of ammunition.¹⁴

PUTNAM—Then we will retire, before the enemy forms again.

FARMER DICK—Shall we reverse our empty guns, and let these English know that both ends are mortal ?¹⁵

PUTNAM—Do you so, every man. A wise suggestion. Sound the retreat ! [*Bugle sounds retreat.*] Dismal necessity that compels this order. Fall back, with face to the foe, that he may see we intend to spring again. The ancient Greek upon the Attic plain beat down the Persian, though ten to one against him, and gave the world an empire. The pride of England humbled here, there is no seer with vision far enough to see the glories of the coming state.



We've done our work like men to-day ;
Let him dispute who will.
Hence, with the name of Marathon,
Write that of Bunker Hill.

[Bugles again sound retreat. The Americans fall back, and English soldiers rush in over the redoubt.]

¹⁴ The ammunition being expended, Prescott gave the word of retreat.—*Bancroft.*

¹⁵ The ammunition exhausted, now succeeded a deadly struggle, hand to hand, with bayonets, stones, and the stocks of their muskets.—*Irving.*

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

SCENE I. *Open tent of the Commander-in-Chief of the American forces at Cambridge. Time: November, 1775; night.*

GEN. GEORGE WASHINGTON *found in his tent examining records by the light of a candle.*

WASHINGTON—The sword, unsheathed and without a scabbard, is given to my keeping.¹ Heavy responsibility, to weave into the robe of order these tangled shreds!² The brave man's hopes, the coward's fears, the patriot's wish, and the traitor's cunning are here for sifting; the good from the evil gathering. May one man do this work? Presumptuous mortal he, who would not lean confidently upon more than mortal promise. I must walk. This care weighs upon me and sleep is banished, except when nature grimly asserts her claims, regardless of a burning brain, and then the body sleeps.

[*Walks out before his tent.*] This frosty air is full of exhilaration, nature's tonic to amend our waste. As far as the eye can reach, from camp to camp, light calls to

¹ George Washington was made by Congress Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Army, June 15, 1775. On the 3d of July following he took command of the army at Cambridge.—*Bancroft*.

² The camp contained a people in arms rather than an army. No one could tell its numbers or its stores. The soldiers had enlisted under different agreements and short periods. Each Colony had its own military government and system of supplies.—*Bancroft*.

light, Be watchful of the foe.³ Without a flag, without a purpose definite, without arms, ammunition, and money, was ever commander more sorely tried?⁴ The daring spirit is here, but all else is absent.⁵ Coming and leaving at their own will, since a July sun saw my arrival, twice over, if no more, have these changing thousands been trained to military order; and this needed order as many times been lost.⁶ The mothers on the surrounding acres are the commissaries to these soldier sons.⁷ Gathered here to resist the King, daily the chaplain calls down blessings upon his royal head, and the soldiers say, Amen.⁸ With no organized state directing us, what are we but rebels against defined authority. Marvelous uprising!⁹ Marvelous submission of mortal powers to forces yet unknown!

Enter FRANKLIN.

FRANKLIN—From my tent I saw you, General; and could not resist an old man's wakefulness and wish to

³ Washington found the army in a semicircle nine miles long.—*Bancroft.*

⁴ No flag had yet been adopted by Congress, and the soldiers filled college halls, churches, and dwelt as accident permitted.—*Bancroft.*

⁵ In the great number of able-bodied men—active, zealous, and courageous—Washington saw the materials for a good army. But there was the most urgent need of tents, clothing, hospitals, of every kind of arms, and, most of all, of powder. And yet no money had been provided. The life of Washington at Cambridge was one continual round of vexation and fatigue.—*Bancroft.*

The supply of arms and ammunition was scanty, the troops being without bayonets and having but nine rounds of cartridges each.—*Frost.*

⁶ From short enlistments troops were constantly changing, and lost as soon as trained.—*Bancroft.*

⁷ The mothers, wives, brothers, and sisters of the soldiers were constantly coming to the camp with supplies of clothing and household gifts. Each householder was a commissary.—*Bancroft.*

⁸ The chaplains kept alive the custom of daily prayer.—*Bancroft.*
[And, of course, prayed for the King, since there was no formal separation.]

The Colonists were professing allegiance to a power which their martial battalions were opposing.—*Frost.*

⁹ But for this [private aid] the forces must have dispersed. Why they did not cannot exactly be told.—*Bancroft.*

join you in the healthful draughts which this November night distills.¹⁰

WASHINGTON—To me you are ever welcome ; both by day and night.

FRANKLIN—I have been busy with the plan, for which, with Lynch and Harrison as commissioners from Congress, I am here in your camp in Cambridge.

WASHINGTON—If you have reached a plan available, you have now the right to be called once more a benefactor.

FRANKLIN—As you already know, in July last I reported a method to Congress for changing this chaos of divided Colonies into a solid and central power.

WASHINGTON—With deepest interest I have watched your steps. Unless good counsel directs us some such way, all is surely lost.

FRANKLIN—I urged the independence of each separate State. These confederated into a Union, with powers limited, for the good of all.¹¹

WASHINGTON—A self-evident advantage. No interest lost to any, no pride wounded, and strength added to every part—being bound as many into one. This is a safe road to follow.

FRANKLIN—The pear that hangs suspended—without shock rudely applied—will not fall till ripe and ready, for so nature wills. The state will grow, as grows the fruit, and at maturity with a blessing shield us. In either case, to hasten time and season is a danger.

WASHINGTON—Then, as I read your words, we are not

¹⁰ On the 30th of September, 1775, Congress appointed Franklin, Lynch, and Harrison to visit the camp of Washington and to devise a method for enlisting the army anew, because all supplies were needed, and, by the terms of enlistment, the army would disband in December.—*Bancroft*.

¹¹ On the 21st of July, 1775, Franklin submitted a plan for confederating the Colonies into one nation. Each Colony was to pass its own laws and constitution, while the powers of the general government were to include all questions of war, peace, alliance, etc.—*Bancroft*.

ripe for separation, though here we gather, armed for this to strike. Do you favor independence?

FRANKLIN—Yes, yes! A thousand times, yes! But I stand almost alone. I have been in touch with the English, and know the temper of those who rule. I am for independence now, this very hour. But I outrun the general wish. Old attachments are hard to break, so much does custom bind us.

WASHINGTON—One year ago our Congress petitioned the King for justice. He scoffed at our claims. Since then Lexington and Bunker Hill have testified to our love for freedom. In the face of this, and mindful of outrage since added from royal arrogance, the present Congress votes another petition for pacification. This last, the King will not deign even to receive into his royal hands.¹²

FRANKLIN—The people are patient and long-suffering. But the hour of independence is hurrying on. The King helps us in his proclamation denouncing us for punishment. While America was on her knees, he aimed a dagger at her heart.¹³

WASHINGTON—I, too, have dallied with this allegiance to the King, as if it were a crime to question it. But, healed from this sentimentality, base because it leads to servility, I am ready to cast my fate and fortunes for independence. The ashes of Falmouth, now smoldering under Capt. Mowat's murderous guns, even while we are talking here, help to stifle former friendship.¹⁴

¹² The petition to the King of the summer of 1775 was sent to him by Richard Penn of Philadelphia. He reached London August 14. The King would not see him. He was determined, he said, to force the Americans to submission. Lord North published a proclamation declaring them rebels and forbidding all intercourse with them.—*Bancroft*.

¹³ When this proclamation reached America, men said, "While America is still on her knees the King aims a dagger at her heart." The people now began to entertain the idea of independence.—*Bancroft*.

¹⁴ Capt. Mowat, in a ship of sixteen guns, with three others, on the morning of the 16th of October, 1775, laid Falmouth [now Portland] in ashes. The indignation of Washington was kindled at these savage cruelties.—*Bancroft*.

FRANKLIN—We must die in our allegiance to the monarch before we can be born in the freedom of the man.

WASHINGTON—Meanwhile the army must be maintained. You know its needs and mine.

FRANKLIN—In sympathy know them, and will provide. The plan I spoke of? We have agreed, my associates and myself, that to you we delegate the power, in the



name of the Continental Congress, to recruit an army of twenty-three thousand men, and to equip them as seems just to you. The New England Colonies, as separate States, will confirm your acts; and Congress also, with the voice of all.¹⁵

WASHINGTON—The authority is the best our condition knows, and I cheerfully accept.

Enter COL. NATHANIEL GREENE *and* CAPT. HENRY KNOX.

WASHINGTON—Good evening, gentlemen. [*To* FRANKLIN.] Here are two of my trusted officers, who are making the rounds.

FRANKLIN—We know each other well. Our visit here in camp has been so long, your rolls should bear us. Knox is, I think, a maker of books from yonder city, whence, like myself, he is driven forth, and so as a fellow-craftsman comes near to me.

KNOX—It touches my pride to be called your fellow-

¹⁵ Franklin, as leading adviser from Congress [to camp of Washington], devised a scheme for supplying a new army of twenty-three thousand men, whom the general could enlist without delay for the next campaign. The arrangement was an agreement between the army, the Continental Congress, and the New England colonies.—*Bancroft*.

craftsman, though I make only the covers of the book, while you make that which the covers hold.

FRANKLIN—And so we help each other in the same trade ; and as I said, are fellow-craftsmen.

WASHINGTON—And what report do you bring to me ?

GREENE—As always. There is suffering everywhere, and need of all things.

KNOX—The things most plentiful are stout hearts and empty stomachs.

GREENE—And the things absent are food, clothes, guns, and ammunition.

WASHINGTON [*to FRANKLIN*].—And yet the people loudly clamor at my delay to strike the enemy. Can we with naked fists beat down the power of England ? Our strength, at this hour, is the ignorance of the enemy of our weakness.¹⁶

FRANKLIN—Ignorance of what we might do, has strewn the earth with failures since the flood. May these Britons continue to illustrate my proverb !

WASHINGTON—I dare not make my condition known to these fireside tacticians and silence them. With other burdens I must take their censure, patiently.

FRANKLIN—It is unjust even to criminality. But where in this world does absolute right abide ? Censure existence, and call life an error. You may do this with as much justice as have these simple fools, who, blindly ignorant, assume to censure you.

KNOX—Plenty of artillery and powder would convert me to a belief that all things were right and just. A fair show, and I could go home again. Yes, to that home I see yonder in my daily rounds. Ticonderoga

¹⁶ The country expected tidings of the expulsion of the British from Boston, when the want of gunpowder compelled inactivity. The General [Washington] might have shielded his good name by letting the truth be known, but the public cause would suffer ; and braving the shafts of censure, he submitted in silence to the reproach of inactivity, at which his soul revolted.—*Bancroft*.

has given us here some heavy guns. But what are guns without powder?

WASHINGTON—The want of supplies is our strongest adversary. For this need, Ethan Allen failed before Montreal, and now, loaded with chains, is on his way to a British prison.¹⁷

FRANKLIN—The valiant Montgomery redeemed all this, and Montreal has just received him.¹⁸ You have other schemes afoot toward Canada?

WASHINGTON—It has been my wish to unite Canada with ourselves. I have ordered Colonel Benedict Arnold—a braver man never led assault—to march by Eastern journeys, and to join Montgomery before Quebec.¹⁹ I am hopeful and in turn am also anxious.

KNOX—By your leave, we will resume our journey of the camp. [KNOX and GREENE bow and retire.

FRANKLIN—I will catch a lesson in this good example, and so say good-night. [FRANKLIN bows and retires.

WASHINGTON—What mockery to say good-night to me. Bad-night pushes good-night from its stool and sits instead. Good-night, that watches for the coming of the jocund day, to arouse from restful sleep, calls not to me—calls not to me!

[Retires to his tent, which closes.

¹⁷ Ethan Allen indulged in the vision of surprising Montreal as he had done Ticonderoga. On the night of September 24, 1775, he crossed to Long Point, though he had so few canoes that but a third of his party could embark at once. He was surprised, and surrendered. He was chained and sent to England.—*Bancroft*.

¹⁸ On November 12, 1775, unopposed, Montgomery took possession of Montreal.—*Bancroft*.

¹⁹ In the hope of aiding the efforts against Canada, Washington organized an expedition to the lower St. Lawrence. For its chief officer, he selected Benedict Arnold.—*Bancroft*.

SCENE II. *Room in the royal residence at Cassel. Time :
January 31, 1776.*

Enter FREDERICK II., LANDGRAVE of Hesse Cassel,
and COL. WILLIAM FAUCITT of the British Army, and
agent of the British ministry.

LANDGRAVE—What you say, colonel, is very true. His Majesty, our royal cousin, no doubt wants troops. We are well assured of that.¹ Otherwise you would not be here to seek them at our hands. But the pay for these troops—the money and the revenue to us? Men are costly, when one has a surplus to sell, to him who wants to buy.



FAUCITT—The question of money need not delay our treaty. We pay liberally because the necessity is great. In negotiations your minister has not forgotten the prince he serves. It is understood you have the men ; so we have bargained for them.

LANDGRAVE—Regiment after regiment, idle and voracious. Troops have no right to impoverish their prince with fearful appetites, when they can earn for him a few marks by service abroad.

FAUCITT—Soldiers are sometimes biased and will serve willingly only their own country and its king.

LANDGRAVE—Cheap sentimentality ! I assure you that such a rule for our military would shake the thrones of half the princes of Europe. The true soldier asks for no more than orders. What is it to him whether he serves in the East or in the West ? His life belongs to the state, and the ruling prince is the state. I need money, and my army can earn it for me. I sell it to

¹ Faucitt hurried to Cassel, where his coming was expected by one [the Landgrave Frederick II.] who well knew the strait to which the English ministry was reduced. To this man Faucitt delivered a letter from the British king. Negotiations were had with Gen. Schlieffen, the minister of the Landgrave.—*Bancroft*.

you. How simple ! Will you pay the price ? Yes. Very well ; my soldiers will go where you order, serve as you will, and kill your enemy as they would kill mine.

FAUCITT—Your Serene Highness is informed of the price we offer to each soldier ?

LANDGRAVE—I have pondered it well and with approval. Our royal cousin of England—by marriage and by blood closely knit into our heart—will now strengthen these ties with a royal revenue, so needful to our exhausted treasury. This kindness of our kinsman touches us deeply ; and may good report thereof reach him by his ambassador ! [FAUCITT bows humbly.

FAUCITT—England will pay your men four pounds each and grant one hundred acres of land as bounty. This to every man and non-commissioned officer.²

LANDGRAVE—The men ? I have told you already this price gives content. But I am not so much interested in the men as in the state. What income is fixed upon for me ? When I sell my ox, to supply the provender for him is, of necessity, by the purchaser assumed, to keep him living for his work. The duty was mine, is yours, and to-morrow may be another's. But the value of that beast comes to me as owner, and hence interests me most. It affects my life by adding to its pleasures. What subsidy does your King propose for me ?

FAUCITT—His Majesty of England requests from Hesse Cassel a force of twelve thousand five hundred men.³ They shall swear allegiance to him and serve as if his subjects.⁴ For this, so long as the compact runs, you shall receive each year a subsidy of four hundred thousand pounds in sterling money. This subsidy shall

² The British army was recruited in Germany by the help of liberal promises. Four pounds and one hundred acres of land were guaranteed to every private and non-commissioned officer.—*Von Eelking*.

³ Hesse Cassel agreed to supply twelve thousand five hundred men.—*Von Eelking*.

⁴ They were to take the oath of allegiance and service to the King of England.—*Von Eelking*.

continue for two years after your troops come home, the work for us being done.⁵

LANDGRAVE—Four hundred thousand pounds a year. Let me see. How much is that in marks? I have a better head for marks. Have you paper, that you can give me this in marks?

FAUCITT—Twenty marks, German, make an English pound. Hence the subsidy to you is, annually, eight millions of marks.

LANDGRAVE—Eight millions. I like that; a good round sum. I never believed before that subjects could be turned to so much profit. But about France? When my men are away, France may trouble us. That nation loves us not, remembering the last war.

FAUCITT—This has not been forgotten. A treaty of alliance and protection has been arranged with your minister; and England's arm will be raised to strike him who would smite you because of our compact.

Enter BARON VON SCHLIEFFEN, *minister of the LANDGRAVE.*

FAUCITT—Here comes the baron; and in good time to sanction all, so far as his authority may serve, as minister of your Serene Highness.

VON SCHLIEFFEN [*to LANDGRAVE*—I received orders to attend you only now. Pardon me, if I were needed sooner.

LANDGRAVE — All in good time, dear baron. The contract proposed between Great Britain and ourselves has been here outlined by



⁵ About the amount paid Hesse Cassel as subsidies for eight years, was three millions sterling, with additions, making it about four hundred thousand sterling yearly.—*Von Elking.*

her ambassador. I am pleased with it, and so thank you for care to our interests.

[*The BARON bows to the LANDGRAVE.*]

VON SCHLIEFFEN—These troops will serve, as engaged, in America? A long journey, and a strange and feverish land to Europeans?

LANDGRAVE—Be the journey four times as long, and the land spread over to the ear-tips with mortal fevers, what is that to me? It is the duty of my troops to do as their prince commands; and if danger opposes, that is the tonic of brave men.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—The cause is honorable? To repress disorder?

LANDGRAVE—It is more than honorable. It will be famous as well as honorable. There are laurels to be gained for our brave men in grappling with restless subjects who dare to rise against their King. The cause of England is the cause of all. We royal and reigning families cannot draw too near together, and, with one common blow, rid the earth of this ribaldry of freedom. The aunt of England's sovereign shares my crown as consort. This warmth is natural.⁶

FAUCITT—Your wife, her Serene Highness, will surely strengthen our alliance with her prayers?

LANDGRAVE—I can't say as to that. She does not live with me, you know. No; my cheerful way of life offends her austerity. Too much morality is dangerous to connubial ties. I have striven to avoid this danger in myself. But what care I? Eight millions of marks a year! Happy is the prince who can turn his subjects into so much ready cash.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—It pays to raise men, if only to export them.

LANDGRAVE—The very best of merchandise.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.

⁶ Frederick II. Landgrave of Hesse Cassel, was a brute. The wife of his youth, a daughter of George II., the gentlest of her race, was forced to fly from his inhumanity to others for protection.—*Bancroft*.

LANDGRAVE—No breakage ; no packing troubles. You face your goods correctly, and they walk away.

[Laughs heartily.]

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—Remember, Schlieffen—full cellars this season, and the best vintage—the very best.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—And beauty—all Europe shall be under contribution. The opera—we will live in song.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—And the dance ; the whirling dance. There is a new step in Paris. Yes, we must have it here. Remember, we must have it here. Eight millions of marks a year !

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Yes, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—We will make a paradise of Cassel. A paradise. Nothing so becomes a prince as flowing wine and captivating—



FAUCITT—You halt, your Serene Highness.

LANDGRAVE—And a captivating ballet. I live and thrill in the raptures of the dance.⁷

VON SCHLIEFFEN—Next year your troops will be fighting in America for England's King.

LANDGRAVE—And while my troops are fighting there we will be dancing here. This American rebellion ! What luck ! What great luck it brings ! Eight millions of marks a year !

FAUCITT—And further increase if more men are required.

LANDGRAVE—Welcome the necessity ! We will meet it to our last man. Grandest opportunity for princely

⁷ He [Frederick II.] sought to introduce into Cassel French modes of life ; had his opera, ballet-dancers, his French play-house, etc., etc.—*Bancroft*.

liberality in aid of a royal brother. May it never cease ! But tell me, Faucitt, what have my royal neighbors done ?

FAUCITT—The Duke of Brunswick comes to England's aid with five thousand men.

LANDGRAVE—And Ferdinand, his son ? Why, he should seek the conflict in person, since he is brother-in-law of his Britannic Majesty. [*Laughs heartily.*] But his wife has left him, too.⁸ [*Laughs heartily.*] It is such a joke ! He and I are twins in the same sorrow. But we bear it ; yes, we bear it. How strange it is women will act so ! And besides Brunswick ?

FAUCITT—The Prince of Waldeck graciously adds a single regiment.

LANDGRAVE—And the Hereditary Prince, my gay and wayward son of Hanau ?

FAUCITT—In emulation of his noble father, his Serene Highness will send one thousand men and take his subsidy.

LANDGRAVE—I am cheered at this, for he, too, needs money. Is greater compensation than I receive paid to any ?

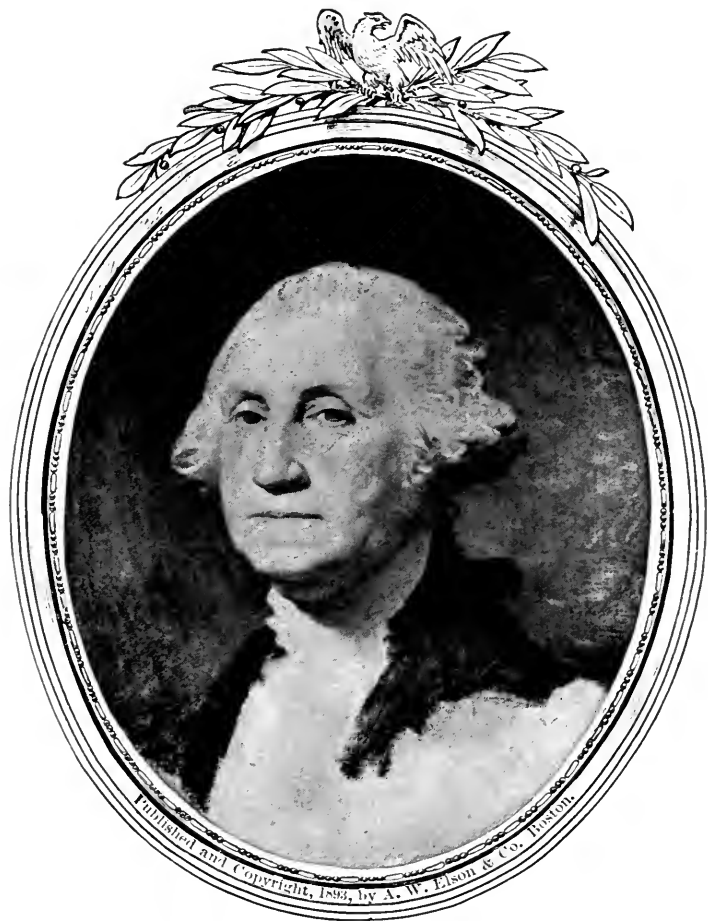
FAUCITT—You stand in vantage of them all in profit gained.

LANDGRAVE—It would distress me, distress me much, to cheapen the market value. Schlieffen, have means been taken to secure the men, since we have sold them and the price determined ?

VON SCHLIEFFEN—The intentions of your Serene Highness noised abroad, our people fly in all directions. The workshop is deserted and the home vacated. Once across our borders they feel secure from impressment for this alien war.⁹

⁸ Ferdinand [son of Duke of Brunswick] married Augusta, the sister of George III., who afterwards abandoned him. He was indifferent to his English wife and abandoned to sensual pleasures.—*Bancroft*.

⁹ To escape impressment his [Frederick's] subjects fled to Hanover. King George of Hanover was called upon to discourage the elopement of Hessian subjects into his country, when the demand for men was so great, to enable the Landgrave to fulfill his engagement with Great Britain.—*Bancroft*.



LANDGRAVE—Our neighbors shall return them wherever found. Unmannered creatures! Is this their loyalty to their reigning prince? We must not be embarrassed in getting men, for that would endanger the revenues which this compact brings. What shall we do? Schlieffen, this is for you to answer. For this you are our minister. It worries us to solve such dilemmas.

VON SCHLIEFFEN—If your Serene Highness will approve, it shall loudly be proclaimed, so that every ear shall hear it—and, hearing, shall believe—that in America, a land rich with spoils and pleasures, every man shall have free license for plunder, and appetite go unrestrained. So self-interest may secure to us what force may not.¹⁰

LANDGRAVE—This it is, Faucitt, to have a sagacious minister of state. As you propose, so be it done.

Enter a servant, who bows to the LANDGRAVE.

LANDGRAVE [*to FAUCITT*—In yonder room a banquet is prepared to soften the hardships of this tedious world. Our minister, with the treaty ready, will there invite our signatures. And then in wine—in luscious wine—we'll pledge our wishes for success to England. Eight millions of marks a year, and all for nothing. Wine, wine! now for the flowing wine!

[All retire.]

SCENE III. *Buckingham Palace, London. Time: February, 1776. Royal Council Chamber.*

Enter LORD NORTH, Prime Minister; LORD BARRINGTON, Secretary of War, and LORD GEORGE GERMAIN, Secretary of State (successor to Dartmouth).

NORTH—It will pinch our people, but they must pay the price. When disaster blows in your face, shut your eyes, till better things come round; then open and

¹⁰ Yet many went willingly, after they had been made to believe that in America they would have free license to plunder and to indulge their passions.—*Bancroft.*

make repairs. In such disaster we have come forth from Continental wars.¹ These foreign levies are our repairs of state, and medicate our ills, like ointment on an open wound. In titanic strife, we were engulfed with mighty nations, and emerged therefrom tired and worn and bruised. When nature sleeps from mere exhaustion, the prudent surgeon permits time for rest. So rests England now. For these Colonial troubles—which nip us as an insect in a summer's night, more annoying than dangerous—money will buy us soldiers from foreign princes, which the sergeant would fail to recruit at home. My Lords, could we have better done?²

GERMAIN—With the force secured, we will crush rebellion within a year. For so short a labor the cost cannot be heavy.³ What say you, Barrington?

BARRINGTON—What is there to say? When any path is admitted to be the only way, then that way pursue. It was impossible to fill our armies on British soil.⁴ The fight against revolt was over, unless some friendly hand sustained in part our load. England pays the price. She gets the men, the fight is made and, as we hope, won. And there an end of it. Those cavil most who least can show a remedy.

Enter KING GEORGE III., in a rage.

[*All exclaim: "The King!" All bow to the KING.*]

KING—Will surprises never cease? Are we the King of England, or but a scullion to take orders and advice!

¹ The Seven Years' War, from 1756 to 1763, between England, France, and Spain, was, at the same time, a Continental war, in which many states were engaged. It was the effort to repair the expenditures for this war that led to the Stamp Act of 1765.

² Lord North said, in the House of Commons, February, 1776: "The troops are wanted. The terms are less than we could have expected. The force will enable us to drive America to submission, perhaps without further effusion of blood.—*Bancroft*."

³ Lord Cornwall said, "Our business [reducing America] will be effected within a year. So these German troops are had on terms lower than ever before."—*Bancroft*.

⁴ Lord Barrington said: "British recruits could not be procured on any terms."—*Bancroft*.

I'd rather be of things inanimate, and take my cue and course as the rain and gale should turn me, than be a king without a king's supremacy. Who would not, in pride of royal state, shorten his wind, and with it life emotional, sooner than bear the taunts of weaklings, whom in greater merit he treads upon, yet kills not? From that great Norman, whose heavy lance once shook this aspiring Isle, to the present hour, his blood has not been more humiliated.

[*The Lords are all surprised at the KING's passion.*]

NORTH—Your Majesty?

KING—My Lords. You will excuse this warmth, but while burns the flame the heat will radiate. Know you of this Catharine—this Empress—and of her courtesy to us?

NORTH—As England's first minister, of course I know; and marveled much when that knowledge came.

KING—We wrote to her in person—a sovereign to a sovereign. Her clerk this sovereign answers, and as if she were bartering for a gown.⁵ The stress for troops weighs heavily upon us. Under our necessity, and impelled by unrequited favors from us hitherto received, we wrote this Russian Empress, and asked for soldiers. After weeks of waiting—our royal person in the ambassador who spoke with our voice, put off now with this and then with that excuse, good to a mendicant for office or official favor⁶—this queen, or empress, or what you will, to our royal hands sends her lackey's letter, in which she "really cannot"; "It is against her conscience"; "It would bring dishonor upon her army"; "It wounded dignity for two great states to join to put down a rebellion unsupported by any foreign power."

⁵ To Catharine [Empress of Russia] King George wrote for troops, with his own hand. Her answer was purposely by the hand of her private secretary. The King said the Empress was not "genteel," and had not the civility to answer him in her own hand, and had thrown out expressions not civil to civilized ears.—*Bancroft*.

⁶ Gunning, the English agent, asked for twenty thousand men, and was made to wait long at the Russian court before any definite reply was given, and put off with various excuses.—*Bancroft*.

And then advises—mark the climax—advises—just Heaven! shall the proud Saxon bear this from the Slav—that “we make peace with our offended subjects.”⁷ Did discourtesy ever further go?

BARRINGTON—Your Majesty, deign to pardon me. This royal state is kept far toward the East, where civilized conduct is seldom taken as example. From Great Peter down, Russia has not posed for her politeness. The bear is never nice, where he may set his foot, so he gets forward.

KING—A diplomatic view, my lord, and philosophical. But her honor—the honor of Catharine, Empress of All the Russias! She looks to it none too soon—for safely keeping it. And her conscience, too! How we quicken conscience when it runs with our desires, and strangle it opposing! But no more of that. Holland—but with better grace—follows Russia in refusal. Is this so, Barrington?

BARRINGTON—Holland, your Majesty, will furnish troops, but only for Continental service. This is a refusal in disguise.⁸

KING—Then so much the greater, upon the records of our gratitude, is the debt we owe these German kinsmen. They have done well. What is the aggregate of their supply?

BARRINGTON—Hesse Cassel, Brunswick, and the rest, together give an army of about twenty thousand men. And more, if needed.

KING—A good round number. What say you, North?

⁷ The Empress said to Gunning: “Has any progress been made toward settling your dispute with America? For God’s sake, put an end to it as soon as possible. There is an impropriety in employing my troops under a power unknown to them. Moreover, it reflects upon our dignity for this juncture of forces of two monarchies and two nations, simply to calm a rebellion not supported by any foreign power,” and she proffered the advice that England make peace with her offended subjects.—*Bancroft*.

⁸ The Netherlands declined the request of the King of England for troops, but disguised the refusal under form of a consent to lend a brigade, on condition that it should not be used out of Europe.—*Bancroft*.

Will the work now begin, blows and subjugation? We are tired of these petitions from the hands of treason.⁹

NORTH—Your Majesty, the only petition that your minister receives hereafter from these men will be while they are prostrate at his feet, and with halters around their necks.¹⁰

GERMAIN—And with the force now at the disposal of the King and Parliament, this petition must soon be handed in. In the hour of subjugation, I trust duty will hold the scales of justice so far above the reach of mercy, that the principal actors in this foul revolt shall feel the halter. Samuel Adams and Hancock of Boston have forfeited their lives to the state.¹¹ Indulgence to these should be a stranger.

KING—We will not punish or discuss a pardon before capture and conviction, lest the court may forestall the constable. Barrington, have plans been formulated for the campaign? I should be glad to know what my ministers propose.

BARRINGTON—Gen. Howe is now in Boston with about ten thousand men. He is there besieged since Bunker Hill, and in command since the recall of Gage. The army of the rebels, a larger force, hem him in, and for many months have held him to inaction.¹² The time has not been lost. During this England purchased her foreign levies, and in the spring campaign, now coming near, expects to crush audacity.

GERMAIN—The battles past were needful to certify the intention of the revolt. It becomes us now to act with such power as to certify, in turn, that England scourges even unto death revolting subjects. To-day, well armed, the state moves swiftly on to restored supremacy.

⁹ The King said, "Blows must decide."—*Bancroft*.

¹⁰ This language was actually used by the Prime Minister.

¹¹ Gage, in his proclamation of amnesty before recall, excepted from pardon Hancock and Sam. Adams.

¹² Washington having besieged Howe in Boston since July, 1775, resolved to force him to evacuate the place. This he did, and Gen. Howe, with his army, left Boston March 17, 1776.

KING—Who commands the army in opposition ?

NORTH—His name—his name—indeed, it escapes me now.

BARRINGTON—His name, your Majesty, is Washington. I think, George Washington.

KING—Is he experienced in arms ?

BARRINGTON—I have made inquiry, and learn that he is brave and capable. He served your grandsire of glorious memory, and was aid to Braddock when he fell. But skill and courage may not avail him. His army is a mob without discipline, and, as believed, without means to live. Hunger may drive them home before we reach them. Such an army must dissolve before veterans, well armed and fed.

KING—Again. How stand your intentions for the approaching spring ?¹³

NORTH—As Secretary of War, Barrington will inform your Majesty.

BARRINGTON—Of our generals, Carleton commands in Canada, Howe in the Middle Colonies, and Sir Henry Clinton in the South. To Carleton, Gen. Burgoyne will sail with ten thousand troops, including the men of Brunswick. Sir Peter Parker and Cornwallis, with about the same number, depart from Cork to join Clinton in the Carolinas ; and to Howe, an army of twenty thousand will be added, sailing under his brother the admiral, to concentrate against New York, if the general so advises. About seventeen thousand of the troops of Hesse Cassel and of our other German friends are here included. In these expeditions go many hundred ships of war, covering the vast seas with cannon.¹⁴

KING—A prodigious host. Enough to create a famine,—where farmers go to war and fields to waste,—

¹³ This referred to the spring of 1776.

¹⁴ This was the disposition (originating with the King himself) of the German mercenaries and of the English recruits, added thereto, as authenticated by all the histories. The force against Carolina sailed from Cork about the end of February, 1776, but did not reach Clinton, at Cape Fear, till May.

and so starve them into submission. These three grand divisions, after foothold on the land, will join each other from end to end, from North to South, and so divide, overrun, and crush the traitors ! Is that the plan ?

NORTH—Such is the expectation and the hope, your Majesty.

KING—Other aids must not be forgotten. The army gathered should be sufficient to stamp out these ragged

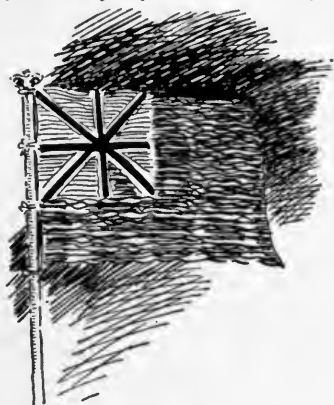


mobs before next autumn's suns grow cold ; and it come sailing home again to join next winter's revelries. Yet, let us fail not to use any weapon lying in our path, though it seems to-day superfluous. The savage and the tomahawk,¹⁵ the servile laborer of the South, and the

¹⁵ All through the war the King urged the employment of the Indians. "Lose no time," he urged, "to induce them to take up the hatchet against his Majesty's rebellious subjects in America."—*Bancroft*.

resident still loyal to the crown—of whom there must be many thousands—may carry consternation and death outside of the track of armies! Is all this well considered?

GERMAIN—Your secretaries have neglected nothing, your Majesty. Heretofore, advised of your far-reaching



scrutiny and care—well approved by Parliament—the ministry and the sovereign have been one in purpose and in thought. Our agents have tapped at every wigwam in America, the slaves have been fired for revenge, and among the people those still friendly have been upheld with promises.

KING—Then England has no more to do at home. Here we set our royal standard and await the end! So shine the sun upon it, flaunting in the East, that its reflected glories glance back to us from our victorious banners in the West! [All retire.

SCENE IV. *Plaza in front of Independence Hall, Philadelphia. Time: Thursday, July 4, 1776. Early evening.*

Enter SAMUEL ADAMS, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN, JOHN ADAMS, EDWARD RUTLEDGE, JOHN DICKINSON, and JOHN WITHERSPOON, *all delegates to the Continental Congress, and on the way to the evening session.*

SAMUEL ADAMS—This balmy evening air invites a rest beneath these stately trees before the closing labors within yonder hall. How refreshing is this southern breeze, following a glaring day!

RUTLEDGE—And with it bearing such weighty news ; it is tempered as we would.¹

FRANKLIN—On Friday last was that done in Charleston Harbor which illuminates a history. Citizens melting the weights of windows to furnish bullets.² Can people so determined be subdued ? It was a grand victory. Fifty ships of the line beaten off and defeated by less than five hundred men. Sergeant Jasper, like a second Curtius, from the ramparts of Moultrie—it is thus I name the fort—leaped into the fiery gulf and brought back the flag. A deed for song, when brave deeds are sung.³

SAMUEL ADAMS—More than this. The Cherokees, prompted to attack the people from the rear at the moment of assault in front, for a while gave rein to their murderous instincts and many fell beneath the tomahawk. Accursed inhumanity ! In the end the savage was driven off, his wigwams burned, and a chief gave up a life for every settler slain. For a time has been checked this danger. So rumor decks herself this day. A double victory—the British and the Indians conquered.⁴

DICKINSON—All this is well authenticated ?

SAMUEL ADAMS—No doubt whatever. Posts have just come in.

FRANKLIN—The year so far brings profit to our cause. There have been losses, but also gains. Canada weighs heavily at my heart. Montgomery's death, just

¹ This was news of the battle of Fort Moultrie, fought June 28, 1776, and the repulse of Sir Peter Parker's fleet.

² It is said that the citizens of Charleston melted the window weights for bullets in this battle.—*Frost*.

³ William Jasper, a sergeant, saw that the flag, the staff cut by a cannon ball, had fallen over the ramparts. He leaped through an embrasure, and braving the thickest fire from the ships, snatched up the flag and planted it again upon the fort.—*Bancroft*.

⁴ When Sir Peter Parker appeared in Charleston Harbor, the Cherokee Indians invaded the western frontier, marking their course with murder and devastation. When the fleet was dispersed, they were attacked, their chiefs killed, and their villages burned. Thus, at this time, the Americans triumphed over both the British and the Indians.—*Frost*.

as the new year was breaking upon the world, added sorrow to hearts already sore with trials.*

SAMUEL ADAMS—The disasters in Canada lie at the doors of Congress. What madness tempted us, as if skilled in arms, to command our commander? It was assumption for which the country has dearly paid, though the debt was by us created. Five thousand men, by Washington much needed, line with so many graves the Canadian waters, and with nothing to our advantage. Congress ordered this, and Washington obeyed. To him the honor of obedience, to us the shame of the command.†

DICKINSON—Washington approved of the assault upon Quebec?

SAMUEL ADAMS—So he did, within the limits of prudence; and dispatched Col. Benedict Arnold by way of the Kennebec to join Montgomery. There it should have been left. But Congress followed with its own levies of thousands for this northern sally, and a kitchen campaign by kitchen generals has brought home disaster; so it always will.

JOHN ADAMS—I beg you cease, good cousin. For I plead guilty as a kitchen general.

SAMUEL ADAMS—No matter now. So were we all,

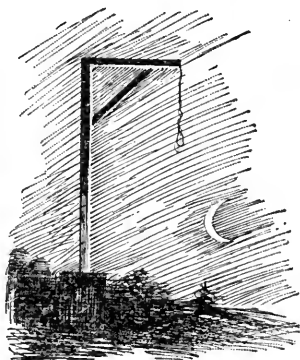
* Gen. Montgomery, in conjunction with Benedict Arnold, assaulted Quebec, and fell in the attack, December 31, 1775.—*Bancroft.*

† Congress being of the opinion the security of Canada was a great concern, on the 25th of March, 1776, directed Washington to send four battalions into Canada. On the 23d of April, without consulting Washington, Congress ordered him to send six more battalions to Canada. He resigned himself to the ill-considered votes of Congress and obeyed, and sent off more than three thousand men at the time when the British were concentrating thirty thousand veteran troops against New York City. But having thus stripped Washington of about half his force, Congress next ordered that provisions and powder, of which his stock was low, and clothing for ten thousand men, should follow. The enemy and the smallpox decimated this command in Canada, so that about four thousand only remained. In July, 1776, a little more than two months, fragments of this defeated army began to return, with a loss of more than five thousand men.—*Bancroft.*

here in Philadelphia. A zealous hand, though gripping hard in honesty, guided by ignorance, may do a heinous deed. Let us remember this.

FRANKLIN—With other gains we count the departure of Gen. Howe from Boston in March. To compel this was a master-stroke of a Cæsar and a Fabius. To know when to assail and when to refuse a battle, unite the merits of these Roman heroes. Howe, with his army, was glad safely to creep away from the state he was sent to ruin.

JOHN ADAMS—I wonder much if he took with him the proclamation of Gen. Gage giving the pardon of the King to all but Hancock and my good cousin here. They were reserved for the halter. It must be because they deserved it. [*All laugh.*] The King can do no wrong. So, according to this good old saw, he was right in selecting Samuel for the rope. As for Hancock, we should once more petition the King to spare him till the present Congress ends. Degenerate servants of the people, we select to preside over us a man whom the King calls a felon.



FRANKLIN—The strife is yet young. We shall often commit like offense before it's ended.

SAMUEL ADAMS—This night we crown the grandest event of mortals, with a declaration to the world of the facts impelling us to independence. The document is drawn by a master's hand. In this Jefferson becomes immortal. Four days of discussion secures the resolution of Lee that these United Colonies are free and independent. Now for the declaration which awaits our signatures. How stands the record? On Monday last the first vote. And time, heavy with regret, must forever witness that the voices of South Carolina and

Pennsylvania were against it on that day. The matter being worthy of fuller consideration, on Tuesday South Carolina redeemed her name and changed for Independence. Pennsylvania, too, with Dickinson and Morris absent, gladly seized this chance to side with the majority. Do I report correctly ?⁷

WITHERSPOON—The minutes certify how exact are your recitals.

JOHN ADAMS—And so all the Colonies, as they ought, united upon this measure, as if one thought controlled. The discussion yesterday and to-day over the form of the great deed of right, upon which our title rests as freemen, closes to-night, and makes this day—mark my words—in importance to mankind second only to that which was hallowed by divinity. We are unanimous in what we do, and the voice of all cannot be wrong.⁸

DICKINSON—May your enthusiasm never lose its heat. Alas ! I fear it will.⁹

JOHN ADAMS—Hot or cold, I stand for what Congress has decreed. Sink or swim, live or die, survive or perish, I am for independence ! You amaze me, Dickinson, in still holding out.

DICKINSON—I fear, and hence hesitate. All is so dark. This declaration may expose us to graver dangers. Shall we take a step we may not maintain, and recede with infamy or persist to our destruction ?¹⁰

⁷ This statement of the debate and vote on the declaration is according to Bancroft.

⁸ John Adams made the celebrated prediction that the Fourth of July would be made memorable by the ringing of bells and tokens of general rejoicing.—*Frost*.

The lives and liberties of millions yet unborn were interested in independence, said John Adams.—*Bancroft*.

⁹ Among the sincere and honorable opponents of independence was John Dickinson of Pennsylvania. (He never voted for it.)—*Frost*.

¹⁰ Dickinson said : "The declaration may expose us to greater outrages. We ought not to commit our country upon an alternative, where to recede would be infamy and to persist, destruction. The door of accommodation with Great Britain should be left open."—*Bancroft*.

FRANKLIN—What are the triumphs of this world worth without risk and trials, which sweeten victory as labor enriches food by whetting appetite?

DICKINSON—The door of accommodation to Great Britain should be kept open.

FRANKLIN—Then, when comes the time to close it? How much humiliation must we bear before, this superstitious reverence for royalty burned away, man shall be recognized in his greater capabilities without a master? How much more evil must this King do? Lives destroy and towns engulf in flames? Twice has the Congress of this people petitioned him, and twice been spurned with insults. It was in close touch with British rulers that I learned the lesson of independence.

DICKINSON—We propose to form a new government. This work, so difficult, ought to precede what we do to-day, not follow it.¹¹

JOHN ADAMS—Why, man, you need a guardian for wits that once upon a time have set tongues to patriotic music.¹² Can we on with the new government before we are off with the old? To-day we declare to all the world our independence of England. To-morrow we organize a new government, this day born. We are ripe for independence as the first act in our drama.

WITHERSPOON—Yes; and not only are we ripe, but the danger is, the fruit will rot upon the tree unless soon gathered. We stand to-day an armed mob, without a flag, without a symbol of authority to command. Washington, as a New Year's gift, improvised a banner. But, representing nothing, any piece of bunting is of its value.¹³

¹¹ "The formation of our government," said Dickinson, "ought to precede the assumption of our station among sovereigns. The confederation ought to be settled before the Declaration of Independence."—*Bancroft*.

¹² Referring to what are known as "The Farmer's Letters," written by Dickinson in the early days of the controversy.

¹³ "The country," said Witherspoon of New Jersey, "is not only ripe for independence, but is in danger of becoming rotten for want of it, if the declaration is longer delayed."—*Bancroft*.

SAMUEL ADAMS—What purpose have we, without the declaration we make to-day? A crowd of simple malcontents, we are daily berating the King and praying for the King.¹⁴ Do we believe in freedom, or do we still hug slavery? And fawn upon royalty, since its kicks and cuffs remind us where it is, giving opportunity? Fishmongers, quarreling in the street, and for the hour repelling the officers of the law, yet waiting to be quelled, repeat the position of these Colonies for twelve months past.

RUTLEDGE—Too much rashness is ever dangerous. I would rather avoid than repent it.

SAMUEL ADAMS—No man can be rash in resisting a wrong which would enslave him; at least no man of spirit.

RUTLEDGE—There you have it. To be spirited we must do violence, even if to our injury.¹⁵ So I remember, in foolish youth, with courage roused to do, the venturesome boy pushed forward with thoughtless taunts, walked here and there in many perils; all to show his spirit, which, while still in his shrill, piping notes of triumph, was quelled by his mother's shoe. Deliver me from this! Yet on the second ballot I voted for independence, and will sign the declaration. Moultrie settled that six days ago.

SAMUEL ADAMS—I rejoice that I have a prompter to tell me when it is rash to oppose a tyrant. At this moment the waters are covered with the fleets of England, bearing to our shores hired mercenaries to take our lives at so much per head. Like foxes for which a premium is paid, we live and walk until these huntsmen come. Some there are who would call it rash to resist this infamy, and proper manhood to accept it. I'd rather be

¹⁴ Up even to this date, in religious service, prayers were offered for the King. There was yet no allegiance to any other power. It was simply a mob in uproar.

¹⁵ Edward Rutledge said: "No reason could be assigned for passing this measure [independence] but the reason of every madman—a show of spirit."—*Bancroft*.

an owl, and hoot my lonely hours away upon a blighted limb, than such a counterfeit !

RUTLEDGE—In our disjointed state, to propose a treaty to any nation now at peace—and we must have treaties since we cannot live alone—would require the impudence found only in New England !¹⁶

SAMUEL ADAMS—Rutledge, this to me ? [ADAMS *advances threateningly toward* RUTLEDGE, and FRANKLIN *steps between them.*] Is this the language of Moultrie to Bunker Hill ? Shall a man, who for ten years and more has stood within the shadow of the halter, in defense of human rights and man's equality, receive this as his reward ? Could I thus speak to Carolina, this very day so proudly plumed over the tyranny her valor crushed ? First let me drink to the besotted death of every sense, and then loss of memory be excuse for such ingratitude ! Fie, fie ! Rutledge !

FRANKLIN—Let me, as middle-man, stand between the heat of extreme sections. Rutledge, believe me, in days to come it will grieve you heavily to carry your hasty words, a burden of discourtesy.

RUTLEDGE—I meant no wrong, nor thought it would be taken so. Adams, with all my heart, I regret the rash expression.

[*Extends his hand.*]

SAMUEL ADAMS—And with all my soul I again receive you as my country's friend and mine !

[*They grasp hands.*]

FRANKLIN—So may Carolina ever stand in link with Massachusetts when wrong threatens either !

JOHN ADAMS—The hour has come for the final test,

¹⁶ Edward Rutledge said : " That it required the impudence of a New Englander, for us in our disjointed state, to propose a treaty to any nation now at peace."—*Bancroft.*



the signatures. To it with courage, for each may sign his death warrant.

[*All retire within Independence Hall. The Plaza is then suddenly filled with the populace—men, women, and children. Voices: "Independence forever!" "Down with the King!" "Now for the declaration!" "Jefferson forever!" "Liberty or Death!" The throng all the while move restlessly over the stage before the closed doors. A voice begins to sing "Yankee Doodle," and all join in, viz.:*

Once on a time old Johnny Bull flew in a raging fury,
And swore that Jonathan should have no trials, sir, by jury;
That no elections should be held across the briny waters;
"And now," said he, "I'll tax the tea of all his sons and daughters."
Chorus—Yankee doodle, doodle, do; Yankee doodle dandy;
Yankee doodle, keep it up; Yankee doodle dandy.

A VOICE—I heard that at Bunker Hill. Give us another verse.

[*Another stanza is sung, all joining in, and many now dancing, viz.:*

John sent the tea from o'er the sea with heavy duties rated,
But whether Hyson or Bohea I never heard it stated.
Then Jonathan began to pout; he laid a strong embargo;
"I'll drink no tea, by Jove!" said he; then over went the cargo.
Chorus—Yankee doodle, doodle do, etc., etc.

A VOICE—One verse more and on with the dance.

[*Singing continued.*

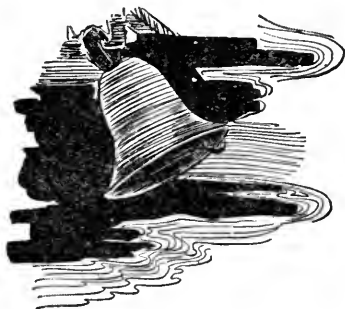
Then John sat down in burly state, and blustered like a grandee;
And in derision made a tune called, "Yankee doodle dandy!"
And Johnny sent a regiment, big words and looks to bandy;
But we will send them home again, with his Yankee doodle dandy!"
Chorus—Yankee doodle, doodle, do, etc., etc.

[*Suddenly the doors of Independence Hall are thrown open, and upon the steps appear SAMUEL ADAMS, holding the declaration in his hand, with FRANKLIN by his side, RUTLEDGE, WITHERSPOON, and others.*

¹¹ These words were written about 1836, by George P. Morris of New York.

RUTLEDGE—Peace, good citizens, and hear the declaration of your representatives.¹⁸

SAMUEL ADAMS [*reading*—We hold these truths to be self-evident : That all men are created free and equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain unalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness. We, therefore, the representatives of the United States of America, in Congress



assembled, do solemnly publish and declare, that these Colonies are free and independent ; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British Crown ! And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor !

WITHERSPOON—The deed is done ! Long live the United States of America ! [*All huzza.*]

FRANKLIN [*Cannon are heard in the distance and a*

¹⁸ The Declaration of Independence was passed and signed on the 4th of July, 1776 ; was publicly proclaimed to the people from the door of the State House in Philadelphia, and received with shouts, amid the ringing of bells and firing of cannon.—*Frost.*

The debates [on independence] ran through the 2d, 3d, and 4th of July, and on the evening of the 4th closed. The declaration was signed by every member present, except Mr. Dickinson.

The declaration thus signed on the 4th, on paper, was engrossed on parchment and signed again on the 2d of August.—*Jefferson's Autobiographia, in Randolph's Jefferson's Correspondence.*

heavy bell begins to ring—Listen ! The Bell of Liberty !
Henceforth ring on, and on, forever.

[Suddenly, while the bell still tolls, the entire assemblage assume an attitude of devotion. Some fall on their knees. Some are with uplifted hands, and all sing :

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow ;
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts ;
Praise father, son, and Holy Ghost.

[At the close of the singing, the bell still ringing and cannon booming, the curtain falls.

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

SCENE I. *Room in headquarters of GEN. HOWE on Long Island.* Time : August 28, 1776, the day after the battle on Long Island.*

Enter GEN. HOWE, his brother, ADMIRAL HOWE, GEN. LORD CORNWALLIS, COL. RALL, and a HESSIAN OFFICER.

GEN. HOWE—Yes, brother, we will rest to-day. We earned it yesterday.

ADMIRAL HOWE—It is better to rest when the work is finished, not when partly done. The wounded game may creep away.¹

GEN. HOWE—You men of the sea fight under cover, and all skies are the same to you. We of the army feel it, and shiver when the clouds empty their wealth upon

*The battle of Long Island was fought August 27, 1776, and the troops of the English were under the command of Gen. Sir William Howe. The English fleet in the bay was under his brother, Admiral Lord Richard Howe. The American forces were badly beaten, and at the end of the day sought refuge in their intrenchments, having lost some thousands in killed, wounded, and prisoners. When Gen. Howe left Boston in March, 1776, he sailed to Halifax, and there remained until July, when he reached Staten Island, New York, with a force of ten thousand men. Here he was joined by his brother, Admiral Howe, from England, with reinforcements of twenty thousand men. With this force of thirty thousand he began the struggle for New York against Washington, with about ten thousand, and many of these unarmed and raw recruits. This scene is on the day after the battle.

¹ Gen. Howe was of a sluggish mold, and succumbed unresistingly to his sensual nature. He was wanting in alertness. Indolence was his bane.—*Bancroft.*

The elder brother [Admiral Howe] was active, energetic, and able ; but his brother was pleasure-loving, forgetting his duty in dissipation. He had his mistress by his side, and his table was open to all.—*Von Elking.*

us. Did you ever see it rain harder? The drubbing we gave the rebels yesterday will hold them in their lines till we order them out as prisoners. No, we will not assault to-day, nor perhaps to-morrow, but pick up our trophies when more convenient.

COL. RALL—The game cannot escape us. We are in front and the river is behind.

GEN. HOWE—And your guns, brother, sweep the river. And so it is safely caged. Why, then, should we advance, to swim, as we may do, in this water-loaded air, before we regale ourselves?²

ADMIRAL HOWE—My guns are not yet in position to prevent retreat. The wind and tide prevented.³

GEN. HOWE—Well, all in good time you will have them there. Meantime these weeping clouds give to him, as to us, the same dread of motion. Col. Rall, what are the results of yesterday?

COL. RALL—At least three thousand five hundred killed, wounded, and in our hands. Four generals and many officers of lesser rank. It was a good day's work.

CORNWALLIS—Gen. Sullivan and Lord Sterling are among the prisoners.

GEN. HOWE—Lord Sterling on the rebels' side? Do Lords fight with them?

HESSIAN OFFICER—He is, from his title, the only gentleman among them. They are all a sorry set.⁴

ADMIRAL HOWE—But they fight like men, overburdened by disadvantage.

COL. RALL—No doubt. Their guns? Why, they

² On this day [the day after the battle] the rain fell heavily. In some places in the lines the men in the trenches stood in water.—*Bancroft*.

³ Howe opened his cannonade in the morning [after the battle], but because of the rain did no more. He neglected to put men-of-war in the East River to cut off the American retreat.—*Von Eelking*.

⁴ A Hessian officer in his report says: "Among the so-called colonels and other officers were tailors, shoemakers, barbers, and base mechanics. They are mere rebels. Gen. Putnam is a butcher."—*Von Eelking*.

bear nothing but their own private pieces, which have served for robins. We could fire twice while they were driving home their charge. It was ludicrous to see them thus confronting veterans of Europe.⁵ [*Laughs heartily.*]

HESSIAN OFFICER—And such arms as this mob did possess would speed toward us with such feeble force whatever was sent, that it fell midway. [*Laughs.*] Since it did not reach us, we were ignorant whether lead was used or no. [*Still laughs.*] In return for this, we each picked our man at pleasure.⁶

[GEN. HOWE *laughs heartily at this recital.*]

GEN. HOWE—It really turns my heart to sympathy, as when the butcher stands with uplifted ax to slay the helpless steer. But a soldier is the ax. So they stood up to be shot down? Such also was my experience wherever I observed the field.



HESSIAN OFFICER—They are as vile in origin as poor in equipment. [*Laughs.*] Who do you suppose these officers are whom we have met and captured? [*Laughs heartily.*] I have been at special pains to know. [*All laugh.*] Why, tailors! a general a tailor! [*Laughs.*] and shoemakers, and—you would not believe it—base

⁵ Von Herrigen of the Hessians reported: "Their [American] riflemen took a quarter of an hour to load, and we Germans overwhelmed them by rapid firing and drove them with the bayonet."—*Von Eelking.*

⁶ The Hessians who received the surrender of Gens. Sullivan and Sterling and more than half the captives, made no boast of having routed ill-armed militia.—*Bancroft.*

mechanics. Indeed, this is true! My sides ache with merriment. [*Laughing.*]⁷

ADMIRAL HOWE—These misguided men are our countrymen, and you laugh at England when you clothe with ridicule her children.

COL. RALL—We laugh not at the man, but at the force he confronts us with. We Europeans have tested the strength of discipline, with weapons such as Mars himself might wear. It amuses us to meet this mob without a uniform. Even the commanders needed the dress of gentlemen, fit to be captured in.⁸

CORNWALLIS—New York is now at our mercy, when we care to enter.

GEN. HOWE—We opened this day with artillery, to let the stricken know that we were awake. That will do for to-day. When the skies are blue again, then we will finish our work. Meantime it is meet that we indulge ourselves. Brother, forget for an hour your somber side, and bring the other into action. You will dine with me, and so, gentlemen, will you all. [*Bows to all.*
[*All retire.*

SCENE II. *Room in Washington's Headquarters, Harlem Heights. Time: September 17, 1776.*

Enter GEN. PUTNAM and GEN. GREENE.

PUTNAM—By Heavens! Greene, your illness came near being a fatal illness to us all. At last, I rejoice to see you with your sword again upon your thigh.

GREENE—Since I laid the plans for the fight on Long Island, it would have been more orderly had I executed them. How differently affairs might run and end if we could control our bodies as servants of our will!

PUTNAM—I was precipitated into the command. A

⁷ See Note 4.

⁸ Hardly one regiment [of the Americans] was uniformed or armed. Their artillery consisted of wretched iron guns, mounted on ships' carriages.—*Von Eelking.*

general ignorant of the field, I blundered. But for the skill of our chief, we surely had lost our army.¹

GREENE—A remarkable man !

PUTNAM—As clearly as I see this shining hilt, he saw the necessity of retreat when the disastrous day had closed. Those there were, with swelling ignorance, who disdained to yield an inch to the enemy, and would fight it out there and then.² And some of our warlike heroes in Congress, who never attacked anything more dangerous than a fishbone in a hungry meal, even now wag their tongues in hurtful criticism.³

GREENE—I often wonder how long these burdens can be borne.

PUTNAM—The day after the battle a drenching rain ; and the next, again a drenching rain. These were worth a thousand guns, to hold the enemy in his lines and to protect us in ours. During these eight-and-forty hours Washington was sleepless.⁴ The storms which swept

¹ Just before the battle on Long Island was to open, Gen. Greene [who had been in command of the Americans] became ill of a raging fever. His loss was irreparable, for the work in Brooklyn had been built under his eye, and he was familiar with the surroundings.—*Bancroft*.

On August 24th, Gen. Putnam took command in place of Greene. Putnam, having no time to familiarize himself with the plans of Greene, blundered in many ways while the fight was on. The disasters of the day were due to the incapacity of Putnam.—*Bancroft*.

² On the morning after the disastrous repulse Washington went over to Brooklyn and took command. At a council of war, some were against giving the enemy an inch of ground, but Washington ordered a retreat. The rain fell for two days and nights with little intermission (the 28th and 29th of August), and on the morning of August 30th, a heavy fog settled over Brooklyn and the East River. Meantime Washington had reached New York without the loss of a man.—*Bancroft*.

³ Rumor quadrupled the force of Washington to Congress, and it expected him to stay the enemy at the threshold. When on the 2d of September, Gen. Sullivan [who, a prisoner to Howe, had been by him sent to Congress with propositions] was introduced to John Adams, he exclaimed : " Oh, the decoy duck ! would that the first bullet of the enemy on Long Island had passed through his brain." —*Bancroft*.

⁴ For eight-and-forty hours [following the battle] Washington gave no moment to sleep, and by night and by day was on horse-

the plains by day and night were both sun and light to him, since so they served him in his purpose. Then a heavy fog settled over all, and our army, safely ferried to New York, left empty hillocks to the enemy.⁵

GREENE—Putnam, this was a marvelous work, as I learn the story now.

PUTNAM—Strongly intrenched upon these hills of Harlem, we could defy all England, if we had those twin giants of successful war, discipline and ammuni-



tion. Now, discouragement may come like a thief, to steal away the courage of our men.

GREENE—But the retreat from New York to these suburban heights?

PUTNAM—We were faced by heavy guns on either river, that looked upon us from more than a hundred keels. The enemy entered the city from the north to close us in. He was foiled. Yes, foiled by a woman,—may the name of Murray never be lost by a grateful people,—who held Howe in social dalliance till our army had slipped away. So here we are, ready to cross swords again when these hirelings may come.⁶

back in the lines. All the time he continued abroad in the wind and rain.—*Bancroft.*

⁵ See Note 2.

⁶ The 13th of September the British fixed upon for landing in New York. Washington's men refused to resist their entrance, and at

GREENE—When, if ever, shall we cope with our foe, equipped as soldiers should be?

PUTNAM—Greene, equipment is not the sorest of our needs. Confidence and trust in our general would be, to the work before us, like rain to a parched soil.

GREENE—He is most anxious about Carleton and the department of the North.⁷

PUTNAM—And rightly so. Gen. Gates, in July last, gave up Crown Point, the doorway through which Carleton must pass to strike us from the North. He failed to report this to Washington—refused to acknowledge him as his superior, and law-givers at Philadelphia have encouraged this.⁸ Oh, that we had a Tarpeian rock from which to hurl such shallow patriots, and I were executioner!

GREENE—Here comes his Excellency.

Enter GEN. WASHINGTON, who bows to the others.

WASHINGTON—My apologies, gentlemen, to you

Kip's Bay, on the 15th, fled in confusion. Putnam was cut off, with a force of four thousand men, in the lower part of the city. Putnam escaped by hugging close to the Hudson on his way out of the city to Harlem Heights. But the respite that saved Putnam was due to Mary Lindley, wife of Robert Murray. When Gen. Howe and officers came to her house on Murray Hill she detained them at lunch until every American regiment had escaped. On the 16th Washington was intrenched on Harlem Heights and had a skirmish with the British, in which Col. Knowlton and Maj. Leitch were killed. Putnam and Greene joined in this action.—*Bancroft*.

⁷ In May, 1776, Burgoyne had arrived in Canada with heavy reinforcements to Gen. Carleton. (See Scene 3, Act II.) With this powerful armament threatening from the North, and after the failure at this time of the American expedition of Congress into Canada, followed by the surrender of Crown Point by Gates, Washington was naturally filled with anxiety for affairs outside of the struggle for New York City.

⁸ In July, 1776, Crown Point was abandoned by Gates, who had been appointed by Congress to the command of the forces in Canada. This surrender he [Gates] neglected to report to his superior [Washington]. When Washington expressed sorrow at the retreat from Crown Point Gates resented this as an interference and referred the matter to Congress. While he set himself up as a rival of the commander-in-chief, he was intriguing with Congress to supersede Schuyler.—*Bancroft*.

both. I was involved in duties that would control me. Greene, I am glad to greet you, and, I trust, with a body purged from recent ills. You have been greatly missed.

GREENE—I seek opportunity to cancel the debt of absence.

WASHINGTON—This came in the skirmish yesterday. You, both of you, there drained the cup of praise which falls to valorous deeds. But the loss of Knowlton and of Leitch! Insatiable Death is gorged too often with the best!⁹

PUTNAM—We have called, general, for your orders.

WASHINGTON—The army will rest here until forced to fall back. These days will likely be very few.

GREENE—We have a strong defense upon these hills. And beyond, but a little way, we may securely rest, till tired of monotony.

WASHINGTON—All are traps, into which we must not fall. Our policy is retreat, and then again retreat. We fight a defensive war. Keep the enemy in front; and back and back, into the land, until, at last, the Alleghanies, nature's great redoubt, will be ours, with advantage all our own! Rash would it be to risk a general action! But Congress, I am aware, favors more aggressive measures.¹⁰

PUTNAM—What can these civilians in Philadelphia know of war that we in the field should follow? While they plan campaigns upon Turkish carpets, our limbs are weary with the tramp and our swords red from want of time to clean them. Shall such men presume to give military orders to our chief? Congress be——

WASHINGTON [*sternly*].—General, general!

PUTNAM—Then Congress be blessed.

⁹ Referring to the Battle of Harlem, on September 16, 1776. (See Note 6.)

¹⁰ It was his [Washington's] design not to risk a general engagement, but to harass the English by skirmishers; cutting off their supplies and exhausting their patience.—*Frost*.

"If overpowered, we must cross the Alleghanies," said Washington.—*Irving*.

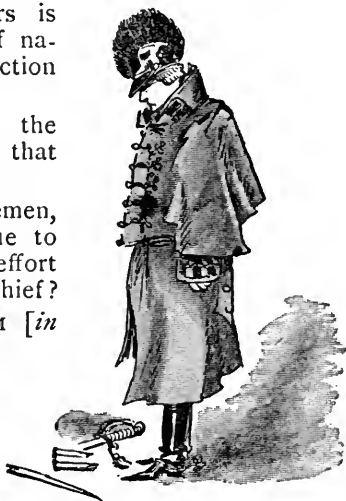
WASHINGTON—Of what worth to win the good we hope for, if we rebel against the weighty orders of the state? We may advise, but we may not resist the authority we profess to serve. Error in our superiors is chargeable to infirmity of nature, which time and reflection often cure!

GREENE—Then be it the prayer of all just men that the cure comes soon.

WASHINGTON—Gentlemen, what punishment is due to him just detected in an effort to poison the general-in-chief?

GREENE and PUTNAM [*in unison*—To poison you?

WASHINGTON—This very day I was to have been a victim. Providence has preserved my life; for what ends I know not.



GREENE—The culprit has been captured?

WASHINGTON—Yes; one of my own guard. And by me trusted, I may say literally trusted, almost unto death!

PUTNAM—He should die at sunset, and the whole army see the creature die!

WASHINGTON—His youth pleads against this punishment. The enemy is the chief malefactor. Why hang the deluded boy while the greater criminal survives? It is more humane to send him out of camp to the care of those who used him.¹¹

¹¹ In 1776, when the army was near New York, Washington was informed of an attempt upon his life by poison, to be placed in his pease at dinner. Harold, one of his guard, was the culprit. Washington sat down to dinner between Gates and Wooster. When the pease were placed upon the table he called the guilty man to him and

PUTNAM—A merciful decree !

WASHINGTON—We shall be fortunate if this be the last effort made to gain this end. He who engages the savage will not hesitate at assassination ! I face it as among the chances of war !

GREENE—The foe will never learn the lesson taught in the generosity of this decision.

WASHINGTON—I fear he will not. But the fault be his, not mine. In the realms of kindness I should not limp because he is lame. I confess I am grieved lest a man of every noble grace, perhaps now in the hands of the invaders, with a cruel fate, may illustrate our argument.

PUTNAM—I trust this proof may fail, if it add a sorrow to a load piled to huge weight already.

WASHINGTON—It was necessary that the strength and the intentions of the enemy should be known from some authentic source. When deficient in all that supplies an army, resort to indirection that helps toward equality. In war this argument justifies the employment of a spy.

GREENE—A spy ! a spy in the other camp !

WASHINGTON—One of the bravest and truest of New England's sons a few days since tendered to me his service. So I was impressed by my only interview. He knew the risks. He weighed them well, and faltered not, since it was to serve his country. After visiting both the Hessian and the British camps he was to return to me. He is overdue, and his absence fills me with alarm.

PUTNAM—I think I know him.

WASHINGTON—He was sent to me by Col. Knowlton from a Connecticut regiment. His rank is captain, and his name is Nathan Hale.¹²

said, "Shall I eat of these pease?" The youth turned pale, and stammered, "I don't know." Again Washington repeated his question, raising the vegetable to his lips. Here the culprit broke down and the crime was known.—"*Romance of the Revolution*," pub. in *Phil.*, 1870.

¹² When, after the disaster on Long Island, Washington needed to know of the intentions of the enemy, Nathan Hale, a captain in Knowlton's regiment, volunteered to venture, under a disguise, within the British lines on Long Island. He was detected and executed.—*Bancroft*.

PUTNAM—A man of noble qualities. I know him well. I hope for his safe return. But if not, if furious war claims a martyr, searching our army through, it would fail to find a brighter name than that of Nathan Hale. *[All retire.]*

SCENE III. *Military prison in New York City. "The New Jail" (Hall of Records, 1893). The court-yard of the prison. Time: September 21, 1776, midnight.*

Enter CAPT. CUNNINGHAM, *British provost-marshal, armed soldiers as a guard, and two keepers.*

CUNNINGHAM—How many rascals have died to-night? ¹ *[Thumps a table.]*

FIRST KEEPER—We have sent four out for burial since sundown.

CUNNINGHAM—Four! No more? You are the prison physician to keep these rats alive, and not the keeper of the spade, to bury them. Man, if you had said four hundred, I would have hugged you. In the prison ship, where I spent last night, we disposed of thirty.

SECOND KEEPER—I robbed over sixty of their food last night. This will help the record.

CUNNINGHAM—Too slow, too slow! We starve them, we rob them, we pinch them with raging thirst, and yet they live. Men, we are all too kind. There is too much heart among us. Do you understand me?

[An attendant appears, bearing a decanter and mugs.]

FIRST KEEPER—Captain, will you have the decanter upon the table?



¹ The particular "horror" of war is the military prison. In 1776 nearly five thousand Americans were confined in the Jersey prison

CUNNINGHAM—Yes, and the mugs, that we may drain a bumper to the King. [*The attendant places a bottle and mugs upon the table.*] This is the best fire for these chilly hours. [*Pours out a huge drink and drains it off.*] That is good. That makes some amend for being here. Any prisoners brought in to-day?

SECOND KEEPER—Some from Harlem Heights.

CUNNINGHAM—What had they?

SECOND KEEPER—The clothes they stood in.

CUNNINGHAM—Bah! Did you drown them? How do such trash expect to pay for their keeping here? [*Drinks another glass.*] Our generals are too humane for this war. Why take such prisoners? A blow on the crown is cheaper.

FIRST KEEPER—My assistant is mistaken. We found a few watches and some keepsakes.

CUNNINGHAM [*greedily*—And you secured them all? All—every item? If you allowed as much of value to escape as could be felt by sensitive fingers, I'd lash you, every one, every one of you. Keepsakes and spoils, I am here for these. [*To one of the armed soldiers of the guard.*] Fellow, how dare you smirk at me?

[*Reeling from drink, he offers to strike him, and the soldier dodges.*]

FIRST SOLDIER—Colonel, I did not smirk at you.

CUNNINGHAM—Colonel! How dare you call me colonel? Say general to me, or I will shoot you with your own musket. General! Remember now, every one of you, general! I will be general to my guard, even though my superiors are slow in promotion, and

ship, the Middle Dutch, North Dutch, and French churches, King's College, the New Jail, sugar houses, and the City Hall. The "New Jail" (now, 1893, Hall of Records) was destined for the more notorious rebels, civil, naval, and military. So closely were they packed, they formed a solid mass. The provost marshal was Capt. Cunningham, notorious for his cruelty. He was executed in London, August 10, 1791, for forgery.—*Memorial Hist. of New York, J. Grant Wilson.*

still keep me captain. I know my deserts, and promote myself. [*Staggers with intoxication.*]

FIRST SOLDIER—General, I did not smirk at you.

CUNNINGHAM—That's better. Have a drink. [*Pours out for him a dram, which the soldier drains off.*] How the wind roars! Well, let it roar! We are snug. [*To SECOND SOLDIER.*] Your face is new. Your eyes are crossed—and your nose—your nose is loose. You seem to have two noses, and they are not at rest. Who are you?

SECOND SOLDIER—I am William Clayton, general.

CUNNINGHAM—Where did you come from?

SECOND SOLDIER—I am from Monmouth in New Jersey.

CUNNINGHAM—How got you here? Here in the King's livery, that should be worn by men with straight eyes and—a single nose?

SECOND SOLDIER—I served the King there, and was ordered here by Gen. Howe.

CUNNINGHAM—You lie! Gen. Howe never stoops to such promotions. It is only men of rank whom he considers. [*Strikes his breast.*]

SECOND SOLDIER—I am not cunning in such matters. I was given place here in the prison guard, and thought it was Gen. Howe.

CUNNINGHAM—What did you do in that land—that land—that traded you to us?

SECOND SOLDIER—I was loyal to the King.

CUNNINGHAM—Good! And you smote his enemies?

SECOND SOLDIER—My nearest neighbor, and once my dearest friend, is with Washington. I burned his home.

CUNNINGHAM—Brave heart, drink! [*Gives him a mug, which he drains.*] And his chicks? Did he have any?

SECOND SOLDIER—His wife, bearing her infant in her arms, escaped through the snow to friendly shelter.

CUNNINGHAM—Bungler that you are ! [*Smites him with a small stick from a chair near him.*] You shall have no more drink. You should have brained them both. You shall be cashiered for neglect of duty. [*To THIRD SOLDIER.*] Weazen-faced hero in the King's toggery, how got you into this place ? I have ten other prisons in this town,³ and in them all, no man on guard who looks like you. Your hair is too red for this place, and your paunch too lean—too like our prisoners. Fatness, fatness pleases us. You are not fat. Where came you from ? Loon, answer me.

THIRD SOLDIER—I am an honest boy, born in Connecticut, not very far from here.

CUNNINGHAM—What did you eat and drink, to get that shape ? Roots, weeds, and vinegar, I am certain. Be careful of our rich diet here, or apoplexy ! What deed of valor belongs to you ?

THIRD SOLDIER—I quarreled with my brother because he was a rebel. The night he was to leave to serve with Putnam, in the dark, I crawled up and shot him in the back. I then came here.

CUNNINGHAM—Cadaverous and red-headed Cæsar, shake hands with your general. [*They shake hands cordially.*] Oh, that I had a thousand mighty men like you ! We will warm that shriveled but heroic front with drink.

[*He fills a mug for the soldier and one for himself, and both drink.*

[*While drinking, a dozen prisoners from different sides of the court enter the place. They are emaciated, ragged, and suffering.* FARMER DICK, now CAPT. STANDISH, is among them.

FIRST PRISONER—General, it is so cold. By day we scorch in summer's heat, but at night, we shiver, for winter's chill comes with September's gales. No clothes—no fire.

SECOND PRISONER—General, I have not tasted food

³ See Note I.

for two days. I am slowly dying. For pity, help us !³

[CUNNINGHAM *moves up and down the court in great impatience.*

THIRD PRISONER—My brother died last night. I nursed him to the last. I must follow him, if I have no relief. For two days I have parched with thirst for want of a glass of water. I was captured on Long Island.

FOURTH PRISONER—And I on Harlem Heights. I have been but four days here, and already know how blessed it would have been to have died in battle. This imprisonment would be punishment to Lucifer. General, be merciful !

CUNNINGHAM [*furiously*—Curses upon you all ! This very morning the town was fired, no doubt by some friendly hand of yours, and is still smoking in its ashes ; and yet you cry for warmth and fire. Knaves and traitors to your King, starve and thirst and die !⁴ [*The prisoners all fall back before his fury, except* CAPT. STANDISH.] Had I a thousand smoking joints, they should feed the sewers, instead of you. Back now to your holes, impudent scum—and die—die as the only duty left to do. [*They all move off but* CAPT. STANDISH.

CAPT. STANDISH—Provost-Marshal Cunningham, I ask a word with you before I go.

CUNNINGHAM—Varlet ! Do you brave my orders ?
[*Raises his stick as if to strike him.*

³ In the North Dutch Church [on William Street] eight hundred prisoners were incarcerated without fuel or bedding during two of the coldest winters New York has ever known. Their provisions were scanty and poor, and, of course they died from cold and starvation. "We never," says Oliver Woodruff, one of the prisoners, "drew as much provision for three days as a man would eat at a common meal. For three months in that inclement season, the only fire I saw were the lamps in the city. There was not a pane of glass in the windows, and nothing to keep out the cold except the iron grates." And so of the other prisons. Many were poisoned for the sake of their watches and silver buckles.—"*History of New York City*," Wm. L. Stone.

⁴ About one o'clock on the morning of the 21st [September 21, 1776] a fire chanced to break out near Whitehall Street [New York City]. More than four hundred houses were burned.—*Bancroft*.

STANDISH—Dare to lay a blow on me, and these fists shall be the hammers of your sudden death !⁵

[*Raises his clenched fists and moves threateningly upon CUNNINGHAM, who becomes quiet.*]

CUNNINGHAM—Who are you ? Such courage is not of every day.

STANDISH—I am Richard Standish, Captain in the Continental Army.

CUNNINGHAM—What word would you with me ?

[*Becomes suddenly sobered.*]

STANDISH—I have a dream to relate, which will interest you. At all events, I desire you to hear it. I intend you shall.

CUNNINGHAM—A dream ? Nothing so captivates me as a dream.

STANDISH—Then listen. [*Prisoners and guards gather round to hear.*] Last night, as I lay famished, I fell into an uneasy sleep. The vision I then saw has appeared twice before ; hence so marvelous. I thought the war was over and our arms victorious. The King and his hirelings were driven from our shores. I was next in London—a free American citizen—the equal of any sovereign, for I felt I was myself a king.

CUNNINGHAM—A curse upon your comments ! The dream, the dream !

STANDISH—Curiosity took me to Newgate Prison. The sufferings from the Briton here led me to seek what he did at home. It was the day for an execution. The crime was forgery. How vivid is the picture here before me, now ! This moment I see in part my dream. The culprit was brought forth, bound. Cowardly wretch ! he cringed and writhed and begged for mercy, but none was shown. The noose was around his neck. His fainting form, I see it now upon the trap. Hell or Heaven is to receive him. The black cap is lifted for farewell. I look. I tremble in amaze-

⁵ This was the language really used by Ethan Allen to Gen. Prescott, who threatened him after his capture before Montreal.

ment. Is it possible? God is just, and retribution comes. I look again, and the villain is—it is—William Cunningham! British Provost-Marshall of New York—it is you, it is you! ⁶ [All fall back horror-stricken.



CUNNINGHAM [*blanches with fear and staggers.—Aside*—I have had that very dream. What can this mean? It shakes me in every fiber. It will never do to falter here. [*Aloud.*] Do you hope to frighten a sol-

⁶ Provost-Marshall Cunningham was executed in London for forgery August 10, 1791. In his dying confession he said: "I was made Provost-Marshall of the Royal Army, which enabled me to wreak my vengeance on the Americans. I shudder to think of the murders I have caused. In New York City there were more than two thousand prisoners starved by stopping their rations, which I sold. There were also two hundred and seventy-five prisoners executed. The people on the street were ordered at midnight to put out their lights and not to appear at the windows, on pain of death. Then the unfortunate prisoner was gagged and hung and buried."—*Memorial History of New York*, J. Grant Wilson.

dier in the British army with the visions of a treacherous and diseased brain? I have heard enough. All of you, back to your dungeons, or my guard shall force you there. [*All the prisoners retire.*] I would much that I had not heard the ravings of this madman. I know not why, but my heart sinks at the recital.

*Enter an English CORPORAL and a guard of soldiers, with
NATHAN HALE as a prisoner.*

CORPORAL [*holding papers in his hand*].—Orders for Capt. Cunningham, Provost-Marshal of New York.

CUNNINGHAM—I am that man.

CORPORAL [*handing him the papers*].—With these orders, I am to deliver to you this prisoner.

CUNNINGHAM [*reading*].—A spy! I see we have a spy. He is to die at daylight. That is here already, so he dies at once. Prisoner, you know your fate.

HALE—I know it, and am prepared to meet it.

CUNNINGHAM—You will die like a dog, because taken in a work most foul.

HALE—Any service for the public good is honorable, when necessary! Such service did I seek to render to my people, and I now regret it not.

CUNNINGHAM—Still unrepentant! You ought to die twice for a speech like that. [*Aside.*] I'll not be cheated into mercy by a dream. What's a dream to me more than to any other man? [*Aloud.*] Who presided at your trial? These papers state not.

HALE—I had no trial. I was seized at Huntington, Long Island—betrayed by a cousin who is against our cause. Was taken before Gen. Howe. I told him that my name was Nathan Hale; my rank, captain, in Knowlton's Connecticut Rangers of the Continental Army, and that, as a spy, I was within his lines.

CUNNINGHAM—And he served you right when he ordered you to the scaffold. Guards, prepare the pris-

oner for immediate execution! [*The guards strip off his coat, tie his arms behind him, and place the noose around his neck.*] This work revives me and gives me spirit. May the devil catch all dreamers! I am a man again!

HALE—In these last moments, I ask for man's final consolation—a Bible and a clergyman.

CUNNINGHAM—You shall have neither. What have I to do with Bibles and such drivellers? The devil is already waiting for your soul! Let him have it quickly, nor seek to change a just fate!

HALE—May I write? I would send a letter to my mother; and a farewell, a long farewell, to another, as dear to me as she. No man worthy of the name would refuse this!

CUNNINGHAM—You shall not write. I would not have the ragged traitors know that one among them could die so bravely. Moreover, you are prepared for the cart, and we have no time to waste in comfort to a spy. Your hour has come. Guards, take your places!
[*The guards arrange themselves on each side of the prisoner.*]

HALE [*raising his eyes*—I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!

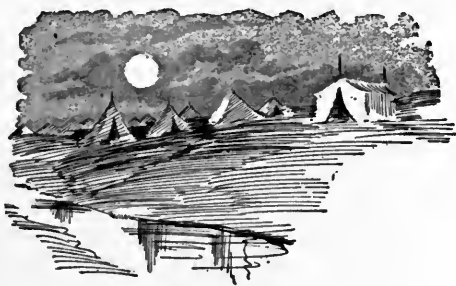
CUNNINGHAM—Forward, march! [*All retire.*]

¹ Nathan Hale volunteered his services to gather information within the lines of the enemy for Washington. (See Note 12, Scene 2.) He was captured on Long Island just as he was returning to the American camp. He was taken before Gen. Howe, in New York City, and to him Hale boldly avowed his position. He was ordered, without a trial, to immediate execution at daylight, and sent to the infamous Cunningham to enforce it, on September 21, 1776 (the day of the great fire). He was presumably brought to [the Hall of Records] "the New Jail," as this was the prison for prominent captives. His letters were destroyed, for Cunningham would not have the Americans know one of them could die so bravely. He was not permitted to write to his mother, nor to have a Bible. When he ascended the scaffold on the morning of September 22, 1776, his dying words were: "I only regret that I have but one life to lose for my country!"

SCENE IV. *A room in headquarters of GEN. CHARLES LEE, of Continental Army, at Baskingridge, New Jersey. Time : Forenoon, December 13, 1776.*

Enter CAPT. STANDISH and "FARMER GEORGE," now CAPT. GEORGE ALDEN, of the Continental Army. Both in uniform.

CAPT. STANDISH—Dear friend of peaceful days, I rejoice to meet you, though it's a great surprise.



CAPT. ALDEN—I can almost fancy, Dick, seeing your honest face, that I am home again.

STANDISH—I notice, George, that you have now your straps, as well as I.

ALDEN—Yes, I am a captain, and aid to Gen. Charles Lee.

STANDISH—And I am captain, and aid to Gen. Washington.

ALDEN—Dick, I heard you were a prisoner.

STANDISH—Two months ago I was a prisoner. But I have quickly gained my freedom, as you see.

ALDEN—The brutal Cunningham, after all, must have a streak of kindness to let you go. How did you escape from him?

STANDISH—I told him of a dream.

ALDEN—And was a soldier managed from a dream?

STANDISH—It was a weird visitor of the night. It surely frightened him. He shunned me as a ghost, and soon got rid of me.

ALDEN—I shall resort to dreams hereafter.

STANDISH—But to business. I am the bearer of orders to General Lee from the Commander-in-Chief, now encamped upon the Delaware. They are to be delivered immediately.

[ALDEN *receives the papers from* STANDISH.

ALDEN—I will hand them to the General, who is in his private chamber. I will return at once to you.

[ALDEN *retires with the papers.*

STANDISH [*musings*].—My friend George Alden an aid to this man? I do not rejoice at this, for I could wish him a better fortune.

[ALDEN *returns.*

ALDEN—The General requests that you await his answer. Dick, what were you saying to yourself as I came back?

STANDISH—When?

ALDEN—Just now, as I returned.

STANDISH—Nothing worth repeating. I was musing, George.

ALDEN—Yes, Dick. No secrets from me! I heard you say, "I could wish him a better fortune." Tell me, what meant you by this?

STANDISH—Will you have it, George? Old friend, whose last crust would half be mine, shall I tell you?

ALDEN—Dick, Dick Standish, you have grown false to me unless you tell me.

STANDISH—Are we quite alone? No danger of other ears?

ALDEN—In this mansion of bygone days, if you should shout, besides myself the walls alone would be your listener.

STANDISH—Then, George, I could wish you a better fortune than that of aid to this man, Charles Lee. I believe him to be a cursed traitor! I echo no man's opinion, but I have my own. As the confidential aid

to Washington I have learned much, and, as I think, know him well.

ALDEN—Dick, Dick ! Ought I stand here and listen



and not resent this assault upon my superior ? Remember, Dick, I wear a sword and am a soldier.

STANDISH—George, here we meet as friends. Put up

the sword and forget that we are soldiers. This man Lee is in rank insubordination at this moment to our great commander. The orders I have just brought require him at once to join his strength to Washington's, now across the Delaware. I have carried such before, and they were of no avail. They will be so now. O George! if you knew the heavy load which our chief daily bears from necessity, you would burst with anger, as I do now, to have it needlessly augmented.

ALDEN—By Heavens, Dick! make good your words, and though he ranked me as the sun the planets, he should know me as alien to his conduct!

STANDISH—He has friends in Congress, the seat of civil power, and hence is sustained as a daily menace to our cause. How often, in this world, does it happen that virtue unwittingly lays her tribute upon the brow of vice, and after seeks to cleanse the act of wrong by deep repentance. This man Lee was in the South, and there did little more than cavil at better men.¹ After the disaster on Long Island he was ordered North to assist our General.² Would that he had stayed where he was harmless, and been food for Southern fevers!

ALDEN—It is not his fault that he came, however.

STANDISH—The fault was afterward. The retreat from New York was done when Harlem and White Plains came tapping upon its heels. With the certainty of sunshine when the storm abates, so Washington saw safety in retreat across the Hudson. Early in November a deserter from Fort Washington gave Howe its plans, and thus the key for capture. Putnam crossed with some force to Fort Lee, then in command of Greene, which also included Fort Washington, on the

¹ Gen. Charles Lee was sent South in March, 1776. He was as querulous as ever. Not till the 4th of June did he reach Charleston. On the 28th of June, at the battle of Fort Moultrie, Lee for the tenth or eleventh time charged Col. Moultrie to finish the bridge for his retreat, and said the fort was a slaughter pen.—*Bancroft*.

² Early in September, 1776, Congress called Lee to the North to command in case of mishap to Washington.—*Bancroft*.

eastern bank.³ Gen. Lee, receiving orders to follow, refused obedience and openly criticised his chief. His command was further up the river.⁴

ALDEN—Then Lee was not responsible for Fort Washington and its loss. This was the work of Greene.

STANDISH—Not directly. But it was impropriety to belittle the plans of his superior. Greene—than whom no truer patriot ever carried sword—construed his orders to retreat as optional with him to hold Fort Washington or not, and so decided that Magaw defend it. Congress—the bungler will ever spoil a master's work—would have it thus, and Greene was so far excused.⁵ On the night before the assault I was in the boat that carried Washington toward the eastern shore. In mid-stream Putnam and Greene were met, and counsel had, such as the stream afforded. It was too late to repair the wrong. Greene contended, even then, that Howe would attack in vain. All returned to Fort Lee, and

³ Since the Hudson had been forced by ships of the enemy, and a deserter had given to Howe the plans of the fort, Washington saw that Fort Washington could not be held. He said it would not be prudent to hazard stores and men at this place. "I leave to you [he wrote to Gen. Greene,] to give such orders of evacuation as you may judge best, so far revoking orders to Col. Magaw to defend it. You will immediately have all the stores removed." Putnam, on the 9th of November, crossed into Jersey with five thousand men.—*Bancroft*.

⁴ Lee, with a force of seven thousand, was further up at King's Bridge. The orders to him were: "If the enemy remove the greater part of their force to the west side of the Hudson I [Washington] have no doubt of your following with all possible dispatch." But to Lee the prospect of a separate command was so alluring that he resolved not to join his superior.—*Bancroft*.

⁵ Greene framed measures contrary to Washington's intentions and orders. (See Note 3.) He questioned the directions received; insisted Fort Washington should be held. Instead, therefore, of vacating it, he took upon himself to send over from west side of the Hudson re-enforcements; and, in a report to Congress counteracting the urgent remonstrances of his chief, he encouraged Congress to believe that Howe would fail in his attempt. Previous to these events Congress had opposed the idea of further retreat.—*Bancroft*.

Greene considered Washington's orders [see Note 3] optional to retreat or not, since it was left to him to give the orders, and decided to hold the fort.

our General awaited the coming day with the gravest apprehensions. The end you know.⁶

ALDEN—It was a grievous loss. Twenty-five hundred of our best soldiers, and much needed stores !

STANDISH—It was more grievous to witness the sore distress of our great-hearted chieftain. Through all, not a word of censure, though the offense was heavy. He never does complain.⁷ If he would, it were much better. Distress may fly, in words that blaze and burn, from the overburdened soul, when hot temper holds ajar the door. But so patient, and so undismayed ! There is something of mystery about this man that inspires a sense of awe which no other mortal gives ! I tell you, George, he is the one hope we have of victory, and upon his single palm he bears up our falling fortunes, as God bears up the world ! ~

ALDEN—How cruel to add in weight a needless feather to his burdens !

STANDISH—After the fall of Fort Washington, Cornwallis commanded in New Jersey, with directions to follow Washington and to destroy him. Fort Lee next

⁶ Before the assault and fall of Fort Washington, the General-in-Chief, who had been reconnoitering the river at the North, returned to Fort Lee, and to his great grief found what Greene had done. "The importance of the Hudson" had induced Congress to intervene by an order which left Washington no authority to abandon it except from necessity. Greene insisted still that it could be held. Under all this advice Washington now hesitated to give an absolute order to withdraw.—*Bancroft*.

On the night of the 14th November the British took their position, and on the 15th summoned Magaw to surrender. This was sent to Greene and by him to Washington. Washington crossed the river late that night, and was met by Putnam and Greene, and a consultation held in the stream. Greene was still confident. It was then too late to change affairs, and Washington returned to Fort Lee. The result was Fort Washington the next day surrendered with garrison and stores.—*Bancroft*.

⁷ Greene, to whose rashness the disaster was due, would not assume his share of responsibility. The grief of Washington was great that he did not instantly on his return from inspection of the Highlands countermand the orders of Greene ; but he never excused himself by throwing the blame on another. No hope remained in the United States but in Washington.—*Bancroft*.

was threatened. Greene, now all obedience, retreated and joined his general at Newark. Gen. Lee, your commander here, was still at King's Bridge with more than seven thousand men. Short enlistments—that military curse still upon us—and other casualties had reduced the army now west of the Hudson to about three thousand. Lee was peremptorily ordered to cross. Then, as now, I conveyed the order.⁸

ALDEN—I never knew of such command. I need not ask if Lee refused.

STANDISH—He refused ; he still refuses, and will refuse to-day. Washington fell back from Newark as Cornwallis came in and bivouacked at New Brunswick. Lee still disobeyed.⁹ Flushed with victory, the brothers Howe scattered wide their proclamations of pardon—a tempting bait to men so sore of heart as ours ! Even delegates in Congress accepted the terms, and lesser men by thousands went trooping to British power. With his army dissolving around him and hope blown upon the freezing breath of winter, it was Washington alone who could say, I will not despair.¹⁰

ALDEN—Will the world ever know this mighty man ; or knowing, will it appreciate ?

STANDISH—In this extremity, Schuyler sent seven regiments from the north to the aid of our distressed

⁸ Earl Cornwallis then took command in New Jersey. His first object was Fort Lee. Drop after drop of sorrow was falling into the cup of Washington. On November 17 he gave orders to Lee to join him with his division, but the orders were willfully slighted. In the following weeks they were repeated constantly, mingled with entreaty, and were always disobeyed.—*Bancroft*.

On the fall of Forts Washington and Lee, Washington with his little army of about three thousand, ill-armed, worse clad, and without tents, blankets, or provisions, commenced a disastrous retreat through New Jersey.—*Frost*.

⁹ At New Brunswick, where the American army arrived on the evening of November 28, it found short repose. Lee, importuned sometimes twice a day, still remained east of the Hudson.—*Bancroft*.

¹⁰ All this while Washington was forced to conceal his weakness and bear loads of censure from those ignorant of his condition. In these trials he said to Livingston, "I will not despair."—*Bancroft*.

commander. To the aid of this mighty man, as you call him—now mighty in his woe! On December 1—this very month I speak of—how dates of trial fasten upon one's memory as with fangs of steel—Cornwallis still pushing on, Washington left New Brunswick. Then he crossed the Delaware, pleading now with Lee, since orders failed. Meantime and on December 3,—for I would be accurate when accusation loads my speech,—this lazy general, this Charles Lee, crossed the Hudson and advanced to where we this moment stand, in the center of New Jersey. Does he come to join Washington? God forgive him, for I never will! He has come to intercept the regiments from Schuyler. By virtue of his rank, this man turns them to his own command. He has sent an officer to help defend Rhode Island. If sent to the moon he would be as serviceable; and he intends to follow with his stolen soldiers.¹¹ George, have I made good my words, that this man is a villain and a traitor to the land we fight for?



ALDEN — So well, Dick, that I shall seek as soon as may be, other service. With him I cannot remain. The serpent that strikes and kills were a more honest friend, since it gives some warning of its intended battle. Here comes the General.

¹¹ On the 1st of December, just as Washington was leaving New Brunswick, he renewed his urgency with Lee, telling him Philadelphia, the seat of Congress, was the object of the enemy. Washington crossed the Delaware with Cornwallis and Howe in close pursuit. Washington from here entreated Lee to join him; he got an evasive answer. Lee was impatient to gain the chief command. From the east of the Hudson Lee wrote to Rush: "I could do you much good might I but dictate one week." He had received one explicit order and another peremptory order to pass into New Jersey. He [Lee] said, "These orders were absolute insanity." He said, "There are times when we must consent to treason against the laws of the state for the salvation of the state. The present crisis demands this brave, virtuous kind of treason." He wrote criticising Washington for in-

Enter GEN. LEE in morning gown and slippers.

LEE [*to* STANDISH]—Inclosed is my answer to Gen. Washington. How is the General? Across New Jersey he seemed light of foot. One might say he were a fugitive from closely pressing powers.

STANDISH—If he were light of foot, it was to hurry to that desired goal which ends our trials. There are some who are slow of foot on this very mission.

LEE—Give my considerations to the General.

STANDISH—Thanks. He will doubtless be overjoyed thereat. [*STANDISH retires.*]

LEE [*to* ALDEN]—What meant the Captain that some were slow of foot?

ALDEN—Through these drifting snows it is nearer truth to say "slow of foot." Thus I took him.

LEE—A shrewd interpretation, and, as I guess, a just one. [*ALDEN retires.*] The alluring promise of my scheme for a separate command overtops my hopes. If the supreme command should quickly follow, then my end is gained.¹² This revolt were throttled here, if England held forth the offer of deserved rank within her armies. At the head of this uprising, I could compel this offer as the price of peace. What to me is independence—the end and all of these Confederate braggarts—but a means to help my purpose? Charles Lee, late of European legions, now serves Charles Lee of the Continental Army, and gives to empty air the sham of deeper feeling. John Adams—whose honesty in this strife gives weight to counsel—favors me as the military head that should be.¹³ A powerful support! So

decision. "Indecision is a much greater disqualification than stupidity or want of courage," he said, referring to Washington. On December 3 Lee crossed the Hudson, but not to join Washington. To the center of New Jersey he marched, and there incorporated into his own command three thousand men whom Schuyler had sent from the northern army to the relief of Washington.—*Bancroft.*

¹² Lee was planning for the chief command. See Note II.

¹³ John Adams was ever ready to belittle Washington and exalt this Lee.

do shrewd men often thrive by aid of dullards, too shallow to comprehend. Greene and Gates are partial. Washington commands me to join him. Rush, since I have told him this, knows that I will not do so.¹⁴ Shall I, once of high estate in the army of a king, consent at last to follow the commands of this surveyor of sheep-browsed hills? His cheap and hungry followers—the spawn of England's refuse population driven to these shores—I despise, as I do him.¹⁵ Yet, it serves me well still further to dissemble. I have here cut off and taken to myself, three thousand soldiers which the gentlemanly Schuyler sent to him from the North. This further cripples him and strengthens me. So may it be! While Congress, or its leading spirits, remain my approving friends, Washington may plead and fret and fail. He stands in my way. Then let him fail.

[CAPT. ALDEN *rushes in, greatly alarmed.*

ALDEN—The cavalry! the British cavalry are upon us! Away, General, away, and save yourself.¹⁶

LEE [*also in great alarm*—Heaven help us! Where can I go? The house is surrounded! [*Looking from the window.*] We are prisoners!

[*Thundering noises are heard at the room doors. They are burst open, and British troopers rush in from each side of the rooms.*

¹⁴ From Morristown he [Lee] announced to Rush "that it was not his intention to join the army of Washington."—*Bancroft*.

¹⁵ Lee had not one talent of a commander. He affected to look down upon his associates in the American army as "very bad company." His alienation from Great Britain was petulance for being neglected. He esteemed the people he then served [Americans] unworthy of a place among the nations.—*Bancroft*.

¹⁶ On December 13, while at Baskingridge, in the morning he wrote to Gen. Gates saying, "A certain great man [Washington] is most damnable deficient." Before he had folded the letter Wilkinson at the window cried out, "Here are the British cavalry." An English lieutenant with dragoons had surrounded his house. He was ordered to come forth. He came out pale from fear, unarmed, bareheaded, without a cloak, in slippers, etc., and entreated the dragoons to spare his life. They seized him just as he was, placed him on a horse, and within four minutes of their coming were off with him, together with his aid.—*Bancroft*.

BRITISH CAPTAIN—You are prisoners. [*Flourishing his sword.*] Do you surrender?

LEE—Yes, we surrender. I have not my sword. Shall I get my sword? I will secure it for you.

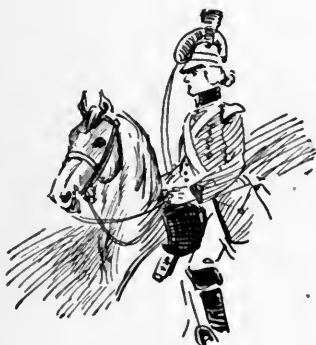
[*Moves off as if to leave the room.*]

BRITISH CAPTAIN [*stepping in front of LEE*—Never mind the sword. We want you. Gen. Howe will be glad to see you.

LEE—Shall I dress to go with you? I will prepare myself.

[*Again moves to leave the room.*]

BRITISH CAPTAIN [*still bars his exit*—We run no risks, General. You will not pass.



LEE [*rubbing his hands in abject submission*—Gentlemen, spare my life! Spare my life! I trust you will do me no harm. I entreat you, gentlemen, as soldiers of the King, of my King—do you mark me? of my King, whom I have much offended—let me live! I have been drawn into this—this most foolish revolt. I will explain to Gen. Howe. I know him well. We have fought as comrades together; a

good and valiant man. I will explain to him.

BRITISH CAPTAIN—Then do so when you may. Soldiers, secure your prisoners!

[*Soldiers advance and bind both GEN. LEE and ALDEN.*]

LEE—Oh! oh! [*Cringing and entreating.*] This is so wrong, so wrong to treat a general thus. But, save me, Captain! Save me from violence! I will make amends for what I have done. I will! I will!

BRITISH CAPTAIN—To horse with both the prisoners and away! To horse! To horse! [*All retire.*]

SCENE V. *Tent of WASHINGTON, in camp of Continental Army, west side of the Delaware. Time : Christmas Day, 1776.*

Enter GENS. GREENE, STARK, MERCER, SULLIVAN, and KNOX.

SULLIVAN—It is five days since I brought into camp the men of Lee.¹ The great enterprise of this hour has been thus long delayed, that these men might rally from hunger and frozen limbs.

MERCER—It is a Christmas blessing that you are with us now, succeeding Lee when captured.

STARK—On the same day, Sullivan, that you came in, Gates brought five hundred good New Englanders, whom, in his absence, I now command. Were I superstitious, I should say our conjunction here, at the very point of such distress, means much that is beyond us.

KNOX—On this holy day, may the result of work laid out to do confirm your thoughts.

GREENE—I am permitted, gentlemen, to detail this work. The General-in-Chief would revive the hopes of patriots, and stay the unseemly rush for British pardons, by a blow at Trenton. The enemy there, as elsewhere, season their coming with cruelty most unnatural. Plunder rules the hour, and opposition invites to sudden death without a trial. So runs the law as these Hessians make it.²

MERCER—This sword shall help to change this law, or I will fall its victim.

GREENE—Nobly said, good Mercer ! The plan for assault stands thus : Maxwell from Morristown will dis-

¹ On December 20 Gen. Sullivan arrived in the camp of Washington on the Delaware with the troops which Lee had commanded. The capture of Lee, December 13, gave Sullivan the command. But they were in a miserable plight.—*Irving*.

² By orders of Count Donop [Hessian commander near Trenton] the inhabitants who should fire upon any of the army were to be hanged upon the nearest tree without further process. Provisions were seized alike from Whig and Tory. Life and property were at the mercy of the foreign hirelings.—*Bancroft*.

treass the enemy ; Griffin, on his other side, will worry him from Mount Holly, assail Donop at Burlington, and hold him there. Ewing, with five hundred, will cross the Delaware at Trenton, and so assail him. Putnam will do the same, leading a force from Philadelphia, since Congress, some days since removed to Baltimore, releases his hand—a hand of iron when it strikes the foe. Gen. Gates, two thousand strong, will cross from Bristol. The main attack will be made by Washington, with us to aid him.³ To-night these plans, thus working in each direction, must distract the enemy and give him to us a prisoner.

SULLIVAN—My blood is already up for action, and tedious will be the minutes that run before this blow. Who but our great commander could have arranged a game in war, for us so certain when played as planned ?

Enter WASHINGTON in excitement, holding dispatches in his hand.

WASHINGTON—Gentlemen, I beg you, pardon me, but I am sorely tried. The bitterest curse I could wish my enemy would be to have him fill my position.⁴

SULLIVAN—General, our swords are ready to redress any wrong to you.

WASHINGTON—Have my plans been submitted to this council ?

GREENE—Yes, in every detail, and all approved.

WASHINGTON—Would it were so with others upon whom I have depended ! These dispatches [*he runs them over*] Gates disapproves wholly, and has left his post at Bristol. Griffin, flying before Donop, has left the Jersey shore. Ewing will not attempt to cross the river in this storm ; and Putnam—you, too, Putnam,

³ The arrangements for the assault upon Trenton, as made by Washington, were substantially as stated in this scene by Gen. Greene. It is from Bancroft.

⁴ Washington, before White Plains, had said : “ Such is my situation that, if I were to wish the bitterest curse to an enemy on this side of the grave, I should put him in my stead.”—*Bancroft*.



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must I record you with the rest?—he would not think of it.⁵

[WASHINGTON *sinks back into a chair, and covers his eyes with his hand.*

KNOX—This is a heavy disappointment.

SULLIVAN—Men cower before this war of the winds whom bullets could not scare. General, what shall we do?

WASHINGTON [*rising from his chair, and with vehemence*—Do! Do! What shall we do? I shall go to this assault, if I have to go alone! It is a dire necessity.⁶ Without it, this war is ended and our country lost. We will cross the Delaware to-night—to-night, I say!—and, before the morning's sun, smite the enemy. The storm, this tempest, the river of running ice—they are all to us the blessed weapons of offense, since they lure the foe to his rest and ruin. Who will not dive shall not gain the coral. What means this fury of the elements, if not a shield to cover us in our work? Oh! the greater storm, that surges here within, makes that without mere sunshine. I wish that others, for a few hours only, could feel as I do! Generals, I am resolved to go forward. We have here twenty-four hundred men. At Mackonkey's ferry, this night, we can reach the other side; we will do so, since we so resolve, and by daylight raise our flag in Trenton. Have I your approval?

GENERALS [*all in unison*—You have! you have!

⁵ The day for the attack arrived, and Washington was abandoned. Gates willfully turned his back on danger, duty, and honor. Eager to intrigue with Congress at Baltimore for chief command of the Northern Army, Gates rode away from Bristol; Griffin, flying before Donop, had abandoned New Jersey. Putnam would not think of crossing the river. Cadwallader [succeeding Gates] sent word to Washington it was impossible to cross. Ewing did not even make the attempt.—*Bancroft*.

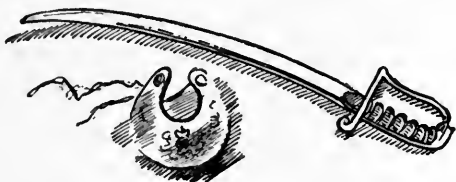
⁶ Washington answered Cadwallader "that notwithstanding the discouraging accounts [these failures came to Washington about the time his force was to move], I am determined to cross the river and make the attack on Trenton in the morning." "Our numbers are less than I supposed," said Washington, "but necessity, dire necessity, must justify an attack."—*Bancroft*.

WASHINGTON [*drawing his sword and raising it in air*—Then pledge me with your swords.

[*Generals all cross his sword with theirs.*

SULLIVAN—Wherever our commander leads, we follow !

WASHINGTON—I am satisfied, for I know the metal of



these blades. Each one to his command, and be prepared at three o'clock to march. Good angels, aid us as our cause deserves ! [All retire.]

SCENE VI. *Trenton. Headquarters of COL. RALL, Commander of the Hessians. Time : midnight, Christmas, 1776.*

Enter COL. RALL, with three OFFICERS.

COL. RALL [*partly intoxicated*—Come, seat yourselves, and let us have another round. It would never do to let Christmas go without a final bumper. The wine is ordered.¹ [*Enter a servant with decanter and glasses.*] I have run three days of revelry, and need repairs. But one more glass, and then to bed. [*They all fill glasses.*] Here's to home and swift promotion ! [*All drink with a huzza.*]

¹ Col. Rall [commanding the Hessians at Trenton] till late into the night sat by his warm fire, while Washington was crossing the Delaware.—*Bancroft.*

Col. Rall, when urged to guard against surprise, said : " Let them come ; we will receive them with the bayonet." " It is not necessary to intrench. The rebels are a bad set." It was Christmas Eve, dark and stormy ; Rall went to an entertainment. The night before the attack [Christmas night] Rall had been carousing.—*Von Eschling.*

OFFICER—That was a pleasant toast.

COL. RALL—And a just one. This war is closed. The end has been won by our arms—we, of Hesse-Cassel. Then we should wear the laurels with new straps upon our shoulders. Cornwallis is in New York, and has left this command to me. He goes soon to London. Howe is to be made a Knight of the Bath. To-night the army, in grand carousals, make New York a bedlam. All are looking to the King for a reward. Must we be forgotten? No, no! I tell you, no! [*Thumps the table.*]

OFFICERS [*all in unison*—No, no!

Enter ORDERLY and whispers to COL. RALL.

COL. RALL—Show them in. No secrets here! Show them in. [*ORDERLY retires.*]

Enter two COUNTRYMEN, who bow to COL. RALL.

COL. RALL—I am Col. Rall. Speak, if you have anything to say.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN—We live on the other side of the Delaware. We are loyal to the King, and hate his enemies. We have come to tell you that Washington and his army are this night crossing the river to attack this town.²

COL. RALL—Good news! good news, this! for then we shall take him prisoner, with his wretched followers. They are a bad set. But they won't come here. You croak to me false statements. They won't come here. They will keep far from Col. Rall.

SECOND COUNTRYMAN—But, Colonel, they are now crossing, and we have learned the intention——

COL. RALL—Did you see them at the river?

FIRST COUNTRYMAN—No, we did not see them there, but we know that was the route.

² Rall received warning. Shortly before the 26th of December two American deserters came in and reported that Washington was about to cross the Delaware to attack Trenton.—*Von Eelking.*

COL. RALL—How do you know so much?

SECOND COUNTRYMAN—We tracked them. We went over a part of the march.

COL. RALL—How could you track them in this falling and shifting snow? Tracks would be swept away in minutes. If you come to deceive us, we will have you



punished. Beware that you bring no lies to these headquarters.

FIRST COUNTRYMAN—We tracked them by their blood-stained footsteps, over ice and frozen ground.³

COL. RALL [*loudly laughing, the other officers joining*—And you fear lest such beggars as these, who spend their blood upon their march, shall at last conquer us with their skeletons? If they come, we'll meet them with the bayonet and toss their bare bones into yonder snow-drifts. You have done well to come, and so be thanked. You may go. [*The COUNTRYMEN retire.*

COL. RALL—Gentlemen, we will now to bed, and a good sleep to all in spite of Washington and his bleeding tramps. [*All retire.*

³ Wilkinson [aid to Gates], who joined Washington's troops before the crossing, said "he traced the route easily by the blood on the snow from the feet of the men who wore broken shoes."—*Bancroft.*

SCENE VII. *Trenton. A street. A snow storm. Time: day-break, December 26, 1776.*

WASHINGTON, *with drawn sword, enters, soldiers following.*

WASHINGTON—So far all is well. The pickets have been surprised, and fortune favors us. Sullivan and Stark, two props that never fail, may you be faithful now! Men, there form the enemy: with the bayonet charge!¹

[WASHINGTON *and his troop rush off the stage.*

Enter GEN. SULLIVAN, *with soldiers.*

SULLIVAN—On every side we have pressed them back. The Colonel of these Hessians fights with the courage of despair; but he is surrounded and must yield. Soldiers, once more into the fray!

[GEN. SULLIVAN *and his troops rush off the stage.*

Enter COL. RALL *alone, with drawn sword.*

COL. RALL—The air is as full of bullets as of flakes of snow. The artillery is silenced, and the guns of my brave Hessians are wet and useless. Oh! for an hour of Donop. If I could but reach him! These men fight like fiends, and from their hidings their shots strike as they will. No matter, my brave grenadiers shall redeem the day.²

[COL. RALL *rushes off the stage.*

Enter WASHINGTON *and* GREENE, *with soldiers and aids.*

WASHINGTON—Where is Gen. Stark? Is he safe?

GREENE—He and all are safe. The Hessians' are

¹ Washington entered the town by King Street, Sullivan by the river road. Sullivan reported to Washington that the arms of his party were wet. "Then tell Gen. Sullivan to use the bayonet," said Washington.—*Bancroft.*

² The Hessians could do nothing with the bayonet, for there was no enemy in sight. The deadly bullets came from the riflemen behind walls, trees, doors, and covers. It rained balls. The guns of the Hessians were wet and useless. Their artillery, too, was unlucky. Rall placed himself at the head of his troops, crying, "My grenadiers, forward!"—*Von Eelking.*

overwhelmed, and their dead strew the ground. On our side not a man has fallen.³

Enter MERCER and KNOX hurriedly.

MERCER—I seek our General. [*To WASHINGTON.*] The Hessians surrender and Rall is lost. Wounded and falling from his horse, he is still alive, though his hurt is mortal.

WASHINGTON—Let our firing cease. Knox, will you quickly give such orders? [*KNOX retires.*]

Enter COL. RALL, supported, but in dying condition.

COL. RALL [*to WASHINGTON*].—To you I give my sword, won as a soldier should ever wish, by valorous deeds. My army are your prisoners.⁴ [*WASHINGTON receives his sword.*] I beg of you, sir, with the breath of a dying man, that you will be kind to those now in your keeping through the chance of war.⁵

WASHINGTON—I am much distressed at your misfortune. I grant your wish. [*To an aid.*] See that Col. Rall is conveyed as gently as possible to proper shelter, and there granted the tenderest care.⁶

COL. RALL—I thank you, General.

[*COL. RALL goes off, assisted by soldiers.*]

WASHINGTON [*handing RALL's sword to an aid*].—Guard this with care. It is a brave man's relic. Gen. Mercer, will you see that the prisoners and stores are made ready to transport across the Delaware?⁷ Corn-

³ The action, in which the Americans lost not one man, lasted thirty minutes.—*Bancroft.*

⁴ Rall paid with his life the penalty of his carelessness. Wounded, he fell from his horse. Two non-commissioned officers raised and supported him to Washington. Pale and covered with blood, Rall surrendered his sword.—*Von Elking.*

⁵ In a few broken words he begged Washington to be kind to his men, and Washington promised that he would, and in a friendly way tried to console him.—*Von Elking.*

⁶ Washington had the dying man carried to the house of a well-to-do Quaker family, and committed him to their care. Col. Rall died the same evening.—*Von Elking.*

⁷ Washington rode up after the surrender, and after a few kind words ordered the troops to be escorted across the Delaware.—*Von Elking.*

wallis will be upon us soon, and he should not find us here burdened with our trophies. [MERCER *retires*.

WASHINGTON—And now, I trust, turns the tide so steadily set against us. Back to camp and then for Princeton. [*All retire*.

SCENE VIII. *Trenton. Another street in suburb on north bank of Assanpink River. Time: January 2, 1777.*

Enter CORNWALLIS and two AIDs.

CORNWALLIS—Here we are in Trenton, and at a time when I had hoped to be upon the sea. Seven days ago Rall, upon this spot, paid with his life the price of negligence. The new year is but two days old, and before the third is spent we must repair this damage.¹



FIRST AID—Across this river Washington awaits us. On this side, with a force of five thousand veterans in hot pursuit, he cannot now escape. He has not three thousand.

CORNWALLIS—What is this stream which divides us here?

SECOND AID—It is called the Assanpink.²

CORNWALLIS—The day is nearly spent and our army tired, so we will rest here to-night. To-morrow, at sunrise, advance and bag the game. Meantime be his camp

¹ On the 2d of January, 1777, Cornwallis, leaving three regiments at Princeton, advanced upon the Americans at Trenton with the flower of the British army, just as Washington expected.—*Bancroft*.

² In the afternoon of January 2 the army of Washington had safely crossed the Assanpink, which the British could not cross without a battle.—*Bancroft*.

closely watched lest the entrapped stealthily moves away.³ [*All retire.*]

Enter WASHINGTON and PUTNAM, on south bank of Assanpink River.

PUTNAM—That we have an army to-day is because you have pledged your private fortune to pay the men, and thus have held them into the new year.⁴

WASHINGTON—I count that as nothing if we but cripple the invader. Now is the time to clip his wings, since across New Jersey he spreads them so. He will not soar so high, nor swoop so deadly, if we repeat in Princeton what we did here one week ago.⁵

PUTNAM—On this river we may defy him. He cannot cross it, our riflemen opposed.

WASHINGTON—We dare not risk this battle. Again strategy must aid, and to you, General, I will now divulge my plan. Mercer already knows it.

PUTNAM—I am all eagerness to hear.

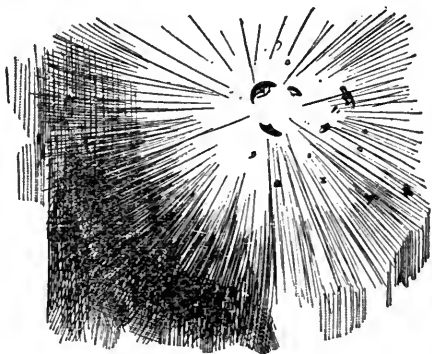
WASHINGTON—As I foresaw, since great anxiety peers into the future with keenest vision, Lord Cornwallis has come upon us with a weighty army. He now lies encamped upon the other bank, whence flame his angry fires, and doubtless dreams of victory with the morning's sun; and of the end and home. We know the country and its roads. This knowledge should be to us a power, so we use it skillfully. Have all our camp made bright and burning, and kept so, as if we, too, strove in honest

³ Cornwallis coming up on the opposite bank, his lordship retired to rest with the sportsman's vaunt, "We will bag the fox in the morning." Meantime a night watch was set upon Washington's army.—*Irving.*

⁴ The term of enlistments of some of Washington's troops expired with the New Year's Day. The paymaster was out of money, and public credit was exhausted. Washington pledged his own fortune to these men, if they would stay six weeks longer, and they stayed.—*Bancroft.*

⁵ "Now," said Washington, "is the time to clip their [British] wings, when they are so spread."—*Frost.*

rivalry to illumine the hours to a hopeful dawn. At midnight put our army in motion—the lights left glimmering along our lines—and, passing round his lordship,



we will strive at daylight to deal a telling blow at Princeton; and this before he shakes off his lazy slumber here.⁶

PUTNAM—A plan easy of execution. I rejoice to have a part to do. *[All retire.]*

SCENE IX. *A road near Princeton. Time: daylight, January 3, 1777.*

Enter WASHINGTON and AID, with soldiers.

WASHINGTON—We have struck the rear of the British line, already on the march to Trenton to join Cornwallis. He may return upon us. His strength I do not know, but I am hopeful.¹ *[To his AID.]* Where is Mercer?

⁶ While the British slept, it was not so with Washington. He knew the byways leading out of the place. Soon after midnight, sending word to Putnam to occupy Crosswicks, Washington marched his army into the road to Princeton. The American campfires flamed along the Assanpink, and the drowsy British surmised nothing.—*Bancroft.*

¹ When Washington reached Princeton, at daylight, January 3, two regiments had already passed on the way to join Cornwallis at Trenton.—*Bancroft.*

AID—He is to the west, as ordered, to destroy the bridge over Stony Brook.

WASHINGTON—Surely he is too late ; for these re-enforcements, which we would have stopped, have already passed. Yet, he will do whatever man can do.² [*Artillery heard at a distance.*] Whose cannon these ? Listen ! There comes the roar again. It is a call to us that Mercer is engaged, and needs us. So far, we have had our way. Soldiers, to the sound of Mercer's guns ! March !

[*All retire.*]

GEN. MERCER, *with drawn sword and with soldiers, rushes upon the stage.*

MERCER—To the front, brave men, and the fight is ours ! The British are coming with the bayonet. Give them the rifle in return. They have had it to-day already.

[*Before the volley is delivered, enter the British, who charge with the bayonet. MERCER'S troops, having no bayonets, retire. In the fighting, MERCER falls from bayonet wounds. Musketry is heard in the distance. WASHINGTON, with a force, then rushes on, and, after some fighting with sword and bayonet, the British give way and retire.*]

Enter AID.

AID [*to WASHINGTON*]—The enemy, overwhelmed by the deadly fire of Gen. Hitchcock, throw down their arms and yield as prisoners.

² Mercer, at Princeton, was sent to the west to destroy the bridge over Stony Brook, and to cut off these regiments. He was too late ; and these regiments, discovering Americans in their rear, returned to attack. Washington, hearing the sound of Mercer's cannon, marched to his aid. But meantime the British had charged Mercer with the bayonet. Mercer's troops, having no bayonets, being riflemen, gave way. Just then Washington came upon the ground and, in desperation, rode up to within thirty yards of the British line. Each line gave a volley. Gen. Hitchcock then brought up his brigade, and the British fled. The action, from first to last, lasted twenty minutes. The British lost 200 killed and 250 prisoners. The great loss of the Americans was the death of Gen. Mercer who was killed in the bayonet charge.—*Bancroft.*

WASHINGTON—Then the day is our own. Hitchcock, with New England's hearts of oak, came up just in time. Cornwallis will return. But he must not find us. [*To AID.*] Take orders to Gen. Putnam to secure the prisoners and guns. [*AID retires.—Bending over the body of MERCER.*] And thus a heavy grief comes in to swallow up our joy! It so often happens, on this weary round of life, that happiness, within the self-same hour won, is changed to infelicity; and in the very zenith of exultation, envious Fortune, coming with rapid steps, to our unwilling lips presses the cup of bitterness. Thus, now, is pricked the bubble of our pleasure. The foe yield. What counts this to lighten heavy hearts, since Mercer lies here, dead?^a Farewell, brave man! Let the muffled drum be the only music till he receives an honored sepulcher. [*Rising.*] And then to Morristown, to winter quarters, and a well-earned rest!

^a Mercer was unconscious upon the field and apparently dead. Mortally wounded, he died nine days after.

CURTAIN.

END OF ACT III.

ACT IV.

SCENE I. *Room of* COUNT DE VERGENNES, *Minister of*
KING LOUIS XVI., *in Royal Palace, at Versailles,*
France. Time: February, 1777.

COUNT DE VERGENNES, *Minister of Foreign Affairs,*
seated at a table.

VERGENNES—Since the English Henry was at Agincourt no time has been more auspicious to amend that history. The New World passed from our grasp at Quebec, and again the Briton beat us down. France can now revel in a revenge that cancels ages of humiliation. Before me Choiseul saw the future as I do now and humored this revolt. To follow him is wisdom.¹ Strike from England these Colonies, and she no longer threatens as the Colossus she hopes to be. Spain would have France do the deed of injury, but to share in it she dares not.² Nor is it policy that France too greedily advances to opportunity. Diplomacy shall hide the hand of mail, and that extend which is loaded with good intentions. The British Ambassador suspects our purpose—but filmy suspicion, with no solid proof supporting—the shadow, and not the knowledge of open act, is thus far his possession. Hence Lord Stormont storms in vain.³

Enter LOUIS XVI., *King of France.*

Heaven grant that your Majesty is in health this morning!

¹ Duc de Choiseul was minister of Louis XV. Choiseul watched the rising spirit of Colonial independence with joy. "Here," he said, "is the happy opportunity for dividing the British Empire."—*Bancroft.*

² Choiseul proposed to Spain a plan of commercial co-operation to benefit the Colonies, but the King of Spain did not act upon it.—*Bancroft.*

³ Vergennes said, in 1775, "The King's proclamation [of 1775]

LOUIS—Thanks, good Count. Receiving my summons, perhaps you divined the motive of this meeting?

VERGENNES—The Colonies, now in revolt from England?

LOUIS—Precisely. I am much harassed, not knowing what to do. Maurepas and Turgot—far-seeing men—are both against our interference.⁴

VERGENNES—How difficult it is to map the future, and line it here and there as if subject to our hand like the firm and measurable earth ! If this may be done with the precision of mechanics, then the statesman has survived his skill, and the dolt is as good as he in politics. Uncertainty ever hides behind the curtain of the future, and doubt rides with all foretelling. Choiseul was of opinion the opposite of Maurepas, and, as I think, was wiser in his reasoning. Now or never is the time to bring England to her knee, and we do this with the weapon we extend in friendship to these Colonies.



LOUIS—Shall I forget my place and the duty which royalty owes to royalty? Joseph of Austria, my royal brother, and here my visitor, refuses to see the agents of

cuts off the possibility of retreat ; America or the British ministers must succumb.”—*Bancroft*.

On October 31, 1775, Lord Stormont, the British ambassador, was received by Vergennes at the French Court, who said to him : “ France would not increase the embarrassments of England.” “ The consequences of the acts of the British ministry,” said Vergennes, “ are as obvious as those from the cession of Canada. I see the consequences which must follow the independence of North America. They might, when they pleased, conquer both your islands and ours and advance in power over both North and South America. The time for this being remote is none the less sure.” Vergennes had the courage of Choiseul, and he was equally sensitive for the dignity of France.—*Bancroft*.

⁴Maurepas and Turgot, both ministers of Louis XVI., did not deem it prudent to oppose Great Britain.

this revolt, saying, "I am a king by trade!" So, indeed, am I; and, therefore, may not hurt my guild more than he of other calling.⁶

VERGENNES—Sire, as the years roll on, great changes come. The people, once the puppet of the throne, are become its prop and master! The king who notes not this, or gives to it but little of respect, may some day miss the path of safety. Frenchmen to-day burn with a fiery frenzy to strike our rival across the Channel.⁶ It may scorch him sadly, even though he wears a crown, who seeks to check Vesuvius while he flames!

LOUIS—Your words fall upon ears which receive their lesson because they must. All Paris, all France, the Continent, go stumbling over rank and station to caress this democrat—this Franklin—whose name obscures all others.⁷

VERGENNES—Then let us profit from this current of opinion, since it runs to the defeat of England. This modern Prometheus controls the lightning; and, he permitting, we may direct the bolt!

LOUIS—We are not prepared for war, and the Colonies may fail.

VERGENNES—It is prudent they be smelted for a season, that we may know if they are gold or dross. When their swords shall win the right to kindness, then be it extended openly. Meanwhile, under cover, we alone shall know that which we do.

LOUIS—Their agents are already informed, in answer to that petition, handed to us when this year was young, that we cannot furnish either ships or cargoes.⁸

⁶ In 1777 Joseph II. of Austria was in Paris. He said: "I am a king by trade." Nor would he permit a visit from Franklin.—*Bancroft*.

⁶ To strike the nation's rival [England] was the sentiment of every Frenchman except the King.—*Bancroft*.

⁷ Franklin reached Paris December 21, 1776, and his fame and presence acted like a spell. He received the homage of the gay capital.—*Bancroft*.

⁸ "The King could not as yet," so Franklin and his associate commissioners were told, "furnish the Americans with either ships or cargoes. Time and events must be waited for."—*Bancroft*.

VERGENNES—Yes, sire. In happy contentment did they receive your gracious answer of refusal. This contentment grew from the private gift extended in your royal hand of credit and of money, which meant so much to them at home. The restless Beaumarchais quickly pushed to sea three ships, burdened deep with arms. Two of these have safely sailed their course; the third fell a prize to British guns.⁹

LOUIS—Then thus far has tribute been granted to the people. But we play a game that needs a crafty hand. The ocean is swept by American privateers, and they seek our harbors for their confiscations. The state must not forget its honor, even in deference to the people, wild with zeal to hurt our rival.

VERGENNES—All this admitted, Stormont has done no more than beat the air in harmless protest. We surely would not try to change the drama as now it runs.¹⁰

LOUIS—France sleeps serenely while your discretion guards. *[Exit the KING.]*

VERGENNES—So may France always sleep! Charles, a son of France—the mighty Hammer, for distinction called—struck down the Moor and saved all Europe to the Cross, the Crescent rising never more to threaten. She is ever found in the lead of liberal thought, whence grow generous states. France has earned the right to sleep serenely, if she sleeps at all.

⁹ "The King, unable to enter into a detail of supplies, will, nevertheless," so the commissioners were told, "mark his benevolence to the Americans by giving them secret succor which will extend their credit." This promise the King kept, and half a million of livres were paid the American commissioners quarterly. This was in answer to petition of the commissioners to the King, presented January, 1777, requesting ships, ammunition, and arms.—*Bancroft*.

With this aid three ships, laden with supplies, sailed for America. One was captured, and the other two reached America in time for the summer campaign of 1777.—*Bancroft*.

¹⁰ Stormont complained to his government [England], and reported how little his remonstrances were heeded.—*Bancroft*.

Enter FRANKLIN.

VERGENNES—Good-morning, doctor. You have opportunely come. I expected you.

FRANKLIN—You please me much, if coming, I hear good news. A lackey told me you were present, and as I have come on your commands I was not then too bold to enter.



VERGENNES—You are now, as ever, welcome. The King has just departed.

FRANKLIN — And, I hope, left behind him, in your keeping, good intentions for those I serve.

VERGENNES —Louis is a king, and, as a king, has no love for subjects who rebel.¹¹ No king has. Charles

of Spain will not sanction popular revolt, and so decides. Louis, however, bows to his people, who, through their Ministers,—or some of them,—daily make their wishes known to him.

FRANKLIN—The French are friendly to our cause. But not so you, who govern. Upon my landing, I was forbidden to enter Paris. Forbidden, as if a culprit.

¹¹ The King would burst out into a passion whenever he heard of help furnished to the Americans. But he could not suppress the enthusiasm of the French nation. The King was petulant at the praises of Franklin ; it was the public opinion of France that swayed him to help the young republic.—*Bancroft*.

VERGENNES—You came, however. The restraining order was much too late, or you too venturesome.¹²

FRANKLIN—And, being here, you would not turn me out for a dozen Englands? It was so unfortunate, you failed in time to stop me.¹³ [*Both laugh.*]

VERGENNES—It was a lapse most lamentable, and so the Ambassador of England was informed.

FRANKLIN—The shipment of many cargoes for our help have been forbidden from these ports.

VERGENNES—In all these, again, too late! The orders limped, and the cargoes sped. A strange misfortune, as England knows.¹⁴

FRANKLIN—You have denied the rights of harbor to our privateers?

VERGENNES—And in every case you have enjoyed that right as if you owned this kingdom. And saucily have your ships, with stomachs filled from keel to deck, put out to sea for further depredations. How like a snail in motion have been official mandates here, when aimed against America! Upon each lapse, as a convent nun, with eyes demurely floored, we make to England sighs of deep repentance. Then comes the offense again.¹⁵

¹² An order was sent to Franklin not to come to Paris; but the order came too late to Nantes, where Franklin landed, to prevent his coming.—*Morse's Franklin.*

¹³ Vergennes said to Stormont "that, should Franklin [missing the order] innocently arrive in Paris, it would be scandalous and against laws of nations to send him away."—*Morse's Franklin.*

The British Ambassador sent an official note to Vergennes that "he would quit France the moment permission was accorded to this chief of the rebels to set foot in Paris." He was informed that a courier had been sent to the seaport to forbid the Doctor's coming to Paris, but they could not say it would reach him in time.—*Bigelow.*

¹⁴ Ships were constantly leaving France for the United States, laden with all they most needed, and American vessels were received and protected. When Stormont remonstrated, they would be stopped. But presently the ship would take its cargo and sail, and the renewed complaints of Stormont would be put aside by the quiet earnestness of Vergennes.—*Bancroft.*

¹⁵ See Note 14. The *Reprisal* [American privateer] replenished its stores at Nantes, cruised off the French coast, and its five new prizes

FRANKLIN [*laughing heartily*—Count, it grieves me much to note such negligence. I fear that you give that worthy Ambassador of England cause for much anxiety. Watch me! Watch me closely, or here I'll equip an army, and with it march away.

VERGENNES—A thing most likely. Your pleasantry may be reality when you have successfully held the field a little longer. Be content that equivocation aids you now, and till the iron hand filled with material gifts openly supplants it.



FRANKLIN—I can ask no more.¹⁶ You gave me notice, Count, that I should meet a stranger here.

VERGENNES—An impetuous youth, who will not be denied admittance to your presence. He is now due.

Enter LAFAYETTE.

Good-morning, Marquis. You are on the tick of punctuality. Dr. Franklin, this is the Marquis de Lafayette, whom I commend to you.

[*DR. FRANKLIN and LAFAYETTE bow.*]

FRANKLIN—It gives me the greatest pleasure to meet any friend of yours, Vergennes. I did not catch the name.

were unmoored in French harbors. Stormont hurried to complain. "You come too late," said Vergennes; "orders have been sent that the American ship and her prizes put to sea." The *Reprisal* continued these depredations till midsummer. Stormont remonstrated with passion, and Vergennes prevaricated.—*Bancroft.*

¹⁶ These measures sanctioned by France were a war in disguise against England.—*Bancroft.*

Franklin knew, just as well as Vergennes did, that the French ministry was all the time favoring the privateersmen far beyond the law, and that it was ready to resort to any device for that purpose.—*Morse's Franklin.*

LAFAYETTE—My name is Gilbert Mortier de Lafayette. Called here at home Marquis de Lafayette.

FRANKLIN—And, Marquis, something of your name and family I know already. What service may I render you?

LAFAYETTE—Commend me to your government. I have closed a contract with Mr. Deane, your colleague, to serve your people, as best I can, in arms.¹⁷

FRANKLIN—Such commendation you shall have, and my heart dictate it. But you are young for such a daring enterprise.

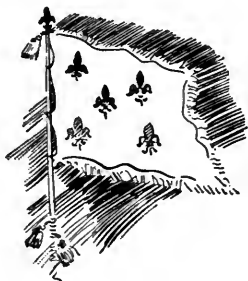
LAFAYETTE—If youth be my only fault, then this can be cured.

FRANKLIN—But you must live to cure it. I would not encourage your journey across the sea. Disaster has followed us in America—though the news of Trenton and of Princeton, lately come, revive brave expectations.

LAFAYETTE—If your country did not need my sword, I would not tender it. I seek to confer, not to receive, a favor.

FRANKLIN—I am overwhelmed with such an offer of aid, but from very different motives—who would fight our battles, if sure profit followed! We are very poor in purse. You should know the worst.

LAFAYETTE—The greater reason this for my engagement. I am rich in purse, and will provide my own ship for transportation. Then I am not debtor to any man.¹⁸



¹⁷ Franklin commended Lafayette by letters which had real value, from the fact of the extreme rarity of such warranty from this source. —*Morse's Franklin*.

¹⁸ When Franklin told Lafayette plainly that the credit of the government was too low to furnish the volunteers [Lafayette, De Kalb, and others] a transport, "Then," said the young man, "I will purchase one myself." And he did so.—*Bancroft*.

FRANKLIN—You are a favorite of the Court. Distinguished in rank, with youth and health and wealth to buttress it securely. A young wife adds to favors which fall upon you, thick as flowers poured from the cornucopian horn.

VERGENNES—To this you may add, the King, in disapproval, forbids this madcap's journey to America.¹⁹

FRANKLIN—What moves you to this sacrifice of pleasures, which others would dare much to keep when gained?

LAFAYETTE—Were I made for no better end than to loll in drowsy dullness, it were well to ask me as you have. The dog in my kennel, which this hand feeds, is sleek from luxury, and daily fawns for more. I could take a lesson from his contentment, and in the rounds of ease sing my own life away : and be a dog. With this as highest wish, then let me die at once, a groveler upon the earth, and give place to some better beast. From across the water he who listens hears that men of brave thoughts, and with high, inspiring aims, are up in action



to lift mankind into a higher destiny. Wrong is to be suppressed, tyranny trampled down, and liberty defended. Such purpose thrills, as if proclaimed with voice supernal, and every man, worthy of the name, should join his kindred. Shall I sit here and seek a lazy rest when others in godlike deeds are spurring on to Fame's proud temple that reaches up to heaven? The thought of duty in such stirring times urges the impatient body on, and healthy fiber tires from inaction. The clarion call of heroes, swelling across the sea, sounds

¹⁹ Lafayette received orders from the King [Louis XVI.] to give up his expedition to America. But he braved the order, and sailed on the 26th of April, 1777.—*Bancroft*.

in my ears, and I cry back to them, I come!—I come!²⁰

VERGENNES—All the young men of France are thus impelled, and our gracious Queen abets them.²¹

FRANKLIN [*to* LAFAYETTE]—So far as I can direct it, you shall stand with the best in our armies. [*All retire.*]

SCENE II. *Royal Council Chamber, Buckingham Palace, London. Same as Act II. Scene 3. Time: February, 1777.*

Enter KING GEORGE III., LORD NORTH, LORD GERMAIN, and GEN. BURGOYNE.

KING—This news of Trenton comes to plague us, at the time when expectation had fixed its seal upon the bond of victory. Bad work has been somewhere done.

GERMAIN—Our Generals have been slow to harvest after advantage gained, your Majesty. At Long Island and on the heights of Harlem a quick advance would have secured to us all who stood opposed in arms. The autumnal fruits thus garnered into our bins as the reward of summer's trials, the barren stubble left could not disquiet us. Across New Jersey we kept the traitors in front, when we should have gathered them behind as prisoners. At Trenton we slept until the enemy, at his pleasure, awoke us with his guns. I am no soldier, but as a novice say this is not the way to conquer. Burgoyne, is this so?¹

²⁰ To his young wife Lafayette wrote while at sea: "From love to me become a good American. The welfare of America is clearly bound up in the welfare of all mankind; it is about to become the safe asylum of virtue, tolerance, equality, and peaceful liberty."—*Bancroft*.

²¹ The Queen of France [Marie Antoinette] applauded the heroism of Lafayette. "The same folly," said Vergennes, "has turned the heads of our young people."—*Bancroft*.

¹ Germain sought to screen the ministry by throwing the blame upon the delays or inactivity of Clinton, Carleton, and Howe.—*Bancroft*.

BURGOYNE—Excuse me if I hesitate to criticise my fellow-soldiers. This is the courtesy of arms.

NORTH—Howe fails to recognize the efficacy of energetic action. A younger and more dashing chief will redeem the past ; and I think we have him here, though he is too modest to admit it.

BURGOYNE—You do me too much honor, if your reference be to me.

KING—Gen. Howe calls for fifteen thousand more troops. We are not preparing to assail all Europe after the Colonies. Yet upon such a levy might such suspicion rest.²

GERMAIN—We cannot get them. Every effort has been put forth with our German friends, hitherto so generous, and the additions made to us will not exceed three thousand.

KING—Carleton, too, calls for thirty thousand. Burgoyne, are so many men required ?³

BURGOYNE—Your Majesty, with skill led forward—a wise plan, of course, preceding—one-third of this number could cleave from north to south as the ax divides the log by blow of proper aim.

KING—Have you arranged a plan ?

GERMAIN—We have, your Majesty, to be followed upon your approval. The line of strategy is now as it was a year ago—a march from Canada to New York, down a dividing stream, the Hudson named. To our General Carleton last autumn was given the order to do this deed. He advanced to Crown Point, scattering opposition, and there encamped ; further motion was to return upon his march to Canada, leaving, as we learn, a stricken enemy wondering at his retreat. Thus he in

² Gen. Howe [in the spring of 1777] had requested re-enforcements of fifteen thousand men. But Germain professed to think such a requisition ought not to be complied with.—*Bancroft*.

³ Gen. Carleton [in Canada] wanted thirty thousand more.—*Von Elking*.

part did the work assigned him. The better half remained undone when he fell back.⁴

KING—We have in America too many generals who, like this one, promise much and do but little.

GERMAIN—Burgoyne agrees, with ten thousand men, to march to Albany, the central point in a field of action. With a column from the west, through the Mohawk Valley, and Gen. Howe from New York, all conjoining here, the work is not in part, but wholly done; and then rebellion, as we believe, dealt a mortal wound.

KING—Who is to lead this column from the West?

GERMAIN—No one has yet been named. It is a wild march through a savage land.

KING—Then let it be Col. Barry St. Leger. A trusty man for a desperate work. And chief command be given to Burgoyne, who is here to pledge success. We are weary of this delay to restore to our kingdom peace.⁵

BURGOYNE—Bearing this confidence of your Majesty, I will be in Canada before May blossoms fall; and moving at once bring victory home when the fruits ripen in the autumn.⁶

GERMAIN—Upon the calendar this is a year remarkable. Three like figures mark it. May three sevens,

⁴ On the 14th of October, 1776, Carleton landed at Crown Point [driving Arnold before him]. He waited for tidings from Howe, and on the 28th of October his army began its return to Canada. On November 3 his rear guard abandoned Crown Point. British officers were astonished at his retreat, which seemed to the Americans a flight that could not be accounted for.—*Bancroft*.

⁵ This plan [marching from Canada to Albany, with a union there from West and South] appeared magnificent to the Cabinet in London, and was persisted in through the fascinating promises of Burgoyne. St. Leger was selected by the King to conduct the expedition against Fort Stanwix and through the Mohawk Valley.—*Bancroft*.

⁶ Burgoyne, on the 6th of May, 1777, with his re-enforcements arrived at Quebec with orders to supersede Gen. Carleton with the army that was to move to Albany as soon as it crossed the border of Canada into hostile territory.—*Bancroft*.

with the unit in front of all, be the lucky number in the links of time that wins a rest from this tedious strife !

KING—What success attends recruiting in America ?

GERMAIN—In New York, and in New Jersey, we have gained more than a regiment of resident soldiers. Loyalty to the crown is still there found, and heard, too, when free to speak.⁷



KING—This does not include savage support ? My thoughts run to this.

GERMAIN—Brant, the chief of many Indian tribes, is enlisted with us. Thousands will follow in his train, with tomahawk and scalping knife ; terrible both to civilized communities.

I maintain my promise to the Commons, that the plan just submitted will surely end this war, and before this year is closed.⁸

KING—There is one annoyance that should have

⁷ American recruiting stations were established for British service. De Lancey, in New York, recruited about six hundred and Cortlandt Skinner, in New Jersey, about five hundred.—*Bancroft*.

⁸ The King greatly favored the employment of Indians. "Lose no time," he ordered, "to induce them to take up the hatchet against the rebellious subjects in America." Joseph Brant, the Mohawk chief, roused his countrymen for the war. Germain drew out the plan of the Northern campaign in concert with Burgoyne. These preparations, Germain assured the House of Commons, would end the war.—*Bancroft*.

abatement even at cost of severest remedy. Our commerce moves with timid sail, since armed cruisers of America dare molest it. No recognized power grants charters of the sea to these marauders; hence they are pirates, and should as such be treated.

GERMAIN—The naval commissions, as issued now, so direct. Armed vessels of America are pirates, as we make the law; and within the scope of our instructions their men, as soon as captured, are to be hanged at the English yardarm.⁹

KING—Lord Stormont continues to report the perfidy of France. She receives these corsairs and their prizes, all the while professing friendship and neutrality for us, a friendly power.¹⁰

GERMAIN—More than that; she entertains, upon the footing of an ambassador, this Franklin, too long tolerated here in London. And the court and mob exalt him as a hero.

BURGOYNE—If all goes as here provided, the day is near when French manners must be mended! Tumble your hero into the gutter and he becomes as loathsome as his companion there, even to his idolaters! When their banners are toppled down by the King's artillery, the gutter awaits them all! In the campaign this day arranged we shall do our best to teach the need of greater honesty in French diplomacy!

KING—Blow high or low, traitors are on the rack; and we'll not rest till treason bows the neck. [*All retire.*]

⁹ In February, 1777, letters were granted to private ships to make prizes of American vessels; and American privateersmen were to be treated as pirates.—*Bancroft*.

¹⁰ See Notes 14 and 15, Act IV. Scene 1.

SCENE III. *Camp of WASHINGTON, at Middlebrook, N. J.*
Time: May 28, 1777.

Enter GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD *and* CAPT., *now* COL.,
 STANDISH.

STANDISH—Here we are in the camp of my chief, and here I could contentedly remain.

ARNOLD—Since you left, however, you have changed the signs upon your shoulders to a higher grade. In the army we live for rank and honors.

STANDISH—And you, too, General, have been fortunate. What Congress denied to your merits a few weeks ago you have wrung from it by your valor since—the epaulets of a Major General.¹

ARNOLD—These sages of civil life; they select commanders from the soil they grow upon as they do their cabbage! I was born in Connecticut, and that State had two major generals to it accredited. Because of this, though I were an Alexander, geography was as fatal to me as a ton of lead around my neck in the open sea, in these new selections! Standish, this was to me an insult, which sooner or later I would have avenged upon these men. And as it is, I fear, sometimes, that I may remember it when I should not do so!²

STANDISH—Danbury changed that and humiliated the humiliators.

ARNOLD—But for Washington, who knew a wrong was done, and urged a remedy, I am not sure Congress would have revised its map. For like reason, since I know no other, Stark was neglected. He breasted

¹ On April 23, 1777, a corps of British, under Gen. Tryon, made an effort to destroy an American magazine at Danbury, Conn. Arnold and Wooster assailed them in front and rear, and they were routed. Congress, at Washington's instance, appointed Arnold a Major General.—*Bancroft*.

² Congress, in appointing four more major generals [in 1777], on the pretext that Connecticut already had two, passed over Arnold, the oldest Brigadier. Arnold was very angry, and wrote: "By Heavens! I am a villain if I seek not a brave revenge for wounded honor!"—*Bancroft*.

hostile bullets at Bunker Hill, at Princeton, and in other fights between. Had he been Great Jove, and smitten the enemy with his lightnings, having been born in New Hampshire, his deeds would weigh as nothing against this natal error. Stark has gone home angry. To curse his native hills, no doubt, for playing the base trick of wet-nursing him !

STANDISH—You are in error as to Stark. In him Congress found a stubborn will, but little used to the obedient mood, and so did not call him.³ Gallant Stark ! No matter where he sulks or hides, when the blast of war blows in his ears, he will be found in the front ranks for freedom ! Honor holds him fast to honor's shield, heedless of the rank his shoulders carry ! Gen. Tryon will not seek to cross swords again with you, Gen. Arnold !



ARNOLD—Perhaps not. At Danbury we were outnumbered heavily. Tryon destroyed the stores and burned the village. But homeward bound we caught him. While I was in front at Ridgewood, brave Wooster, from behind, pushed him on, as the mastiff tears at the flanks of the frightened bull ! We rode fetlock stained among the dead ! Night came to the relief of these torch-bearing Britons, and under its friendly cover they escaped our further vengeance !

STANDISH—Your horse was shot under you ! And for this Congress votes you a fresh animal, and in rank makes you what you are ! Wooster, pressing close, fell

³ On the same day six new brigadiers were appointed. Stark stood at the head of the roll for New Hampshire, but was passed over on the idea that he was self-willed. Chafing at the injustice, he retired to his farm.—*Bancroft*.

with his face to the British line ! I then crimsoned my sword with the wine of British lives in recompense !⁴

ARNOLD—And so heavy was the toll exacted that you are now a Colonel.

Enter WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON [*bowing to both*]—Gen. Arnold, to this camp I could give no one a warmer welcome. Of late, as heretofore,—for so your habit is,—you have been giving these English a cutting blade ! At Danbury you added new laurels to such as already twine around you !

ARNOLD—General, the hardships of war are lighter when they are softened with such commendation.

WASHINGTON—Since Princeton, we have rested upon these Jersey hills. But winter has folded his icy wings, and summer brings a grateful recompense for his nipping rage. Howe, shaking off a city's dullness, has ventured forth to tread among our flowers, and, like busy bees, we have stung him back again. To-day we advance our camp from Morristown here to Middlebrook to test the courage of these Britons. In New York City, and within its call, they have a force of twenty-five thousand men, and we confront them with one-third that number.⁵

⁴On the return of Tryon from Danbury, Arnold confronted him and Wooster hung upon his rear. Arnold's horse was killed under him and Wooster fell mortally wounded. The British fled, with a loss of two hundred men.—*Bancroft*.

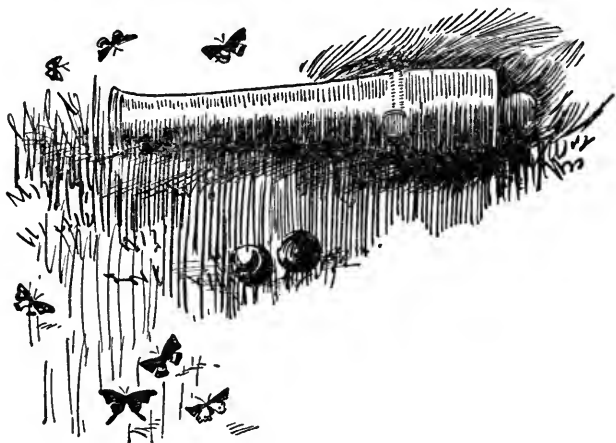
⁵On May 28, 1777, Washington advanced his army from Morristown to Middlebrook. Gen. Howe had now a force of thirty thousand men, with which he passed into New Jersey. Washington, to meet this force, had seven thousand five hundred. Howe tried to draw Washington from his strong position, and failed. On June 22 Howe returned to Amboy, with the Americans assailing his rear, and Washington advanced to Quibletown. Howe turned upon him, and Washington fell back to his mountain passes.—*Frost*.

On the 30th of June Howe left New Jersey, never again to step on its soil. A great American victory could have accomplished no more.—*Bancroft*.

Congress fretted at Washington's caution. To all censures Washington replied : " As I have one great object in view, I shall steadily move to the accomplishment of it." And in this he baffled an enemy of much more than twice his number.—*Bancroft*.

ARNOLD—You will whip Howe badly, with no greater difference between you. One to five against us, I regard as fair battle. He will not assail you upon present terms.

WASHINGTON—You jest on serious things. I dare not venture a struggle against such odds, unless intrenched.



If he throws the gauge,—and so he may,—I will repel him from these hills, which are nature's battlements. But I would not risk a conflict in the open field. Suspecting him of wish for Philadelphia to quarter in next winter, should he cross New Jersey to gain his end, we are here to dispute the road. If he wins his goal, we shall still be near to watch and worry him, as once we did when Boston gave him shelter.

STANDISH—I notice, General, that you at least have not lost heart, since even to the coming winter you forecast your plans.

WASHINGTON—If, after Long Island, I held fast to hope, I surely will do so now. Thanks to Franklin and to generous France, we are at last equipped. Guns, stores, and ammunition have crossed the seas to us.

Our little navy has done its share ; and, in a measure independent of them all, we now make for ourselves things most needed. Unity, unity of action, is what we sadly want to-day.

ARNOLD—The old cry : our cause still weakened from the jealousy of meaner men, who fawn at the feet of power, and by private favor win the place of eminence. And Congress favors this ! Will this go on forever ?

WASHINGTON—I make no reflections upon any man, and will be no partisan, since I am the Chief. It is a grave danger that Schuyler and Gates will not act in harmony. To their dissensions we may chiefly charge the loss of our stores at Peekskill.⁶

STANDISH—Schuyler is the older in rank. Gates should not seek to climb at his cost.

WASHINGTON—In March last Congress ordered that my judgment in the army should be supreme. It was a decree of empty sound, for, since then, Congress has taken sole charge of this Northern quarrel. When Gates was made, one year ago this June, commander of the forces operating in Canada, it was not supposed that he would claim from this to rank Schuyler, when this same Canadian army came within our borders. This he did, however, and Congress opposed his view.⁷

STANDISH—And straightway, like a tricky politician, Gates began to flatter and plead for place to Schuyler's detriment. For this he sought Congress, and left you at the ferry ; and while the Delaware you crossed to Trenton, he crossed to Baltimore. From that day he has bombarded the civil rulers in his own behalf.⁸

WASHINGTON—I will not join you, Standish, in your criticism. Men are weak. And even those of merit

⁶ In the early part of the year [1777] the stores of the American army deposited at Peekskill were destroyed.—*Bancroft*.

⁷ Harmony between them [Schuyler and Gates] was impossible.—*Bancroft*.

⁸ Just before Washington moved across the Delaware [to assault Trenton, in which Gates was to assist], a letter was handed him from Gates. "From Gen. Gates. Where is he ?" said Washington. "On his way to Congress in Baltimore," was the answer.—*Bancroft*.

sometimes value themselves higher than others do. Schuyler, fretting from interference, in petulance wrote to Congress, and that body, without consulting me, not even giving notice of the act, appointed Gates as chief of Schuyler's army.⁹

ARNOLD—Were I the head of our troops, Congress should know the danger of such insolence.

WASHINGTON—Then, Arnold, I rejoice that you are not that head. There can be but one supreme authority in the state, and we should bow to that, though error at times may taint it. Gates was of opinion that too many troops were here, and asked Congress to divide my command for his benefit. The makers of our laws so ordered, and I obeyed. I did think application should be made by Gates to me as Chief; but, since he thought otherwise, I would not cavil about the shadow, if the substance was to be made more secure. The substance is to destroy the invaders of our soil; all else is shadow.¹⁰

ARNOLD—I assure you, General, you act with too much patience. Times are out of joint when subordinates thus flout their commander; yielding does not mend them. With all his cunning, Gates lost his game. Schuyler is again in favor.

WASHINGTON—So you know that, do you? In the turn of fortune's wheel, only one week ago, Schuyler was once more by Congress given command of the Northern Army. But will this stay so? I have laid the

⁹ Congress, without consulting the Commander-in-chief, directed Gates to repair to Ticonderoga and take command of the army there [superseding Schuyler].—*Bancroft*.

¹⁰ Gates, in April, 1777, wrote to Congress: "I foresee the worst consequences from too great a proportion of the army being in New Jersey" [with Washington]. Congress forthwith ordered Washington to forward troops to Gates, and he did so. Washington thought application should be made to him.—*Bancroft*.

"My own difficulties have been increased [wrote Washington] by the extra aid of troops which I have spared from this army. [Sent to Gates.] But it is to be hoped all will yet end well. If the cause is advanced, indifferent it is to me where or in what quarter it happens."
—*Irving*.

plans for meeting these hirelings from Canada, but who, at last, will execute them? Arnold, I intend to send you there, when the plot ripens and the battle comes threatening on."¹¹

ARNOLD—Wherever Washington directs, there will Arnold go, pledged to do his utmost.

WASHINGTON—This I know, and therefore want Arnold at our Northern gates, where giants will assail.



I cannot tell—indeed, I do not yet know—who will lead the British, but the importance of the movement will enlist their best. Standish, you also will gather new honors there, or have the opportunity. I cast from myself the bayonet and flint of my own armor—for such are you to me—when I send you off. But I would defeat these visitors at any cost. Near New York I must remain to watch the head assailant, who there encamps his mightiest power. With such strength as I may gather here, I will trust myself to fortune. [*All retire.*]

¹¹ Alarmed at Schuyler's [now again, July, 1777, in command in place of Gates] want of fortitude, Washington ordered Arnold, who was fearless, to join Schuyler at Saratoga; and also, even to his irretrievable loss, Glover's Brigade, in addition to others sent.—*Bancroft*.

SCENE IV. *Headquarters of GEN. HOWE in New York City. Time : June, 1777.*

Enter GEN. HOWE, GEN. SIR HENRY CLINTON, and GEN. LORD CORNWALLIS.

HOWE—Sir Henry, I shall do no such thing. If this be disobedience of orders, then Germain may make the most of it.

CLINTON—It is commanded, so I read, that you and your power shall join Burgoyne at Albany, when he comes there, the expected conqueror.

HOWE—Not so, Sir Henry. I am notified that Burgoyne will try and join me by way of the Hudson. Very well. This he may do, if he can. It is an outrage that Carleton is so treated ; and also much of insult this order brings to me. Should we, who have grown old in dodging cannon balls, now bow in deference to this upstart John Burgoyne ? These men who plan campaigns in London may come and execute them. I have written Germain that this Northern army will get little of aid from me ; and that while he makes plans, I do the same—that I have resolved to assail Philadelphia.¹

CORNWALLIS—General, was not that a hasty letter, which cooler thought will wish to cancel ?

HOWE—No ! By the heavens above us, no ! For years I have had a soldier's fare here in America. Lived in wretched tents, and many times, of necessity, with coarsest food satisfied dainty appetite. Have frozen in the winter and scorched in summer's heat, and through it all planned, marched, and fought ; and with all borne such anxiety as is known only to a chief commander.

¹Gen. Howe was notified that Burgoyne had orders to force a junction with his army. Gen. Howe was indignant [at Burgoyne's command] and dispatched to the Secretary [Lord Germain] his plan of campaign. He announced his determination to evacuate the Jerseys and invade Pennsylvania by water from the sea. He further made known to Carleton and to the Secretary [Germain], that the army which was to advance from Canada [under Burgoyne] would receive but little assistance from him.—*Bancroft*.

CLINTON—And, as I think, have won great battles, worthy of reward.

HOWE—And this reward? It is that I give myself as a wing to this fledgling, that he may soar, and say to a gaping world, "Look, I am the conqueror of America!" Again, I will not do it. I have asked for re-enforcements, and, where I expected fifteen thousand, got but three. This noble lord is mortified, indeed, that my successes are tarnished by defeat.² He has written so. Who rolls on, and still on, to successive triumphs? The highest soaring pinion from mere exhaustion will sometimes seek the plain, though it mounts again.



CLINTON—It is the fault with some never once upon a field of battle, to think they can set the fighting squadrons best.

CORNWALLIS—It is the wisdom of ignorance. The world is full of it.

HOWE—Then I will not yield to it. I would rather be a traitor to a fool than to my King.

CLINTON—General, pardon me; you are rash. You will feel less of injury when the fever goes. Meantime let me counsel moderation both in speech and conduct.

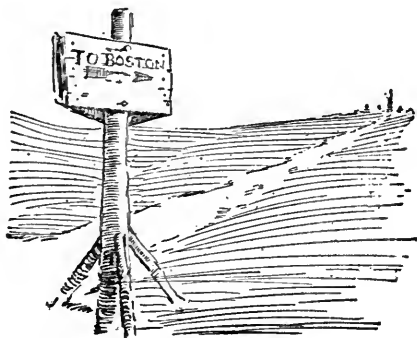
CORNWALLIS—As your friend, I urge Sir Henry's wise advice.

HOWE—I accept your cooler judgment, gentlemen, and sink the man into the soldier. These are my plans: I leave you here, Sir Henry, with six thousand, to keep

² In May Howe received letters from Germain, after the news of the disasters at Trenton and Princeton had reached England, who expressed his mortification that the brilliancy of Howe's successes had been tarnished.—*Bancroft*.

Germain gave it as the King's opinion "that a 'warm diversion' should be made upon the coast of Massachusetts." Gen. Howe answered, "It was not consistent with other operations."—*Bancroft*.

what we have gained.³ Such aid as you may give Burgoyne be your affair, not mine. With the rest I will sail for Philadelphia,—since the sea is more friendly than dry land,—and so give up the march intended. As you know, when Washington advanced from his hills in Morristown to Middlebrook, I offered battle upon the plain, which he declined. I will not attack his intrench-



ments, nor move across New Jersey, with him on flank and rear. It is now high summer, and we can best show our regard for July the Fourth, become the day of honor with these proud reformers, by sailing hence at this pompous time, and advancing, as wind and tide may favor us, upon the town where was hatched this ill-feathered bird of independence. I will gain it, or Germain may mortify again at my tarnished glory.

CLINTON—With knowledge of the grave responsibility, I assume command here ; as so you honor me.

HOWE—Cornwallis, you sail with me.

CORNWALLIS—Whenever the sails are bellied by favoring winds, I shall be found on board. [*All retire.*]

³ On the 5th of July Gen. Howe, leaving six thousand men in New York under Sir Henry Clinton, began to embark the main body of his army for an expedition against Philadelphia.—*Bancroft*.

SCENE V. *Headquarters of GEN. CARLETON at Three Rivers, Canada.*¹ *Time : June, 1777.*

Enter GEN. SIR GUY CARLETON and GEN. FREDERICK RIEDESEL.

CARLETON—You men of Germany must learn the field from us, who for years have tramped through its briers and felt the pricking thorns.

RIEDESEL—An old soldier can claim some right to judge the future, from the weight of his artillery and that opposed. This campaign will surely end a wretched war and England regain her own. I am posing as a prophet.²

CARLETON—And so have others, and been scourged, by loss of reputation as seers, for doing so. You men from Brunswick will better know the enemy when you have met him. You may then revise your prophecy.

RIEDESEL—The plan of uniting the army of Canada with that of Howe at Albany, St. Leger advancing from the west, is well laid. Successful execution must bring the end, as I have prophesied.

CARLETON—Who will stand sponsor for such successful execution? I will not. If you consent, then great is your generosity. I have tried to gain the views of Howe thereon, and the cave of silence is not more quiet, so far, than he.³ I much suspect he turns his eyes away and refuses to see the signal of attack in this direction. And I do not censure him; though between us there is no friendship that should make either fret at the other's

¹ It was at Three Rivers, Canada, that the British army in early June, 1777, held high revelry; and as soon as it passed the Canadian borders, Carleton ceased to command.

² "This campaign [under Burgoyne] will surely end the war," was the opinion given by Riedesel.—*Bancroft*.

³ Gen. Carleton had tried to get word from Howe, and failed. Gen. Carleton sent out small bodies of Indians to gather news of Howe's army. Riedesel wrote the Duke of Brunswick [spring of 1777] that Carleton had not the slightest idea of Howe's plans or the whereabouts of his army.—*Von Eelking*.

injury.⁴ He, as well as I, has been overreached by a subordinate. This plan of attack is mine. Another would pluck and wear its honors.⁵

RIEDELSEL—Gen. Carleton, I came here to fight the enemies of King George; not to mingle in the quarrels of his officers.

CARLETON—Nor shall you find any quarrel, with me a party. I obey as a soldier should, but not beyond the letter of my supplanting order, stintedly construed. I have turned over the army of Canada—that part about to cross the border—to Gen. Burgoyne. Such is the command. He may lead it where and how he will, but I go not with him to grace his car. I remain in Canada, as Gen. Burgoyne knows from me.⁶



RIEDELSEL—And so all of us who march will share in a common loss.

CARLETON—In '59 I was with Wolfe before Quebec; and on my person bear the scars of battle there as my credentials. For years I have been the ranking soldier of the King in all America, but specially have com-

⁴ Riedesel wrote his sovereign that the relations between Carleton and Howe were very much strained.—*Von Eelking*.

⁵ The plan was Carleton's, made in 1776, of moving the Canadian army to Albany, there to be joined by Howe from the south and by an expedition through the Mohawk Valley.—*Von Eelking*.

The scheme was Carleton's, who outranked Howe, and, on the union of forces, would have chief command.—*Bancroft*.

⁶ On May 6, 1777, Burgoyne reached Quebec. Carleton was amazed at dispatches censuring his conduct in the last campaign; and ordering him to make over to an inferior officer [Burgoyne] the command of the Canadian army as soon as it should cross the boundary of the province of Quebec [Canada].—*Bancroft*.

manded the Canadian army. Some service is set to my account. But what of that? A life of toil and triumphs, such as the great Macedonian endured and won, would all go as nothing, should an unfriendly Minister be the critic.⁷

Enter GEN. BURGOYNE.

RIEDESEL—Good-morning, General.

BURGOYNE—Also to you, Riedesel. And may every morning renew a blessing to you, Gen. Carleton!

CARLETON—A timely salutation, and needed much by me.

BURGOYNE—I am sure you would not scold Dame Fortune, who has crowned an honored brow so lavishly.

CARLETON—And yet, sometimes, her good intent will fail, counterpoised by the bad intent of others.

BURGOYNE—We all meet disappointments. Constant pleasures sicken, as continued sweets would do. Variety is the new birth of daily life, and rescues the humblest from monotony. Too smooth a road is tiresome, as one too rough, and the reason in each the same.

CARLETON—A soldier seldom finds his road too smooth.

BURGOYNE—I trust, Gen. Carleton, to yourself pertaining, I am free from the charge of any act that roughens it.

CARLETON—I am without evidence, and so acquit you. But this I know: You have my command; how you gained it, while I was at the post of duty here and you in London, three thousand miles away, you can better answer.

BURGOYNE—Do you doubt me in this? Or do you put in question my loyalty to you, whom so long I followed with most willing steps?

⁷ Carleton answered with passionate recrimination the reproaches of Germain.—*Bancroft*.

CARLETON—I know not whom to doubt or question. But I shall know in time. The guilty man shall answer to me for this affront, even though he be a Minister of the King.

BURGOYNE—I regret that thus you arraign Germain ; for to him, as I perceive, you point.⁸

CARLETON—He has censured me ; and, after, deprived me of command as one unfit to lead. That command is now yours. May you have honor in keeping it !

BURGOYNE—And the honor in keeping it, no whit outweigh the honor in obtaining it ! And both be as two rills that, flowing through the land, are each unto the other a counterpart in clear and sparkling volume.

CARLETON—You sing in a lofty strain. You were with the King and his advisers when I fell from the grace of all. He who seeks a place which royalty may give, it is better for him to bombard a prince's ears than a battery of hostile guns.

BURGOYNE [*grasping the hilt of his sword*]—Gen. Carleton, your words convey a meaning for which the speaker should feel resentment from this blade, did they fall from other lips.

RIEDESEL [*stepping between them*]—When two commanders of such rank assail each other, both injure a prop that upholds a throne.

BURGOYNE—Gen. Riedesel, if you are ready, we will join the army and move at once upon our expedition. The wives and families of officers, who so desire, have permission to attend our march, since no danger can threaten them.⁹ [*All retire.*]

⁸ See Note 7.

⁹ Officers' wives attended their husbands, promising themselves an agreeable trip.—*Bancroft*.

SCENE VI. *Encampment in the Valley of the Mohawk, near Fort Stanwix. Time: August, 1777.**Enter* GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD *and* COL. STANDISH.

ARNOLD—We need go no further at such breathless pace. Herkimer has paralyzed this arm of Burgoyne without our aid. Fort Stanwix has not yielded, but St. Leger has, and is now in full retreat.



STANDISH — Glorious news! From what source obtained?

ARNOLD—A scout just in reports it. In ambuscade of savage warriors at Oriskany, Herkimer was sorely pressed, till Gansevoort sent relief from the fort upon the report to him of the approach and battle. This changed the conflict. The Indians carried some scalps away, but left in death many of their braves as recompense.

STANDISH—Schuyler will find in this great solace for all his troubles, and they are many.

ARNOLD—The plan to strike the enemy and wound him here was wise. Our march back to Albany will be quickened from the news we carry.¹

Enter a MESSENGER.

MESSENGER—I am sent to you, Gen. Arnold, to make report.

ARNOLD—You may give it here. Who sends you?

MESSENGER—Col. Gansevoort. After the fight at

¹ Gen. Schuyler [now end of July, 1777, again in command of the Northern army over Gates] had ordered Gen. Arnold [as suggested by Washington], with a Massachusetts brigade, to go to the relief of Fort Stanwix, defended by Col. Gansevoort against St. Leger.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Exp., etc.*

In the battle of Oriskany, the savages fought with wild valor. But thirty-three and more among them, the chief warriors of the Senecas, lay dead beneath the trees.—*Bancroft.*

Oriskany,—where slaughter sought the Indian as if death's favorite,—by savage scouts reports were carried to St. Leger that you were approaching, many thousand strong. Whether true or false, the end was that, panic-stricken, these red-skinned allies of the English swept from their General's hands all authority. They turned in plunder upon the men they served, and many a British soldier now mourns their contact. St. Leger, infected with the fear, followed them in retreat. When this flight began, you, with such force as you may lead, were yet forty miles away. Tents, artillery, and stores are left to us.²

ARNOLD—Then we have not marched in vain. Upon my head be the guilt of the false rumor that did an army's labor. While marching hither—this you may report to Gansevoort—Hon-Yost was taken as a spy and condemned, as such, to die. His mother, an Indian witch or gypsy, begged his life, which I gave back on condition that he carry the tale into St. Leger's camp, now by you reported.³ For surety, his brother was held as hostage. He has done his work. The brother gains his freedom; and the fortune-telling mother may now resume her ghostly task of turning the mirror of the future to the present eye. If Deception were a deity, and did good like this, I'd worship her. Here we find

² Long before Arnold, with his relief expedition, approached, an Indian ran into St. Leger's camp, reporting that a thousand men were coming against them. Another, and still another, Indian came, increasing the number to thousands. The wild warriors turned to the robbery of British officers and made off. St. Leger, in a panic, followed, though Arnold was yet forty miles away.—*Bancroft*.

³ On the journey to Fort Stanwix, Arnold had captured a half-witted fellow named Hon-Yost Schuyler, who had spent his life among the Indians. He was condemned to die. His mother implored Arnold to spare his life. The old woman was a gypsy in character, and pleaded with eloquence and pathos. Arnold consented that Hon-Yost should live on condition that Hon-Yost should hasten to the camp of St. Leger and so alarm him that he would fly. The mother offered herself as hostage, but his brother was accepted, and Hon-Yost undertook the task. Hon-Yost did as agreed, and the ruse succeeded. Hon-Yost then gave Gansevoort his first information of the advance of Arnold.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Exp., etc.*

rich recompense for tiresome days of tramping through trackless forests. And how fares gallant Herkimer?

MESSENGER—Wounded, he refused to leave while the fight was on. Supported by a tree, he ordered the battle to the end. Though yet alive, his wound is mortal.⁴

ARNOLD—I wish that part had been left untold; for it is a heavy cloud upon a radiant sky. To him, in such a death, is all the gain, and the loss is ours. Most favored of mortals, he, to strike, and, striking, win the first blow in this last campaign of tyranny. Wounded and dying, he would not leave the fight while yet life's current run—it was thus you made report—and that stopping, he mounts to bivouac eternal. Immortal sacrifice! In years to come, little children upon their sire's knee will be told this tale, and, wondering, lisp "Brave



Herkimer!" Gray-beards tottering under the load of years, when they repeat the story o'er and o'er a thousand times, with rekindling eye will add at close, to round their eulogy: "Grand Old Herkimer!" Beware, Burgoyne! Tremble at the name of

Herkimer! He yet fights on, for deathless is his example. This August heat glows with good news. Then let it rage and burn its blessings upon our submissive heads!

MESSENGER—In this battle was raised over the fort the banner of the Republic, last June adopted. Thir-

⁴ Herkimer [in the battle of Oriskany of August 6, 1777] fell, wounded below the knee; but he remained on the ground giving orders to the end. He was placed against the trunk of a tree for support, and thus continued the battle.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Exp., etc.*

teen stripes of red and white, and thirteen stars upon a ground of blue.⁵

STANDISH—Why, this is the baptism of our flag. Emblem of free men, thus saluted, its destiny be the engirdled globe!

ARNOLD—To our troops, the command—on, on to grasp the hand of honest Gansevoort—and then right about and back to Albany; there to finish with the invader, so badly crippled here. *[All retire.]*

SCENE VII. *Camp of GEN. BURGOYNE on the Hudson at Fort Edward. Time: August, 1777.*

Enter GEN. BURGOYNE, COL. BAUM, and COL. BREYMAN.

BURGOYNE—Thus far we have advanced into the heart of opposition without a pause. As once before, Crown Point has fallen, but this time has been held. Fraser and Riedesel, refusing to sit in idleness when other trophies there were to win, moved on and captured Ticonderoga, with stores and prisoners.¹ This without a gun to speak for its surrender. My proclamation that this army would not retreat, time and our march defend!²

COL. BAUM—But at great labor, General. We have been an army of axmen, hewing our roads through forests which even the savage could not enter. Our soldiers are much worn, having much endured.

BURGOYNE—Rest will ease the pains of their tedious labors, which have given muscle as well as patience.

⁵ The captured colors [taken from the British in a sortie from Fort Stanwix] were displayed on the fort under the Continental flag [adopted by Congress in June previous], the first time a captured banner had floated under the Stars and Stripes.—*Bancroft.*

¹ On the 30th of June, 1777, the army [British] occupied Crown Point. Gen. Fraser pushed forward to Ticonderoga. On July 1 Gen. Riedesel followed. Ticonderoga surrendered without a gun.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Exp., etc.*

² In the evening [June 30, at Crown Point] Burgoyne issued his proclamation: "This army embarks to-morrow to approach the enemy. This army must not retreat."—*Stone's Burgoyne's Exp., etc.*

August is yet young, and in this month we will prepare for the end we seek in the month that follows.

BREYMAN—My soldiers are pleading for more food. Before us, as we have advanced, the land has been swept and barren left, as if nothing thrived but trees.³

BURGOYNE.—At Bennington, near at hand, are magazines which would feed our soldiers. Col. Baum, will you take a detachment of your faithful Brunswickers and bring home these needed stores? A support of savages will help you much, for this people dread the tomahawk, from terrible experience. The red children of our King have brought us many scalps, and Brant, their leader, moves them as a demon, in ways of slaughter.

COL. BAUM—I will march at once. A Brunswicker is always ready to obey his prince! And here you stand with his authority.

BURGOYNE—This land you visit is rich in horses. Our cavalry have suffered. If you will gather in about a thousand, and bring them with you when you come trooping back, we will hail you homeward with greater obligations.⁴

COL. BAUM—Expect me back with this evidence of loyalty to England's King! [*Exit* COL. BAUM.]

BREYMAN—I trust that Baum will return with well-filled sacks, for the need is great. Supplies from England, following our tramp, is not assuring; and it would take time to gather them.

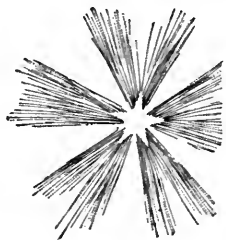
BURGOYNE—We have gone too far, been too successful, for apprehension now.

BREYMAN—I will give promise to my soldiers of relief, as I have such from you. [*Exit* BREYMAN.]

³ Schuyler, in falling back from Ticonderoga, had devastated the country.

⁴ To aid St. Leger by a diversion, and fill his camp and gain horses, cattle, and provisions from the magazines at Bennington, Burgoyne, on the 11th of August, sent an expedition there under Col. Baum.—*Bancroft*.

BURGOYNE—I have left open no road for retreat ; so we must go forward. It is not supplies that give me anxiety. Where is St. Leger ? This is the grave question. Can he have failed ? With his well-armed veterans against this mob ; I'll not believe it ! And Howe cannot, or he will not, respond ! Like Carleton, is he, too, nursing his hate at the rise of a younger soldier ?⁵ If this be true, so much greener will be the bays I wear, gained without their aid ! Burgoyne, your star is rising to mid-heaven. When in the zenith there it shall remain !



[Retires.]

SCENE VIII. *Camp of GEN. STARK, near Bennington, Vt.*
Time : August 16, 1777.

Enter GEN. STARK, with soldiers.

STARK—Bennington is saved ! On front and right we have given our leaden salutations to these hirelings ! They do not like our hospitality, and would fly from it if they could. Their savage allies have left them to fate and fled to refuge ! Their cannon cease to belch in thunder, as our marksmen have picked from them the cannoneers ! Baum, the commander, is dead, and his fate be that of all !¹

Enter an AID in great haste.

AID [to GEN. STARK]—Heavy re-enforcements have

⁵ Burgoyne had asked Carleton to garrison Ticonderoga for him. Carleton refused, and left Burgoyne to drain the life-blood of his army for the garrison.—*Bancroft*.

¹ On August 16 Stark concerted with his officers the plan of the day. At three o'clock in the afternoon Baum [at Bennington] was assailed in front and right. New England sharpshooters picked off the cannoneers and the Indians fled. Baum fell mortally wounded.—*Bancroft*.

just arrived, and I learn that Col. Breyman leads them. They are worn with a rapid march.

STARK—Carry word to Warner to bring his regiment into action. [AID retires.]

Now is the hour to send these new arrivals up to heaven, while the fatigues of this world are on them; and so give them in the next much needed rest! Soldiers, there come the enemy! Every man look well to his priming, and see to it that not a bullet fails! To-day we conquer, or this night Molly Stark shall sleep a widow! Charge!²

[All rush off the stage upon the enemy.]

[A group of savage warriors, plumed and armed, and shouting the war-whoop, fly panic-stricken across the stage. These are followed by a company of English soldiers, also in flight.]

Re-enter GEN. STARK.

STARK—The cowards fly, and like stricken deer make for a place of safety! The artillery, the field, and a thousand prisoners remain! Accursed minions of a tyrant King, this is your welcome upon freemen's soil!



Re-enter soldiers.

Men of New England, gathered to repel invasion, you have made this spot forever to be honored by your valor! Burgoyne must stagger, here hit with

a vital wound, and if he falls it is your hands that helped to smite him down! Upon the calendar be this August

² Breyman came up to re-enforce Baum, with troops much fatigued. Warner came up just now with a fresh regiment, and with it Stark began a new attack. The fight raged till sunset, when the British fled in retreat.—*Bancroft.*

day marked for a memorial of brave deeds, done for the liberty of man! Carry its report wherever winds may blow, that this much we do for Washington and Independence! [*Cheers*]. And now home again to our neglected fields. March! [*All retire.*]

SCENE IX. *Room in house of GEN. PHILIP SCHUYLER, at Albany. Time: August 19, 1777.*

Enter GEN. PHILIP SCHUYLER.

SCHUYLER—In the crowning hour of my success Congress again supplants me in command. From May till August I have planned to conquer the common enemy, and all this while Gates has planned to conquer me. Each of us has been successful. On this 19th day of August I yield to him this army. Shall I now feel wounded because my rival wins? Perish the thought, worthy of basest mortals! By greater support to him, in loyalty to our cause—thus overtopping all personal resentments—I win greater laurels than the sword can gain! Oriskany and Bennington both remain as loud-tongued champions of my rule, this day ended, and so they must remain forever. I bow to the authority of the state, as expressed in Congress, without a murmur!¹

Enter GEN. HORATIO GATES.

Gen. Gates, I welcome you with all my heart to what was my headquarters of the Northern Continental Army—now yours, if you will choose it!

¹ On the 4th of August, 1777, Congress appointed Gates again to supersede Schuyler in the Northern Army. But before Gates assumed command Fort Stanwix was safe and the victory of Bennington achieved. Gates did not assume command till August 19. Schuyler proffered his services to the General by whom he was superseded, and heartily wished him success. Congress ordered Washington to send to Gates Morgan's corps of riflemen [besides the other troops theretofore sent], and Washington promptly obeyed.—*Bancroft.*

GATES—Your kindness, Gen. Schuyler, is no more than I might anticipate ; knowing, as all do, your fidelity to the Republic, to the check of all other feelings !

SCHUYLER—To-day, and now, I formally withdraw from the command. And as my successor, I tender to you all aid and obedience in our common purpose to defeat the invaders of our country.

GATES—I thank you ; and will draw heavily upon that nobility of character which never yet has failed.

SCHUYLER—I am ready to explain my plan for resisting Burgoyne when he offers battle, as soon he must.



These you will follow or change, as your better judgment may direct. From the day he left Canada I have had the land before him swept, as if the great Sahara had here a sister in desolation. He must starve or fight ; and fighting, he must fall.

GATES—To-morrow we will confer together upon this matter. I shall be fortunate if these plans for the future be as effective as those against St. Leger and Gen. Baum. And still more fortunate, if I may execute them.

SCHUYLER—To-morrow I shall be at your service, Gen. Gates. [All retire.]

SCENE X. *Camp of GEN. WASHINGTON at Chadd's Ford on the Brandywine. Time : September 11, 1777.*

Enter GEN. SULLIVAN, GEN. GREENE, and MARQUIS DE LAFAYETTE.

SULLIVAN—What day is this ? and what name does this place carry ?

LAFAYETTE—The 11th of September. This spot is called Chadd's Ferry on the Brandywine.

GREENE—On the 26th of August Howe reached

the Elk with his eyes upon Philadelphia. The hawk is fluttering above his prey.

LAFAYETTE—I deem it a gift of some good angel that I may help to check his march. And I am not the only foreigner to this soil, who to-day thus rejoices. Casimir Pulaski will draw his sword, and, like all Poles without a country, he will win a country here or gain a grave.¹

SULLIVAN—Howe comes on with twenty thousand; and we oppose with but half that number.

LAFAYETTE—And yet we should win the day, finding safety in the justice of our quarrel. In July last Col. Barton carried to captivity Gen. Prescott from the very front of his command. Numbers opposed checked him not. It was a desperate act, born of desperate courage. Such honor brave men envy.²

SULLIVAN—If we had the troops which would be here but for timid tongues clamoring at the North, no fear need shake us. Morgan and his riflemen have been sent to Gates. Schuyler plead in vain.³

GREENE—Schuyler's fall was illumined by Oriskany and Bennington. So a departing day, with gorgeous tinting, flashes in the rays of a brilliant sun.

SULLIVAN—His loss of Ticonderoga, and his desperate cries for help in terror of Burgoyne, unhorsed him. Congress sought a firmer hand. But since, Gates calls with as loud a voice, and Washington replies at his own cost of veteran soldiers. With raw militia, whose training has been upon some village green, in the vanity of their belief focusing the eyes of all the world upon their strut and showy uniforms, must we drive home these veterans of a hundred conflicts.

¹ The battle of Brandywine was the first battle in which Lafayette drew his sword in the American cause. Count Pulaski, a Polish nobleman, was also in this battle.—*Frost*.

² Gen. Prescott, commander of the British forces in Rhode Island, had his quarters at a farmhouse a mile from his troops. On the night of the 10th of July, 1777, Col. Barton, with a few volunteers, captured him and hurried him away a prisoner.—*Bancroft*.

³ See Note 1, Scene 9.

Enter WASHINGTON.

WASHINGTON—Here, directly in the path of Gen. Howe, will we make our stand. Here fling out our banners and be shield to Philadelphia. We contest his privilege to cross this river flowing at our front. The rapids below Chadd's Ford help us on the left, which we intrust to the militia. The forests along the Brandywine join with the current to protect in that direction. On the right will come the struggle which makes or mars this day, and, Gen. Sullivan, I intrust this point to you.⁴

SULLIVAN—I shall make effort to deserve the confidence so reposed.

WASHINGTON—From information, to me reliable, Gen. Howe, attended by Cornwallis, marched this morning with more than half his power up the valley, intending to cross the Brandywine to our side ; and then moving down, to strike the right wing of our line. Since we are owners in this land, and he a visitor, we will play the generous host and anticipate his visit. Across this stream, and in front of us, encamp the battalions he has left behind. Here he is vulnerable, and at this spot may be wounded mortally, if no move fails in this bloody game. Go, Sullivan, and at a point above cross the Brandywine to the shore of Howe, before he visits us, and take your place between him and those whom he has left. And then see to it with all your strength, that he may not return to aid his mewling kittens while we, with tigers' claws, are tearing them. He will surely strive to retrace his march when he hears of your position. You have force enough to hold him back, and that done means his present overthrow.⁵

⁴ On the 8th of September Howe sent a strong column in front of the Americans to feign an attack. On the morrow he intended to turn Washington's right. Washington had divined his purpose, and took a position above Chadd's Ford [in the Brandywine], on the north side of the Brandywine, directly in Howe's path.—*Bancroft*.

⁵ Washington had certain information of the movement of Howe, and resolved to strike at once at the division in front. Sending Sullivan to cross the Brandywine at a higher ford, and to prevent the hasty return of Howe, and to threaten Knyphausen (who was left in front of Washington), the movement began. The Brandywine (on

SULLIVAN—This shall be done. *[Exit SULLIVAN.]*

WASHINGTON—Greene, put your troops in motion and assail in front. The river here is shallow. You have an easy conquest, for these Hessians whom you meet are much encumbered, and surprise may give birth to panic. In straits of danger the unexpected sickens judgment, and leaves it smitten with overcrowding doubts, each pointing a threatening spear. This indecision is the javelin which we now invoke.



GREENE—Knyphausen commands these Hessians opposite. I hope I may induce him to come home with me.⁶ *[Exit GREENE.]*

WASHINGTON—Lafayette, will you join Pulaski, now in his tent, and both report for service to Gen. Sterling, who is on the right. There may be work to test your metal before the sun goes down.

[Exit LAFAYETTE.]

If we gain this day, and I see no sign otherwise, then shall we send greetings to the North worthy of those received. Herkimer and Stark have there clipped either hostile wing, and against his retreat—if this hawk flies that way—the wide-extended cage is firmly closed. So at last this high-soaring pinion falls into the fowler's net, that is spread in front and rear. Burgoyne marches to defeat, else argument mocks at its just conclusions. He comes in pomp to hear the linnet sing, and he shall stay to hear the lion roar.

the left) below Chadd's Ford was a rapid, and the militia was placed there. Sullivan, who was sent up the river on the right, where he was to cross, was hidden by a thick wood along the river. Greene was ordered to make the attack in front, and was at the water's edge about to begin.—*Bancroft.*

⁶ See Note 5.

Enter AID, in great haste.

WASHINGTON—In your face I read bad news. What has gone wrong?

AID—I hope all goes well, your Excellency. At least, I come not to croak disaster. I am from Gen. Sullivan to say that he has disobeyed your orders, as he finds no proof of the march of Howe, as you have been informed.⁷

WASHINGTON—Oh! The most dismal news that courier could bring. Orders disobeyed, and in that act ruin threatened. The sky so full of promise, without a note of warning, now suddenly hurtles its bolts of danger. And all because some subordinate assumes to revise his chief and to disobey his orders. Quick, to Gen. Greene, now at the river bank in front, and say he must not advance, but report at once to me. Quick—speed is life, and death may be in tardy steps.⁸ [*Exit AID.*

What cruel demon has come to check us here, wrecking highest expectations?

Enter AID in haste.

Out with it! What new thrust comes again to wound?

AID—Gen. Stevens sends me to say that Cornwallis has crossed the Brandywine and in great force, upon this shore, is moving to turn our right.

WASHINGTON—As I expected. To Sullivan at once! Ride as horse never before was driven, and direct him, from me, to form at once across this advance, and to check it. To check it, if strong hearts can do so.⁹

[*Exit AID.*

Oh, Sullivan! Sullivan! The air infected is, and

⁷ Just as Greene was to begin the attack a messenger came from Sullivan, announcing that he had disobeyed his orders; as the "information [to Washington] on which these orders were founded must be wrong."—*Bancroft*.

⁸ Washington's information was correct; but Sullivan's failure upset all the plans. Greene was at once recalled.—*Bancroft*.

⁹ After two hours word was brought that Cornwallis and Howe had passed the forks on the right [as they planned], and were then marching [on the north side of the river] against Washington's right. Sullivan was ordered to confront this advance.—*Bancroft*.

disease breathed upon a healthy brain, when a man so good does a wrong so great ! Had you obeyed your orders and crossed to the other shore, Cornwallis had



not been free to come to this. He must then have turned to assist divisions which your guns cut off.

Enter AID, in haste.

And still a running current of choking seas. It must be breasted with head above the waves, or all is lost. Speak ! I am prepared to hear.

AID—On the right, Gen. Sullivan with Generals Stevens and Sterling, with the main body of the British are heavily engaged. Gen. Howe has joined Cornwallis. With heavier weight opposed, our lines waver and may give way. Lafayette is wounded.

WASHINGTON—If that noble youth is wounded, then so am I, for I am drawn to him. See to it that the best of surgeons here plies his skill. *[Exit AID.]*

Howe, under cover of this attack, will move to our rear. This must not happen while a soldier is left in arms.

Enter GEN. GREENE.

[To GREENE]—Fly, General, to the support of Sullivan, now engaged with Howe and Cornwallis. With

all your force, and Heaven give to each arm a giant's strength! The night comes too slowly on. Its darkness is worth ten thousand men. Stop! This is a trying moment, when all is put to hazard. My army is in peril; to save it, I risk myself. Greene, I go with you, and in person will lead your soldiers. And now away, to change the fortunes of misfortune's day.¹⁰ [*All retire.*]

SCENE XI. *Street in Philadelphia. Time: September 26, 1777.*

Enter British troops with flags and beating drums. GEN. CORNWALLIS and a CITIZEN. Troops halt.

CORNWALLIS—And thus we victoriously enter the City of Independence. Where now are these boasters of human rights, these pullers down of kings? I am told that they have fled. Sir, tell me whither have they gone?

CITIZEN—If you refer to the American Congress, it has adjourned to Lancaster. Alarmed by the report of your success at Brandywine, it moved away.¹

CORNWALLIS—Our success there was not so great as our plan provided. We expected to bring the Continental army into this town as prisoners—to follow our cohorts as captives in a Cæsarian triumph. All was favorable at Brandywine, until Washington came upon the field, and then we advanced no further. Our pursuit was checked, and we were glad to hold what we had when the sun went down. We did no more. On the morning Washington was gone. So stood affairs, till

¹⁰ Generals Sterling and Stevens were hotly pressed by Howe and Cornwallis. Lafayette was wounded. But at the sound of the cannon on the right, Washington, taking Greene with him, moved swiftly to the support of Sullivan and met him in full retreat. Washington's approach checked the pursuit. Darkness ended the contest.—*Bancroft.*

¹ On the 18th of September Alexander Hamilton, at Philadelphia, gave Congress notice of immediate danger, and its members fled in the night to Lancaster.—*Bancroft.*

the 21st, when our road was barred by Wayne—I learned his name from a deserter—but he had the prudence to retire ; and five days later, being granted an open way, good, loyal souls now find us here.²

CITIZEN—And all good citizens who still love the King—and I am one—feel safer for your coming.

CORNWALLIS — Here we settle down to test your hospitality, till another winter howls its frosts away. Great has been the task of getting to this end, and great will be the joy of the rest it brings. We receive it with more zest for the labor it has cost, as that fruit tastes sweetest which hung upon the farthest limb. And now to quarters! [*To the soldiers.*] Forward ! March !



[*The drums again beat, and soldiers march on, while the curtain falls.*]

² On the 26th of September, Cornwallis with the grenadiers entered Philadelphia ; but it was too late to aid Burgoyne.—*Bancroft.*

END OF ACT IV.

ACT V.

SCENE I. *A clearing upon Bemis Heights. Time : morning, September 15, 1777.*

GEN. BENEDICT ARNOLD, *with a glass, surveying the distance.*

ARNOLD—Yonder smoke proclaims the enemy. But in what force? That is the question. Were I commander here, I would quickly know and, knowing, act. With stupidity at the head, stolid ignorance settles upon our army. Here on Bemis Heights good Kosciusko lays our camp, and in the impregnability of battlements by this Pole erected lie our hopes. I came to serve with Schuyler, and find Gates instead, wearing Schuyler's plumes. Congress orders thus, and in its united wisdom Congress can do no wrong. So runs the new catechism which our arms defend. Congress may be right, and yet I hold to doubts, when it demands that the wreath which we are here to win shall settle upon this man's head.¹

¹ Burgoyne crossed the Hudson at Schuylerville on September 13, 1777, and encamped about six miles from the American camp. Neither army at this time [September 15] knew of the condition or strength of the other. Gates encamped on Bemis Heights September 12 with a force of nine thousand men. Intrenchments were then and there made by Kosciusko, the Pole who had consented to serve the American cause. When Arnold was sent North by Washington, Schuyler was in command. It was under Schuyler, as commander of the Northern Army, that Arnold went to Fort Stanwix. Schuyler now [since August 4 by appointment, and August 19 by actual assumption of office] again superseded by Gates, Arnold suddenly found himself in service under Gates, whom he did not like. The New England people, however, hated Schuyler, or rather withdrew from him their confidence, partly because of the retreats daily made before the advance of Burgoyne from Canada. Col. Brown, with New England troops, under direction of Gen. Lincoln, had now attacked Burgoyne in the rear. Ticonderoga was assailed by Col. Brown, and many prisoners taken, with stores. This was all by arrangement and plan of Washington, as Notes will show, further on.

Enter a file of soldiers, dragging MOTHER YOST, an Indian witch, bound, her head covered, and holding a crooked staff.

ARNOLD—Men, if such you are, release this creature! Cut these cords, and give back her freedom! [*Cords are cut.*] What brutes are you, that, a dozen strong, you thus bind a helpless woman, whose close companions, as her frame and rags exhibit, are gaunt hunger and pinching poverty?

SOLDIER — She is a witch, an Indian witch.

ARNOLD — An Indian witch? What mean you by this?

SOLDIER—She prowls around the camp, and tells fortunes. She has been seen before. And we believe her dangerous. Some say she is a spy. We seized her to bring before you for judgment, and she resisted. And so we bound her.

MOTHER YOST [*suddenly removing the covering of her head*—You know me, General?

ARNOLD—Unsightly hag! Yes, you are Mother Yost.²

MOTHER YOST—We meet again. To you, all good come! To these cowardly pale-faces [*to the soldiers*]; cramps and pinching pains run through their bones for touching the red daughter of the Great Spirit! With an Indian's curse I blight you! and the red man make your faces like the snow in terror of what he may do!



² See Note 3, Act. IV. Scene 6. Mother Yost, the mother of Hon-Yost, who acted for Arnold to frighten St. Leger from Fort Stanwix, for which service Arnold pardoned Hon-Yost from death as a spy.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

ARNOLD—That is enough, Mother Yost. Keep your curses for a better time. [*To the soldiers.*] Retire, all of you, and leave this prisoner with me. [*Exit soldiers.*] Mother Yost, I have hitherto done you some service?

MOTHER YOST—And I have been of service to you, Gen. Arnold.³ The pale-face at times wants the aid of the red child of the forest.

ARNOLD—I freely admit obligations. Your son, Hon-Yost, faithfully carried my false rumor to St. Leger, and scattered his forces as the angry winds scatter the leaves.

MOTHER YOST—Manitou heard him promise. An Indian is never false to him who holds the sun and the moon as his.

ARNOLD—But I gave to your son his life. The brother would have hung as his hostage, if Hon had not journeyed to Fort Stanwix, as he agreed to do.

MOTHER YOST—Yes, hung as a spy, as Lovelace was. And the earth cover him where the tree grows!⁴ His spirit now roams abroad, and talks with Mother Yost. Yes, yes! Talks with me. Great deeds are brewing. A panther cried last night with the voice of a dog; Mother Yost understood.

ARNOLD—What brings you here?

MOTHER YOST—I came from the valley where the Mohawk flows and sings, to see you. A feather from a flying crow fell at my feet. It was a message from the Great Spirit that Gen. Arnold wanted me. I came over hills and through forests that never saw the moon, and my feet tired not. I am here.

ARNOLD—Weird and mysterious creature! my flesh creeps in your presence. You have come in good season, for I do want you.

³ Referring to what her son, Hon-Yost, had done.

⁴ About the time of Burgoyne's campaign, Thomas Lovelace, a malignant Tory, was condemned as a spy. Gen. Stark presided at his court-martial. He was hung upon an oak tree, and was buried in a standing posture near the tree.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

MOTHER YOST—I knew it! I knew it! The great pines whispered and pointed the way as I came. What deed would you have me do?

ARNOLD—As I know, you have wit and judgment. Find out for me where Burgoyne's army lies; his strength, and what he is about to do. Bring report to me. Quickly do it, and have quick reward.

MOTHER YOST—And what reward will come to Mother Yost?

ARNOLD—Foul, audacious scum of an accursed race! You shall live a little longer to starve and freeze! Is not this enough? See, I will do more. I can trust you, for I have done so. Here is money. [*He drops, one by one, several coins into her hands.*]

MOTHER YOST—I do as you will have it. Mother Yost serves him who serves her. This will bring comfort to Mother Yost. May she bring such to you!

ARNOLD—Now be off and at your work. When will we meet next?

MOTHER YOST—On Thursday, three days away; on Thursday you shall know all. But not here. Not here, where these prying pale-faces may look into the red daughter's heart and tie her hands again! Not here, not here!

ARNOLD—Then name your hour and place.

MOTHER YOST—In the Devil's Glen, at nine, on Thursday night. Upon the river, about a mile away. You know the spot.

ARNOLD—I know it well. Meet me there; and fail not, if you hope for mercy! Go!

[*Exit* MOTHER YOST.]

This crooked, uncanny specter, seemingly not of this world, yet in it; a dozen scouts were not her value in gathering what we need to know. [*Exit.*]

SCENE II. *A room in the Taylor House, within British lines and near to the British camp, before the battle of Saratoga.*

Enter MADAM RIEDESEL and LADY ACKLAND.

MADAM RIEDESEL—Dear Lady Harriet, we have much need to prop our fortitude for our husbands' sakes ; and for the army, too, since we are its special wards. Of all the women on the weary march we have been most favored.

LADY ACKLAND—My heart resolves like a lion, yet throbs like a deer ! To be out of this, worlds for recompense to return again would weigh as nothing !



MADAM RIEDESEL—How mistaken all have been ! I came from Germany, and, as I supposed, since so the heralds told us, upon a journey where the dance and pleasure were to be sole sources of fatigue.

LADY ACKLAND—And so I, from England. We dance and have danced again since we left Quebec ; but how irregular the measure ! I declare secretly to you, madam, I am frightened nearly unto death.

MADAM RIEDESEL—These men will not avow it to us, for we are women, but I can see we contend against a bitter and courageous enemy.

LADY ACKLAND—And, as my husband has confessed to me, who are fighting for rights as sacred and just as is the right to live. This accursed thirst for power, where might maintains it at the price of justice, I already hate it !

MADAM RIEDESEL—Hush, woman. You are, at heart, a traitor to your King ! The rebels use no stronger argument !

LADY ACKLAND—Then it may find a place upon our private records, for no other eye than yours, that half the army of the King, in the lowest depths of conscience, feel as I do, and bring into battle, when it is on, a divided heart ! Such an army never conquers !

MADAM RIEDESEL—Beyond this, Frederick says that we are badly led ; hesitate when we should go forward, and push on when prudence leads to the camp ! St. Leger has failed, and the defeat and death of Baum at Bennington ! Oh, I can't reflect upon these dismal ends of such high-sounding promises, and look with hope into the days in front of us !

Enter GEN. BURGOYNE, GEN. FREDERICK RIEDESEL, and COL. BREYMAN.

MADAM RIEDESEL *and* LADY ACKLAND [*bowing*].—Good-morning, gentlemen.

BURGOYNE—And many returns to each of you of a day so bright as this.

MADAM RIESEDEL—I hope, General, you are as stout of heart as ever ; and regard our foe as so much game, which good huntsmen bring home at last !

BURGOYNE—That we will gain the approaching battle I have the faith with which I left Quebec. But the work is not so easy that we set it down in the sportsman's catalogue. We oppose a people terribly aroused and of Spartan valor !

LADY ACKLAND—In short, you would say they are of English origin ; and hence English grit is against English grit contending !

BREYMAN—Well said, Lady Ackland ! All around us we have felt this truth ; a deeper impression, thus receiving it, than when imbibed from your occult reasoning. Baum is dead ; St. Leger is driven back ; and we are in want of food for our soldiers. I have seen more hopeful days than these in war.¹

¹ "Supplies [after battle of Bennington] are very scarce," wrote a Brunswick officer. "This army is fed with bread made of flour sent from England, and with meat salted there. And the difficulty in getting food brought to the front is incalculable."—*Von Eelking*.

Enter an orderly, who speaks to MADAM RIEDESEL.

MADAM RIEDESEL—Let her come in. [*Orderly retires.*] A poor Indian squaw, who has been here before, and claims the right to visit, since her people serve our cause.

Enter MOTHER YOST.

MOTHER YOST—The red child of the Great King fears to come where so many pale-faces meet together. It was to the pale squaw I came, so I will go back again.

BURGOYNE—No ; stay where you are. This good



lady [*bowing to MADAM RIEDESEL*] vouches for you, and you need no better friend. What is your name, and where have you lived ?

MOTHER YOST—I came from the Mohawk, and they call me Mother Yost. My people follow Brant, the Big Chief, and this name the white children give him. He rises at the call of the Great King across the blue waters.² My son was condemned by the wicked pale-faces, who give trouble to the Great King, to be hung as a spy. He was not hung.³ When the moon was dark,

² Brant was then in the service of Burgoyne.

³ See Note 2, Scene I.

and the faces of all the children of Manitou of one color, he escaped.

BURGOYNE—You have suffered in our cause. What know you now of these wicked pale-faces? How many are in front of us, and where are they?⁴

MOTHER YOST—I was sent by him who blows a breath and the mountain shakes, to tell this where you would hear it. Before you are not many. So many as the leaves left upon a tree when the frosts have come; and they may be counted. Fear makes their knees shake, as when the panther approaches in the open field. The bird flies when the hunter shows himself. If you hasten, you may frap the bird before he spreads his wings.

GEN. RIEDESEL—Heavens, Gen. Burgoyne! this is important information, and with my life I will indorse its truthfulness! Up to this moment we have been in utter ignorance of the enemy. In these primeval forests our scouts have not located a battalion.

BREYMAN—You say in front of us. How far away?

MOTHER YOST—As far as the crow would fly while the white man sits at meat.

MADAM RIEDESEL—This is the mode of speech of these simple souls. I have given time to understand it. It means, in one hour, while the white man dines, the crow can fly the space.

LADY ACKLAND—And the crow will fly ten miles.

BURGOYNE—Then we have placed the foe; at least ten miles away; few and full of fear! Madam Riedesel, we came to make a social call; but to a council of war, with you assisting, it suddenly is changed. We shall move to-morrow on to Albany.

GEN. RIEDESEL—With our force six thousand strong, we must make a successful march.

BURGOYNE—Col. Breyman, will you please to attend me in conference with Gen. Phillips, and with Fraser,

⁴ On the 15th of September Burgoyne gave the order to advance in search of the enemy. That general had no knowledge of the position of the Americans.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

too? For the present, Riedesel, we leave you here, and say to all adieu. [*Exit* BURGoyNE and BREYMAN.]

MADAM RIEDESEL—Frederick ! Frederick! this means approaching battle, and now my fears come on again.

GEN. RIEDESEL—Be a soldier's wife, for such you have ever been.

MOTHER YOST—The wives of the wicked pale-faces have no fear. While I came on I saw one lighting with fire her fields of maize. See ! See there from this window where the smoke now rises !⁵



LADY ACKLAND—It is too true. Desperate sacrifice of devoted souls !

MADAM RIEDESEL—Frederick ! with a woman's instinct, I tell you here and now, people who

can do these deeds cannot be conquered. Oh ! that we were safely out of it !

MOTHER YOST—I have more to walk before the day lies down to sleep. I go, I go. [*Exit* MOTHER YOST.]

GEN. RIEDESEL—This simple savage has given aid to-day far beyond what she can understand.

MADAM RIEDESEL—These savages are our burden, however much they serve. We are responsible for their bloody deeds. The face of Jane McCrea is before me always⁶—before me now, whichever way I turn—as one confederate with those guilty of her murder. Do I not consort with men who placed this hapless child where the tomahawk, which let her gentle spirit forth, is our approved instrument? Frederick, there is blood upon my hands ! and, as if in hate besprinkled, it will not out,

⁵ It has been stated that Mrs. Schuyler, wife of Gen. Schuyler, with her own hands fired her fields of wheat.

⁶ Jane McCrea had been murdered a few days before, by Indians, to whom she was intrusted for escort to British lines.

wash them as I may ! Now more slaughter ! heaping wrong on wrong, and all the more so if our side prevails. A cruel, unjust war ! I see it now. [*Weeps.*]

GEN. RIEDESEL—You must not harbor thoughts so dismal. I will lead you to your room. [*All retire.*]

SCENE III. *The Devil's Glen. A dark ravine of rocks upon the Hudson. Terrific gale, with thunder and flashes of lightning. Time : night, September 18, 1777.*

Enter GEN. ARNOLD, *slowly descending into the glen.*

ARNOLD—This is the Devil's Glen ! and it well deserves the name. Heavens ! Such peals of thunder ! Where is the devil I was to meet ? The time is up. [*A vivid flash, and MOTHER YOST is seen upon the brink of the glen above, with outstretched arms, facing the gale.*] What is that ? Ye gods ! that is a sight to appall a man of stouter nerves than mine ! [*Another flash, and the same sight.*] It is the savage witch ; facing this tumult as if she ruled the storm !¹

[*Amid continuous thunder and lightning, MOTHER YOST descends into the glen, as ARNOLD had done.*]

MOTHER YOST—I said I would come. I am here !

ARNOLD—Then out with your report ! Can I live to hear it in this place, appalling to the imps of hell ?

MOTHER YOST—I saw the big chief of the great King.

ARNOLD—You saw Burgoyne ?

¹ Just north of Saratoga lived Angelina Tubs, a veritable witch. Many are the wild and startling tales told of Angelina. Had she been mistress of the whirlwind, she could not have more delighted in storms. She has been seen, her form erect and arms extended, standing upon the verge of fearful precipices, in the midst of awful tempests, conversing, as it were, with unseen spirits ; her hair streaming in the wind, while the thunder was riving the rocks, and the red lightning encircling her as in a winding sheet of flame.—*Stone's Reminiscences of Saratoga.*

MOTHER YOST—Yes ; saw him and other chiefs, and heard them talk.

ARNOLD—What said they ? The truth, the truth only, or this place shall seem like a summer dell with what I bring you to. [*Heavy crash of thunder.*]

MOTHER YOST—The soldiers of the great King are so many as six thousand, and no more. They have begun the march on the road to Albany. If they meet you—Hark ! Do you hear?



ARNOLD—I hear nothing but the thunder.

MOTHER YOST — As I came this way, a panther crossed me. Next, a pack of wolves howled at the heels of Mother Yost. They were close as I came down. Listen! there ! [*Vivid lightning.*] Did you not see them?

ARNOLD—Where ?

MOTHER YOST — There upon the edge, where I came from.

ARNOLD—What ?

MOTHER YOST—The lean wolves, with white teeth ; and tongues as red as berries.

ARNOLD—No ; I saw them not. Fearless consort of fiends that sport with terrors damnable, say what you have to say, and let me go ! [*Lightning and thunder, and ARNOLD crouches.*] Great Ajax would tremble at these spiteful flashes.

MOTHER YOST—Ha, ha ! [*Utters a fiendish laugh.*] The panther and the wolves² are now tearing each other.

² The nights [after the battle of September 19] also were rendered hideous by the howls of large packs of wolves that were attracted

I hear them. The red children of the forest have good ears. If the soldiers of the great King meet you to-morrow—I say to-morrow—the panthers and the wolves will then, too, tear each other.

ARNOLD—I understand you. What did you tell Burgoyne of us? He questioned you?

MOTHER YOST—I told him the wicked pale-faces were few, like the leaves when the frost comes; and these ten miles away, and full of fear.

ARNOLD—Cunning you are; and lied so wickedly, because I paid you.

MOTHER YOST—If it does you good, it was no lie. It was a thing used as needed to help you on. A gun went off when you did not intend to shoot; and yet it killed the deer. The trees echoed a lie, since it was not the truth that the owner willed it so; but the meat to the hungry was as sweet.

ARNOLD—Intelligent and faithful, you shall not fail of friendship. You plan that Burgoyne shall be ambushed and surprised. Your lie was for his undoing; hence, a mere instrument of war. True, though savage logic. I will leave you here, to follow when I am gone.

MOTHER YOST—One thing more.

ARNOLD—And what is that, gaunt witch?

MOTHER YOST—I have here the eye of owl that hooted while it was day; the wing of crow that like a robin sung; the claw of a young bear that never tasted prey. The Great Spirit is with Mother Yost when she carries these. I would tell your fortune. [*Thunder.*]

ARNOLD—Quick, then, before these loud thunders deafen me. What want you?

by the partially buried bodies of those slain in the action of the 19th.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Mr. Stafford [who became a resident of Saratoga in 1783] found the wolves were not the only animals that were troublesome. When he "camped out," he invariably kept a fire burning to guard against panthers.—*Stone's Reminiscences of Saratoga.*

MOTHER YOST—To see your hand.

ARNOLD—How can you see it in such a night as this?

MOTHER YOST—Stretch it forth, and the Great Eye will hold his light to it.

ARNOLD [*extending his hand*]—Here it is, then.

[*A vivid flash of lightning.*

MOTHER YOST—I see, I see! I have seen all. Fear nothing. When the Great Spirit calls, Arnold from his couch will go to meet him. Be of great courage, then, when death darts everywhere, for no harm comes to him.

ARNOLD—I have no fear of hurt. Since you would tell my fortune, be thorough with it. What of the future? That future which hides rewards and honors from ambitious men.

MOTHER YOST—The sun shall shine to-morrow upon Arnold's head, and show great honors there. Before the new moon grows old and is new again, Arnold shall be linked with fame.

ARNOLD—A pleasing and fair-spoken witch, and a good prediction; much too good for birth in a spot so damnable. But what of the future beyond the changing moon?

MOTHER YOST [*shrinking back*]—Ask no more. Be content with what you have. [*Moves away in terror.*]

ARNOLD—Why, now, your fear excites my wonder of what you have to say. Tell me, before I force you so to do.

MOTHER YOST—Arnold, beware of envy and the hate that follows at its heels. In its grasp the strong man shakes more than these hills when the thunder smites.



See the lightning of the Great Spirit, and listen to his voice. Beware, Arnold, beware, when Manitou makes such a storm within ! The sun that shines to-day, to-morrow will hide itself in clouds. No more, no more ! I go, I go !

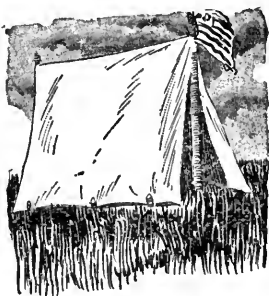
[MOTHER YOST, *in the glare of the lightning, flies up the glen.*

ARNOLD—Stop, unmannered hag ! I was to go before. She is gone !. Has a blessing or a curse been left behind ? [*Crouches at a clap of thunder.*] That storm within ! I feel it now, comports with this external. I will not be made the stone by which others climb. Prophetic witch, your oracle is easy. In proud revolt shall Arnold some day rise ; though the sun shines or black clouds bar the skies ! [*Exit up the side of the glen.*

SCENE IV. *Headquarters of GEN. GATES on Bemis Heights.*
Time : September 19, 1777.

Enter GEN. GATES, GEN. ARNOLD, and COL. STANDISH.

GATES—Having advanced our camp thus far toward the approaching foe, here we fling our banners to the breeze and throw the gauge of battle. Bryan, the trusty scout, brings word that, on the 15th, Burgoyne crossed the Hudson, and, in three columns advancing from the North, will strike us to-day, unless we first strike him. Strover, whose faithful eye has seen every movement, confirms what Bryan gives. This is the 19th of September : before the sun from his mid-heaven throne surveys the teeming world, blows may answer blows.¹



¹ Bryan was selected by Gates to act as a scout and to penetrate within the enemy's lines. Alexander Bryan entered the British camp at Fort Edward in August. Obtaining his information that there

ARNOLD—I can seal with confidence the story of your scouts, vouching its truth. How informed, is not important. Fiery action is the present cue.

GATES—Gen. Arnold, you will command the left wing of our force and lead it into battle, if it opens.²

ARNOLD—The enemy is deceived or ignorant as to our strength or place. So I believe. We should begin the assault, before he awakens from his ignorance or feels the supporting arm of Clinton. Putnam, as the eye of Washington, still guards the Hudson, shutting its watery gates against re-enforcements there. Now is the hour of advantage. *[A gun is heard in the distance.]*

GATES—Ah! That gun! That gun is the Briton's signal, and, Arnold, your advice prevails. Col. Standish, will you order Morgan to answer it with his rifles? So we begin the ball.³ *[Exit COL. STANDISH.]*

ARNOLD—I will also seek the field. This is a day for heads to fall, and if ours, then a glorious exit gained.⁴ *[Exit ARNOLD.]*

GATES *[goes to a table, unrolls and consults a map. The firing of guns heard in the distance]*—This is the chart of my growing fortunes. Here is the game of chess, with each piece fixed upon its proper square; and, if moved with skill, no check can come to us. *[The firing draws*

was to be an immediate advance, he started from the British camp for home on the morning of September 15 [the day Arnold was on the lookout at Bemis Heights, Scene 1.]. He arrived at the headquarters of Gates on the night of September 16. His information led to the preparation to meet Burgoyne on September 19. John Strover also acted as scout to assist Bryan.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

² By four o'clock [on September 19] the action had become general, and Arnold, with nine Continental regiments and Morgan's corps, completely engaged the whole force of Burgoyne and Fraser.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Between three and four in the afternoon [September 19] Gen. Arnold, with nine regiments and Morgan's riflemen, was closely engaged with the whole right wing of the British army.—*Frost.*

³ In concurrence with the advice of Arnold, Gates ordered out Morgan's riflemen, who began the attack. The place contended for was Freeman's farm.—*Bancroft.*

⁴ See Note 2.

nearer.] By the valor of those who serve do I rise or fall. [*Still nearer are heard the guns.*] The loud-mouthed voice of battle comes this way! [*Listens in alarm.*] Is this repulse or stratagem? [*Again consults the map.*] We have the vantage of position, and, besides, Morgan and his riflemen are ever a wall of consuming fire. [*Listens, still in alarm, to the roar of guns.*] The fear that now knocks so suddenly at my heart may not, shall not, come in, since I am so hedged around with men of lion courage. [*Examines the map again.*] Our forces, set with tact, are well in hand; so advantage must wait on action. This impatience for report shrivels the most hopeful argument. Here comes a courier.

Enter hurriedly CAPT., now COL., GEORGE ALDEN.

COL. ALDEN—Morgan, upon your order, sprung to action as springs the lioness when its prey comes within its eye. He found Breyman at Freeman's farm; and after such welcome to him as a soldier gives when human lives are the pawns to win, he has fallen back, and bids me report all this to you. In three lines, the British are advancing.



GATES—Order Scammell and Cilley, with New Hampshire's battalions, quickly to Morgan's aid.⁵

[*Exit* COL. ALDEN.]

How soon the pot begins to boil when martial fires force it! From yonder point I will observe the game. [*Exit.*]

⁵ Morgan fell back before the division of Burgoyne. To support him, Gates ordered out New Hampshire battalions under Col. Scammell and Col. Cilley. — *Bancroft.*

SCENE V. *The field within the lines of GEN. BURGOYNE.
Freeman's Farm.**Enter GEN. BURGOYNE and GEN. FRASER, with soldiers.*

BURGOYNE—We encountered opposition before it was expected. The old witch betrayed or ignorantly misled us. Sorely pressed as we have been, you came up none too soon.

FRASER—Hearing your guns, not yielding the heights, I moved from the right to your support. I fear we are outnumbered.¹

BURGOYNE—Phillips is on with his artillery; but in these woods it is an encumbrance. From report of prisoners, Arnold leads the line opposed.²

Enter an AID in haste.

AID—Lieut. Hervey is down and our cannon are captured. Five times to-day have they changed hands.

BURGOYNE—Then one change more, and they come back again. General Fraser! to the rescue with all your force, and may that suffice to redeem the day.

FRASER—Whatever strong arms can do shall now be done. [Exit GEN. FRASER.]

AID—Gen. Burgoyne, through yonder trees I see hostile uniforms this way steadily advancing, though our troops make effort to impede their progress.

BURGOYNE—All fall back to station more secure. [All retire.]

Enter GEN. ARNOLD, COL. STANDISH, and COL. ALDEN, and soldiers.

ARNOLD—Who was that general officer just now retired from this spot?

ALDEN—I have seen him once before to-day, while

¹ Fraser, on the right, wheeled his troops, and coming to Burgoyne's relief, forced Morgan to give way.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

² The ground being covered with woods, embarrassed the British in the use of their artillery. [See Scene IV., Note 2.]—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

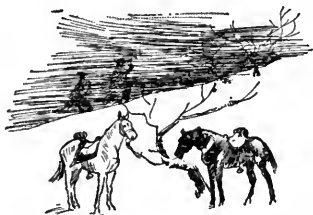
pressing on with Courtlandt and Livingston at the head of New York soldiers.³ Cook with his men was on his flank, and we thought him captured. He rode with desperate but, we thought, despairing courage in the face of our leaden storm.

ARNOLD [*with great vehemence*] — But who is he, I say?

ALDEN—All said that he was Gen. Burgoyne.

ARNOLD—As I supposed, and we have lost him. Were I not leading in the fight to-day, I'd follow him, though the way between us were strewn with teeth of the fabled dragon. I tire with pursuit of smaller game.

STANDISH—No need for such rash risk to a commander who supplies the puissance of a thousand men in the terror of his name. Burgoyne is at the muzzles of our rifles and cannot escape.



ARNOLD—This day has tried the metal of both sides. Face to face, and man to man, muscle and stout hearts gain the prize.⁴ My arm yet thrills for one more bout before the sun goes down. Again into the whirl.

[*All retire.*]

Enter GEN. RIEDESEL and BREYMAN, *with soldiers.*

RIEDESEL—These men overmatch us with their rifles. A man falls at every fire. We have not such soldiers.

BREYMAN—For this clearing called Freeman's Farm, both sides have this day struggled.⁵ We hold it now,

³ At four Gates ordered out the New York regiment of Courtlandt, following them in half an hour by that of Henry Livingston.—*Bancroft.*

⁴ The battle was one of courage, not of maneuver; man fought against man; regiment against regiment.—*Bancroft.*

⁵ The forces contended for Freeman's farm, which was now held by one, and now by the other of the two armies.—*Von Elking.*

and the sun is nearly run. It will surely set with victory for us.

RIEDELSEL—And our relief secures it. Coming on, the very air proclaimed our utter rout.⁶ But before our



bayonets the enemy has fallen back, and the day is too far gone for him to renew the struggle. Again we have saved this Briton, as we did at Hubbardstown.

BREYMAN—And for to-morrow as well; we could have clinched this victory, if Burgoyne had permitted us to pursue while our bayonets were in that humor.

RIEDELSEL—It was a mistake to call us away. But we only serve, and hence we obey.⁷ [*All retire.*]

⁶ Before the sun went down Burgoyne was in danger of a rout; the troops about him wavered, when Riedesel came to his aid.—*Bancroft*.

⁷ The Germans thus, for the second time [before at Hubbardstown], saved the English, and followed up their pursuit of the Americans, until Burgoyne ordered them to stop—much to the discontent of the Germans.—*Von Elking*.

SCENE VI. *Same as Act V. Scene 4. Headquarters of GEN. GATES on Bemis Heights.*

Enter GEN. GATES, ARNOLD, STANDISH, and soldiers.

GATES—The result of yesterday was our victory.

ARNOLD—Burgoyne holds the field ; but since we did not contend for that we have not lost it. To check him in his march being our purpose, this was done. And so far it was our triumph.

STANDISH—Burgoyne is badly crippled. Six hundred men passed from his command to the world of shadows. He was in no position to lose so many.

ARNOLD—While he is in this plight, finish him. Gen. Gates, yesterday I advised that the fight begin. To-day I advise its continuance with swiftest action.

GATES—When would you renew it ?

ARNOLD—Now ; this hour. Burgoyne is outside of intrenchments and demoralized. We are here to fight, and not to loll the hours away in rest ! With your consent, I will once more head our lines and end invasion here !¹

GATES—I cannot consent to this. Our troops are tired.

ARNOLD—Our troops are not tired ! Sir, brave men never tire while great deeds remain undone ! You may be tired ; but those who yesterday faced English bullets are not !

GATES—Gen. Arnold, this language is grossly wrong.

ARNOLD—It is not wrong. It becomes right—yes, the right and proper speech—when from the man who wins the battle to him who would basely lose it !

GATES—I will not suffer this from you nor any man !

ARNOLD—Nor will I longer suffer you ! The enemy invites you to pick from the ground his bruised and bleeding form, and you refuse ! When he grows strong

¹ An attack upon the remains of Burgoyne's division, while it was still disconnected and without intrenchment, was urged by Arnold.—*Bancroft.*

again, and looks forth behind high battlements, perhaps you will be ready then to urge the further sacrifice of heroic men ! Scheming servitor for honors filched from Schuyler's brow, I serve with you no longer !²

GATES—But for the impropriety of the act—my place constraining—I should demand a soldier's satisfaction for this gross insult !

ARNOLD—The day is not yet born, nor will it ever have its place in time, when Gates calls Arnold to a combat ! I want release from every duty here. I go to Philadelphia, there to consort with soldiers !

GATES—With all my heart. Attend me to this room adjoining, and there we settle all. [*All retire.*]

SCENE VII. *The field between the two camps. In the woods.*
Time : October 6th.

Enter GEN. LINCOLN, GEN. ARNOLD, COL. STANDISH, *and soldiers.*

LINCOLN—We will go no further. The opposing pickets may surprise us. Gen. Arnold, I am tired of this delay.

ARNOLD—I became weary when the sun hid his face on the 19th. The enemy were at our mercy. Had not this man Gates refused me re-enforcements while the hunt was on, no hostile battalion would have here remained to confront us again to-day !¹

LINCOLN—I brought two thousand sturdy men to camp after Burgoyne's repulse, arriving on the 22d of September—two weeks ago to-day. The frosts of October begin to chill their ardor.²

² Gates refused the advice of Arnold [to renew the battle at once]. The quarrel between them grew more bitter, and Arnold demanded and received a passport to Philadelphia. But Arnold afterward relented, but Gates would not restore him to a command.—*Bancroft.*

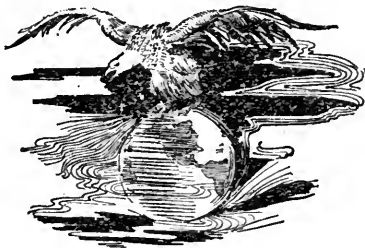
¹ On the 19th of September Arnold, while the fight was on, asked for re-enforcements, and Gates refused them.—*Irving.*

² On the 22d of September Gen. Lincoln arrived with two thousand men and took command of the right wing.—*Bancroft.*

STANDISH—And it may be as long again before they warm themselves behind their fire-locks.

ARNOLD—Why came you here at all? You knew this commander.

LINCOLN—It was at the call of Washington, which was heard in all New England. Lethargy, like a fatal sleep, held us while Schuyler stayed; and Gates, as his successor, aroused us not. But Washington's appeal lighted camp-fires upon every hill. It was this which sent Stark to Bennington and primed thousands of idle guns!³



ARNOLD—It was he who planned against St. Leger.⁴

STANDISH—No point in this vast struggle is beyond his care. And if he ever fails, it is because poor workmen botch him.

LINCOLN—Under my orders, Col. Brown assailed Ticonderoga before Morgan's rifles had ceased to echo through these pines, in September's battle. Much gained in prisoners and stores, elated us to Burgoyne's depression. We now hold the road behind him at all important points, as well as bar his progress. Thus viciously, we hold him in a vice!

ARNOLD—The thing to do is to fight, fight, fight!

³ In August, to hasten the rising in New England, Washington wrote directly to the Brigadiers of Massachusetts and Connecticut urging them to march to Saratoga. Touched by the ringing appeals of Washington, thousands of men from New England States were in motion toward Saratoga.—*Bancroft*.

⁴ Washington ordered Arnold to the North to aid Schuyler, and he bade him [Schuyler], "Never despair!" That Burgoyne would be weakened by his garrison duties; that a party in Vermont should constantly keep the enemy in anxiety for their rear; that Arnold should go to the relief of Fort Stanwix; that if all worked together Burgoyne would find it equally difficult to advance or retreat.—*Bancroft*.

So I have said to Gates; and we have quarreled on this issue.

LINCOLN—And hence you are without command. Nor will Gates restore you. So you will not tread a measure when the next dance comes on.

ARNOLD—And if I don't, then write me down as the dull ass of Washington's major generals. These stars upon my uniform carry with them the privilege to command. They will dazzle when the embattled lightnings begin to play, nearest to the foe. No danger there of meeting Gates, whose state and nerves seek safer station. I withdrew in anger. I now elect to stay and finish the work Washington sent me here to do. I shall be in the dance when the music swells!

LINCOLN—Turbulent and restless spirit! You were born sword in hand, and for strife was your ordaining! Before breakfast it is your love to fight. Before dinner and supper, too, you would do the same; and after each meal resume where you left off. In the feast that restores nature's wasted strength you'd hurry on, and begrudge the minutes given thus, as so much filched from favorite pastime. This is the tiger's quality, and is the courage of brutish beasts—grandest in the brute that is grandest in brutality. True courage shines most in him who, fearing any hurt, yet loyal to duty, marches with steadiest step even to the lips of belching cannon.

ARNOLD—If I were ordained to fight, then I am thus compelled. The occasion when, I hope, is left for me to choose. I find such occasion now, when the fighting plume befits it as priestly robes do prayer. By thousands our kindred are this moment wasting in New York prisons, while Cunningham's curses are the benediction to their departing souls. All this rushes with the blood, and nerves my arm and steels my sword for action. After the occasion passes, I'll be as gentle as yon hurtless wren; and bury this blade as deep as the volcanic fires it came from. Then I'll turn in my toes as I walk along; be knock-kneed; of simpering smile and lisping tongue, and thus ape the manners of lily-livered men.

All this I'll do for peace, though for naught of this was ever I ordained.

LINCOLN—[*A gun is heard.*] That gun was not ours, and is much too near. We will move away. [*All retire.*]

Enter GEN. BURGOYNE, RIEDESEL, FRASER, and *soldiers.*

BURGOYNE—It was on the 21st that Sir Henry promised aid. The 6th of October is here, though not yet gone, and no further word from him, nor sign of help.⁶

RIEDESEL—In all this time we have heard the morning drums of the opposing force, so closely are we to each other camped, and yet know nothing of his power or position. This spot whereon we stand is common ground between us.⁶

BURGOYNE—That he has not assailed us in all this time reveals timidity or weakness.

FRASER—It may be he only waits till we come forth to more certain overthrow. So the hunter waits for the starved lion driven to his lair.

BURGOYNE—At the council yesterday each of you voted for retreat. Phillips his advice refused.⁷

RIEDESEL—I still maintain and urge my vote. Our men are on rations much cut down. The foragers are captured and our cattle driven off. The sick and wounded are a heavy burden. I will vouch for a safe withdrawal, if made before all the doors to Canada are closed—trusting this is not so already.

FRASER—I am of the opinion that in retreat we escape from greatest danger.

⁶ On the 21st of September Burgoyne received from Sir Henry Clinton a promise of aid, but it never came.—*Bancroft.*

⁶ During the period of inaction following the battle of September 19, the British were so near the Americans that they could hear their morning and evening guns, their drums, and other noises of the camp, and yet they knew not their position or strength.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

⁷ On the evening of October 5 Burgoyne called a council of war, and Riedesel and Fraser advised that the army fall back. Phillips gave no opinion.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

BURGOYNE—I have said this army would not retreat.* How against the gorge it goes to swallow your own words, reversing what they meant. Honor, reputation, pride—all cry out against it.

RIEDESEL—The safety of the army.

BURGOYNE—I know! I know! Still, I am but human, and so follow human guides. Thus shall it be. Tomorrow, with a selected force of full fifteen hundred men, in person leading them, we will advance and know what is before us. If we then retreat, we shall do so because knowledge gained compels it.⁹ [All retire.

SCENE VIII. *Same as Act V. Scene 4. Headquarters of GEN. GATES on Bemis Heights. Time: October 7, 1777.*

Enter GEN. GATES, GEN. LINCOLN, COL. STANDISH, three AIDs, and soldiers.

GATES—[Drums are heard in the distance.] What is the meaning of that beat to arms from our drums?

Enter COL. ALDEN hurriedly.

ALDEN—The enemy in front advances in force, with show of battle.

GATES—Then we will indulge him. Order Morgan to begin the game, and Gen. Dearborn to support him with all his infantry.¹ [Exit COL. ALDEN.

* Referring to his proclamation when the army left Canada.

⁹ Burgoyne [after the council of war. See Note 7] decided that he would make a reconnaissance in force, and get at the position of the Americans, before he fell back, as advised.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Burgoyne would not hear of a retreat.—*Von Eelking.*

¹ An aid of Gen. Gates reported to him on October 7 that the enemy was advancing, and, in his opinion, offering battle. "I would indulge them," said the aid. "Well, then," said Gates, "order Morgan to begin the game."—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Morgan was striving to reach the rear of the British, upon whom Dearborn impetuously descended.—*Bancroft.*

STANDISH—From what I observed before entrance here, a greater force than this is needed.

GATES—Then Poor's and Larned's brigades advance at once. Convey this order.²

[Exit COL. STANDISH.

[To FIRST AID]—Go as far to the front as possible, and, with eye and ear noting what is done, report here to me immediately.

[Exit FIRST AID.

LINCOLN—My place is yonder to head my column when hot work begins.

GATES—The center of the line be your place, Gen. Lincoln.³

[Exit GEN. LINCOLN.

[To SECOND AID]—Convey to Generals Nixon and Glover my orders, that if not so arranged as previously advised, they hold the right to-day.⁴

[Exit SECOND AID.

[To THIRD AID]—And Morgan and Larned the left, so far as conditions favor it. Go quickly.⁵

[Exit THIRD AID.



² Poor and Larned's brigades were ordered to attack the left.—*Irving.*

³ Gen. Lincoln was ordered to the center of the line. See Note 5, *post.*

⁴ Generals Nixon and Glover to the right of the line. See Note 5, *post.*

⁵ And Morgan and Larned to the left of the line. On the 7th of October the American army [for battle], with their right wing on the North River and their left extending to Bemis Heights. Generals Nixon and Glover commanded on the right, Lincoln the center, and Morgan and Larned the left.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

GATES [*musings*].—Again, as on the 19th of September, I am alone with Fate, which extends or withholds the laurel. No fear shakes me now, since we attack a baffled foe and assail with heavier numbers. The columns in which I trust, would change even a drooping cause to victory ; then much more surely will they crush an enemy half vanquished from one defeat. This day, this hour, brings to me the trophies of a soldier, such as the most aspiring might be proud to wear !

Enter FIRST AID hurriedly.

Welcome be your quick return, if good news be your proclamation ! Your celerity, if joined with good report, shall not go unrewarded.

FIRST AID—The British advance in three columns.



Burgoyne leads the center ; with Col. Ackland on the left, and Gen. Fraser on the right.⁶ Morgan opened the combat, and, with the rush of a torrent, struck Fraser and swept him back ; then around upon the other flank of the British he opened his galling fire ; now Dearborn saluted them in front, and rout ensued. Lord Balcarres

rallied the fugitives, and again they came into action.⁷ Poor and his brigade, with telling volleys, faced the grape of British grenadiers till they, panic-stricken, fled ;

⁶ Burgoyne's order of battle was : Col. Ackland and his British grenadiers and Major Williams, with artillery, formed the left [opposite Nixon and Glover on the American right]. Next was Burgoyne, with Riedesel and Gen. Phillips in the center [opposite Gen. Lincoln]. And Gen. Fraser and Lord Balcarres were on the extreme right [opposite Morgan and Larned on the American left].—*Irving*.

⁷ As soon as the action began, Morgan poured like a torrent upon Fraser, and forced him back ; then, by a rapid movement to the left, he fell upon the flank of the British right, and it was on the point of giving way. Dearborn just then gave such a galling fire in front that they broke and fled in wild confusion. Balcarres rallied them again, and they came into action.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

while Col. Cilley turned captured guns back upon these losers, now in full retreat.⁸

GATES—Then the battle is now on, and all this is done within the time it takes to tell of it. This impetuosity of our troops, born of confidence, is worth a grand division of half-hearted men; besides, in force, we are two to one. And the foe are so quickly falling back? So you have reported?

FIRST AID—I gathered the facts while spurs were pricking my animal to fullest speed, with Col. Wilkinson⁹ keeping at my side and cramming me. He bid me say that the British are now retreating, back to the intrenchments from which they marched forth this noon.



GATES—Then we will push nearer to the front, and closer be to messengers of like glad tidings.

[All retire.

SCENE IX. *A place on the field between the contending lines.*

Enter GEN. LINCOLN, *with* COL. STANDISH *and* soldiers.



LINCOLN — Good fortune favoring, the day is ours.

STANDISH—Burgoyne is in retreat.

LINCOLN—Fraser has fallen; and at the command of Morgan.¹

⁸ Poor, with his brigade, marched steadily against the grenadiers and artillery of Ackland and Williams. They awaited a shower of grape and musket-balls, and then rushed forward, firing right and left. They mowed the grenadiers down at every shot. Ackland was wounded, and the grenadiers gave way. Artillery was taken and retaken, till, at last, Cilley kept it and turned it upon the flying British. —*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

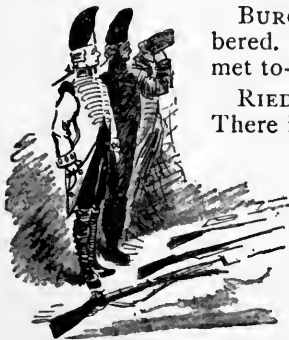
⁹ Col. Wilkinson was chief aid to Gen. Gates, and was specially sent out at this precise moment to gather news of the action.

¹ Gen. Fraser, from the right of the British lines, moved to aid the faltering center; and here he was observed by Gen. Morgan, and singled out as a target for "Tim Murphy," a sharpshooter. Fraser fell, mortally wounded. —*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

STANDISH—Ackland and Sir Francis Clark, both wounded, are our prisoners. Williams, the chief of their artillery, is dead. Their loss is great in men and guns.

LINCOLN—This spot, so far in advance, may again see the enemy. Follow me; work is yet to do. [*All retire.*]

Enter BURGOYNE, RIEDESEL, BREYMAN, and soldiers.



BURGOYNE—We are surely outnumbered. And braver men than we have met to-day never crossed a field.

RIEDESEL—To our intrenchments! There is no time to spare.

BURGOYNE—The retreat has been sounded, and every battalion is moving back.²

BREYMAN—Behind the breastworks we will repel them, if their audacity carries them so far.

BURGOYNE—When Fraser fell, what was done? I was not near.

RIEDESEL—I had him removed to where Madam Riedesel remains, and committed to her care. And so with many others as unfortunate.

BURGOYNE—Unhappy woman! At this same hour some of us were engaged with her to dinner. The table of the intended feast has become a bloody bier! And Col. Ackland?³

BREYMAN—Wounded, he was carried into the American lines.

² Upon the fall of Fraser, Burgoyne ordered a retreat to the great redoubt.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

³ Madam Riedesel said, in speaking afterward, that, on the very day of the reconnaissance [the day of the battle], Burgoyne, Phillips, Fraser, and other officers, were engaged to dine with her; and in the very house, some of the expected guests were brought to die, at the very hour appointed for the dinner.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

BURGOYNE—I have not avoided danger. You both will witness this, if ever called.

RIEDELSEL—You have exposed yourself to rashness.⁴

BURGOYNE—I could win no bullet as a friend, though many came so near and so many were to spare. But the fight is not yet closed, and shall not be, with us beyond it. My sword is yet my own. *[All retire.]*

Enter hurriedly GEN. LINCOLN, COL. STANDISH, COL. ALDEN, and AIDS.

LINCOLN—I thought the struggle for the day was over. The foe are hurrying to their intrenchments. Arnold now renews the battle, his own will directing.

STANDISH—He is a Major-General, and so, ranking all near to him in the action, the troops obey him.

LINCOLN—And though he is not my commander in rank, yet in the absence of a superior chieftain, I will gladly take his orders.⁵

STANDISH—The soldiers follow him as they would no other. His name is magic to enthuse them. They would storm the devil, and drag him from his sulphurous home,—or attempt it,—if he led them on.

LINCOLN—What place is this?

ALDEN—Though of various names, the one that covers all is Saratoga.



⁴ Burgoyne exposed himself fearlessly; a shot passed through his hat, and another through his waistcoat.—*Bancroft.*

⁵ Arnold, who had now [just as the British began to retreat] come upon the field, without command, without a staff, yet carrying authority as the highest officer present in action, gave orders for an attack upon the strongest point of the British lines.—*Bancroft.*

On hearing the din of battle, he [Arnold] could restrain himself no longer, and dashed forward to the scene of battle. He was received with acclamation. Being the superior officer in the field, his orders were obeyed, of course.—*Irving.*

Gen. Lincoln's commission of Major-General was dated February 19, 1777; and that of Benedict Arnold May 2, 1777.—*Arnold's Life of Benedict Arnold.*

Enter AID in haste.

AID [*to* GEN. LINCOLN]—Gen. Arnold is preparing to storm the enemy in his works, and orders all to hold their powers at his command.

LINCOLN—Standish, will you from yonder height survey the lines, and make statement of this changed condition? Arnold has just come upon the ground which our hands have won, and again forward presses the



panting columns we halted in their shouts of triumph.
[*Exit* STANDISH.]

[*To* AID]—Report to Gen. Arnold that we are ready, if he calls.
[*Exit* AID.]

[*To* ALDEN]—To Gen. Gates, wherever he may be found, with the report that Arnold assumes command, and prepares to pursue the British, even into his camp.⁶ This will be news to him.

[*Exit* COL. ALDEN.]

Our dogs of war, resting their heads between their paws and licking their bloody chops, wearied with their

⁶ Arnold, putting himself at the head of the troops, attacked the Hessians in the enemy's center, and broke them with repeated charges.—*Irving*.

Scarcely had the British passed within their camp, when it was stormed with great fury. Arnold, at the head of the column, rushed upon the British, against a severe charge of grape and small-arms. Lord Balcarres defended the intrenchment.—*Irving*.

excesses, begin to growl again, because Arnold calls to them.

Enter COL. STANDISH.

STANDISH—The very fiend of war, incarnated for the hour, now riots in human slaughter. The two lines are formed; and while one falls back, ours, with greedy steps, fills up the retiring space, and still onward drives retreat! Each to the other volleys in such quick succession that the air is heavy with resounding thunders; while a sulphurous pall shuts from the view a wreck of life in hideous ruin sinking.⁷



LINCOLN—In such a scene, surely Arnold holds high revelry.

STANDISH—He rides between the lines. In wantonness, he woos the bullets of either side, disdaining the General's place behind his soldiers. Out from the rift-ing clouds of battle, flashes now and then a glint of steel, as when the forked lightnings gleam in the inky heavens. It is the sword of Arnold, working a magic spell of self-forgetfulness upon his frenzied followers. His coal-black steed is white with foam, and dashes here and there as if tempest-tossed, nor felt the earth beneath him; and every minute the wild and maddened line presses close, and closer still, after a mad com-



⁷ The action was fierce and the loss of life terrible. "So severe was the fighting at this point [before the great redoubt, defended by Balcarres, wrote one engaged in the conflict] that in the low ground in front of the redoubt, the blood and water were knee deep."—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

mander.⁸ He loudly calls upon Lord Balcarres, who hurries the retreating columns toward the great redoubt; so the wounded brute, pushed on with terror, gathers his brood into his rocky den. And along the ranks of these pursuing furies, above the din, is heard the battle cry of "Liberty or Death!"

LINCOLN—I am all on fire while you the picture furnish of this lurid struggle. And in it all my part I'll grandly play, or rest with epitaph before another day.

[*All retire.*]

Enter a British officer, flying; ARNOLD in pursuit.

ARNOLD—Quick-footed Mercury, go not so fast; for you have naught to fear from me while greater game is



flying. This sword is dyed with ruddy currents, let from baser mortals, and is henceforth reserved for daintier handiwork. Lord Balcarres, these hills have this day echoed with Arnold's call to you. Come forth, and you and I, like those ancient Romans, hang victory upon

⁸ "He [Arnold] behaved like a madman more than a cool and discreet officer," writes Woodruff, a sergeant, in this battle. Spurring his horse onward with the ferocity of a tiger, he dashed from the left to the extreme right of the British lines, exposed to the cross-fire of the two armies.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

Indeed, his actions seemed to partake of frenzy—riding here and there, brandishing his sword and cheering the men on to acts of desperation.—*Irving.*

the better sword we carry ! Come forth, I say ! and let me clip your name in two, taking from the honest half that title which, like its kind, is worn by the silliest fools as often as by the noblest men ; and so is a common sham that all mankind should slash and tread upon. Now for the Hessian lines, while halts the day ; since these English will here no longer stay ! *[Exit.*

Enter GEN. GATES, AIDS, and soldiers.

GATES [*addressing an AID*].—Arnold has no command to-day, nor do I intend him any. I am moved at what you tell me. His presence is intrusion. Here come further tidings.

Enter COL. ALDEN.

ALDEN—As directed by Gen. Lincoln, I report to you. I have inquired where join the assailant and assailed. When the retreat began, and while our soldiers rested, Gen. Arnold, at this very moment, ordered a renewal of the battle. Assuming command, he led pursuit even to the British camp. After the first attack upon the main intrenchments, at the head of the divisions of Brooks and Larned, he drove at the Hessians. In his furious onset, he entered the breastworks of the enemy just as their defender, Breyman, fell. Still the gale is blowing.⁹

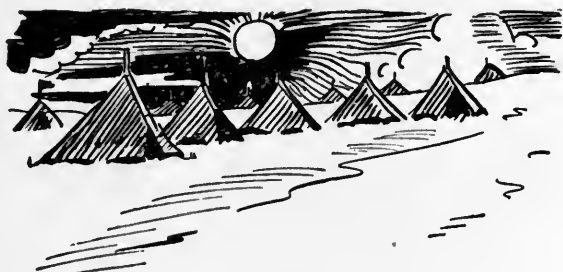


GATES—Go with this order to Gen. Arnold. Others have preceded it, but are so far unheeded. And say, also, to enforce what here is writ : it is my command that he immediately retires. Go quickly, or he will do something rash.

⁹ Arnold, leaving his attack upon the great redoubt [against Balcarres], placed himself at the head of Larned's brigade, and attacked the Brunswickers so fiercely that Col. Breyman was killed, leaving the key of the British position in the hands of the Americans.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

ALDEN—General, he has done something rash. He has vanquished Burgoyne.¹⁰ [Exit ALDEN.]

GATES [*listening*].—The intervening space increasing, of lesser fury is the sound of battle. Listen!



Listen! Farther and farther recedes the roll of our angry rifles, pushing the enemy before it to sure destruction!

AID—The roar is fainter than it was.

GATES [*aside*].—The glory of this day shall be mine without a rival. And so the recall of Arnold is a well-timed deed.

Enter COL. STANDISH.

STANDISH—I come from the Hessian redoubt. All was going well, and a complete capture of the invaders seemed at hand, when Arnold, wounded, fell. Just then was handed him your order to retire. In obedience, our forces withdrew; and the foe, now shattered without hope, gain a breathing spell.¹¹

¹⁰ In the midst of his [Arnold's] success, Gates' order was handed to him, to leave the field and return to camp, Gates saying "he feared that he [Arnold] would do something rash."—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

¹¹ Just as Arnold had forced his way into the camp of the enemy, a shot from the retreating Hessians killed his [Arnold's] horse and wounded him in the same leg which had received a wound before Quebec. He was borne off the field, and just then was handed Gates' order to withdraw.—*Irving.*

GATES—In good time Burgoyne must yield. We need not press him now.

STANDISH—Here comes Gen. Arnold, carried by his men and followed by a retinue.

[Cheering is heard from without, and cheering soldiers enter.]

Great Jove, giving his bolts a little time to cool, wretched mortals gain a peaceful hour.

GATES—I grieve with any man who suffers.

STANDISH—To him who suffers in the right, this thought is physic to assuage the keenest pain.



Enter COL. ALDEN, a detachment of Morgan's riflemen, and other officers and soldiers, followed by GEN. ARNOLD, wounded and carried.

All hail! All hail! to Benedict Arnold, the hero of Saratoga! *[All cheer.]*

GATES *[to ARNOLD]*—Are you badly hurt?

ARNOLD—A scratch! A ball in the same leg that got another at Quebec. This will heal as the other has.

GATES—The battle has been fought and won. Now to a surgeon and to kinder nursing than this place provides. *[Cheering. All retire.]*

SCENE X. *Headquarters of GEN. GATES upon Saratoga Heights.*

Enter GEN. GATES, GEN. SCHUYLER, aids and soldiers.

GATES—This final act would be marred, Gen. Schuyler, without your presence. Here we fix the place of surrender now agreed upon.¹

SCHUYLER—No one can extend to you more hearty

¹ Gen. Schuyler was invited, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne, October 17, 1777.

congratulations. This crowning act of glory is interwoven with a chaplet from our honored chief.

GATES—I have not heard?

SCHUYLER—It is from post, just in. Washington assumed the offensive at Germantown; and on the 3d gave Howe a lesson in audacity. With an army of inferior size and mostly raw militia—and these so poorly equipped that more than a thousand men were shoeless—he in-



vited the Briton to the open plain. In short, assaulted him.

GATES—And with what result?

SCHUYLER—In a heavy fog, confusion usurped the place of certainty, and the movement failed therefrom. It was a drawn battle, and advantage fell to neither, except that the Briton learned from this that his pillow in Philadelphia was not to be an easy one.

GATES—It is surely an advantage to our side to teach the other such a lesson; and to leave anxiety to corrode the hope of rest. What is the next move?

SCHUYLER—Washington will go into winter quarters at Valley Forge,² and from that point in the months to

² On the 3d of October Washington planned to assail a part of the British force at Germantown. A heavy fog prevented the pre-arranged union of forces, and the battle was drawn. The renewal of an attack so soon after Brandywine inspired Congress and the army. Washington later went into quarters at Valley Forge.—*Bancroft.*

come, reduce the British commissary as he did at Cambridge ; and after at Morristown. If you can starve your adversary, you do as well as to win his sword in open conflict.

GATES—Short rations to Burgoyne were to us worth



batteries of artillery. We have starved him as well as whipped him to a surrender. Even in his hunger, we have made his sleep uneasy since the 7th. Daily we have pounded him. And at last, with Fellows on the other side of the Hudson, Stark at Fort Edward, and the main army pushing him in front, the circle of fire was complete and the end inevitable. Six thousand

prisoners and arms and cannon fall to us. Since leaving Canada Burgoyne loses ten thousand soldiers.³

SCHUYLER—Is it an unconditional surrender?



GATES—In reality it is so. Though some concessions are made as salve to wounded pride, which amount to nothing: Putnam's letter, that Sir Henry Clinton had forced the pathway of the Hudson, smoothed the road with me, quickly to yield to these concessions.

SCHUYLER—I never believed that Putnam would let Sir Henry pass.

GATES—He was outmaneuvered and withdrew from Peekskill, when the English landed at a point below. The way was open then for storming our forts, Clinton and Montgomery. They fell, though the Governor and his brother made a stout defense of both; and sold them dearly. This was on the 7th. Then Putnam hurried his post to me, that the path was clear and that Sir Henry and all his power might strike us here at any time.⁴

SCHUYLER—These surely were moments of harrowing anxiety?

GATES—And yet Sir Henry did not choose to come; now we care not how soon he does. [*Drums are heard approaching.*] The troops are up and moving; at the hour of noon, on yonder green in front of old Fort Hardy, will the prisoners ground their arms.

Enter of the Americans, GEN. ARNOLD (wounded and carried), GEN. LINCOLN, Morgan's riflemen, generals and officers, aids and soldiers.

GATES—Brave compatriots! Thus saluting, in this

³ These are the results as given by Bancroft.

⁴ Sir Henry Clinton having made an effort to pass the Hudson, Putnam failed to defend it; and Forts Clinton and Montgomery fell after a stubborn resistance. On the 7th of October Putnam wrote to Gates, "I cannot prevent the enemy from advancing; prepare for the worst."—*Bancroft*.

hour of triumph, one injunction I lay upon you all: Nothing so becomes the victor as humility, which gives the conqueror a double crown. Your valorous arms have gained so many laurels upon this field that wounds now from no good reason made, adding naught, would tarnish those you have. Let the enemy, as he marches by to his humiliation, see upon your faces no look of exultation; nor hear from your lips words of senseless insult. Such orders have been proclaimed



through all the lines. Alone with his sorrow of defeat, a soldier's sorest trial, the prisoner will go to the place provided, there to yield up the arms which he has borne so gallantly against us.⁵

[A line of British troops begin then to cross the rear of the stage, marching to the place of grounded arms.]

Enter of the British, GENS. BURGOYNE, PHILLIPS, RIEDESEL, with aids, officers, and staff.

BURGOYNE—The fortune of war, Gen. Gates, has made me your prisoner.

⁵ The British marched out of their lines and laid down their arms in mute astonishment that none of the American soldiers were present to witness the spectacle.—*Bancroft*.

GATES—And I shall always be ready to testify from no fault of yours, Gen. Burgoyne.⁶

[*They shake hands cordially.*

BURGOYNE—This sword is yours by right of conquest.

[*Hands his sword to GATES.*

GATES [*taking the sword*—And yours, by right of valor. The greater claim wipes out the lesser, and the sword remains your own.⁷

[*Hands back the sword.*

BURGOYNE [*receiving his sword*—It lightens the cruel hardships of a soldier's life, when a heavy load like mine



is lifted from bending shoulders with such generous words, winged with kindness and magnanimity.

GATES—To these marching columns [*pointing to the English line, still tramping across the stage*] I have ordered ample rations, that they may find in us no stint of hospitality.⁸

[*Burgoyne bows.*

And upon you, Gen. Burgoyne, as well as upon such

⁶ When the generals met on the day of the surrender, Burgoyne, raising his hat, said: "The fortune of war, Gen. Gates, has made me your prisoner." To which Gates replied, "I shall always be ready to testify that it has not been through any fault of yours, Gen. Burgoyne."—*Irving.*

⁷ Burgoyne, drawing his sword in the presence of the two armies, presented it to Gen. Gates. The latter received it with a courteous bow, and immediately returned it to the vanquished General.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

⁸ Upon the surrender bread was served to the British soldiers, for they had none left, nor flour.—*Bancroft.*

officials as are your attendants here, we lay the privilege of playing host to-day; a happy part, when honored guests accept with a good will, and so enrich the poorest banquet. You will all dine with me; nor hold me at fault if, in these hours so heavy with affairs now closed, our neglected table is not what our love and our duty, too, would make it!⁹

BURGOYNE—We join the feast prepared and thus pro-



posed, with grateful hearts to you, who thus honor us as guests.

[Two orderlies enter and quickly pass to all the officers a salver covered with glasses filled with wine.]

GATES—Meanwhile, since we await the preparations, we will tease the appetite, to a greater greed when the summons calls us to the sitting. A rare old stock, General, as I can testify!

[All of the officers take in their hands a glass of wine.]

⁹ Burgoyne, with his Generals, dined with Gen. Gates in his tent on boards laid across barrels. The dinner was served in four dishes, the Americans at this time being accustomed to plain and frugal food.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

BURGOYNE—By the double right of guest and prisoner I offer here the toast. [*All bow in acquiescence.—Holding high his glass.*] I drink to Washington !¹⁰

ALL [*repeat*]—To Washington !
[*They drain their glasses.*]

¹⁰ At the entertainment given by Gen. Gates, Gen. Burgoyne proposed a toast to Gen. Washington.—*Stone's Burgoyne's Campaign, etc.*

[CURTAIN FALLS.]

END OF ACT V. AND PART I.



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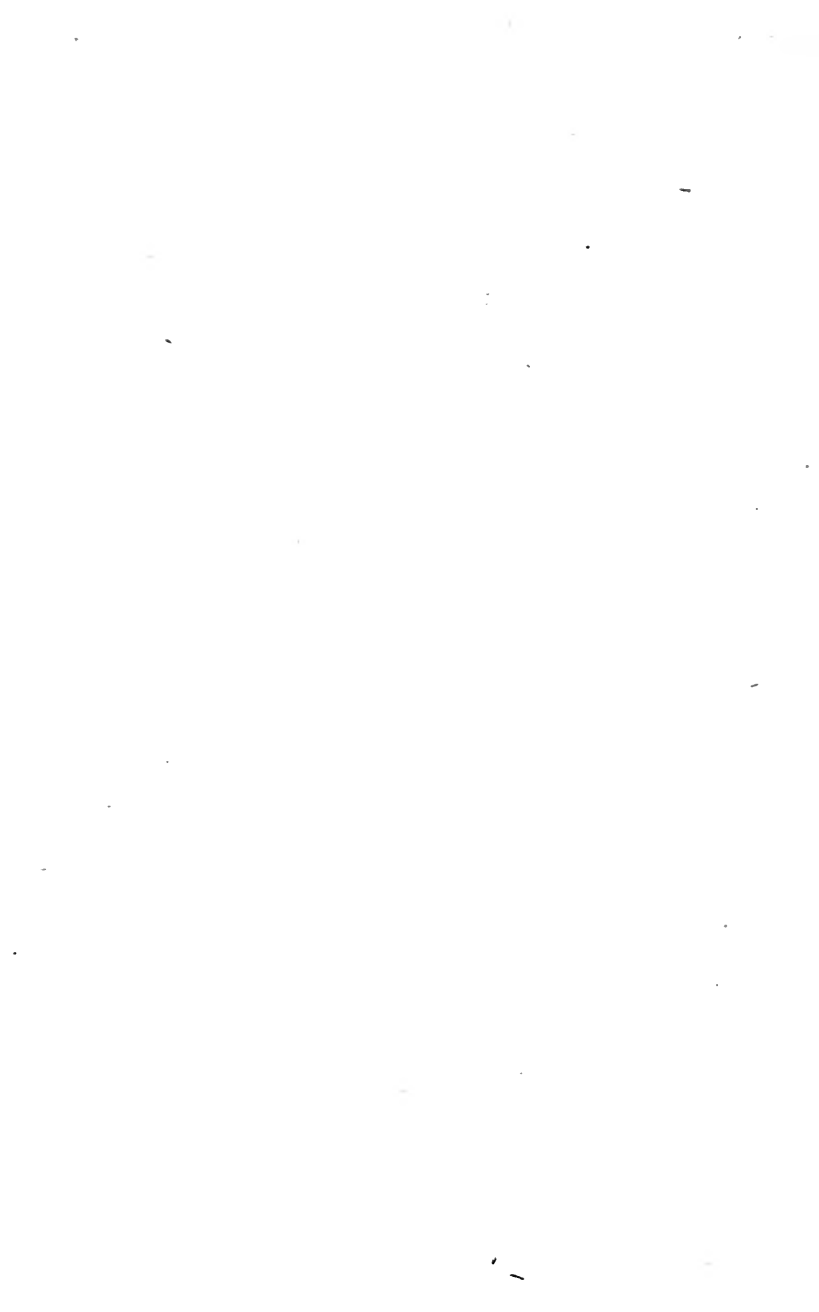
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